











THE  
**GUARDIAN,**

WITH

NOTES, AND A GENERAL INDEX <sup>†</sup>

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“ — VIRESCUE ACQUILET EUNDO.” — VIRG.

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COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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**Philadelphia:**

M. WALLIS WOODWARD & Co., 11 MINOR STREET.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON.

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1835.

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# CONTENTS.

No.			No.		
	Original Dedications.		44.	Conduct of certain Old Fellows in Gray's Inn Gardens.	<i>Steele.</i>
1.	The Author's Address—Importance of Authors—Plan of the Work.	<i>Steele.</i>	45.	Miseries of Seduction—Cyrus and Panthea.	_____
2.	History of the Author—the Lizard Family	_____	46.	History of Madam Maintenon.	_____
3.	Remarks on Collins' Discourse on Free-thinking.	<i>Steele or Berkeley.</i>	47.	The same continued.	_____
4.	On Dedications—the Author to himself.	<i>Pope.</i>	48.	_____ concluded.	_____
5.	Family of the Lizards—the Females.	<i>Steele.</i>	49.	Essay on Pleasures, Natural and Fantastical Pleasures of Imagination.	<i>Berkeley.</i>
6.	The same—Sir Harry Lizard.	_____	50.	Visit to the Country—Offensive Barber—Romantic Pleasures.	<i>Steele</i>
7.	Conversation on Marriage—Smith's Letters to Sir Francis Walsingham.	_____	51.	On Sacred Poetry—David's Lamentation over Jonathan.	_____
8.	On Passion—Story of Licenciado Esquivel and Aguiré.	_____	52.	Colbert's Conversation with the French King on the Power of the Dutch.	_____
9.	Character of Mr. Charvelk's—his Economies—Letter on Free-thinking.	_____	53.	Strictures on the Examiner's Liberties with the Character of.	_____
10.	On Dress—Letter of Simon Sleek on that subject.	_____	54.	On Equality in Happiness and Misery.	_____
11.	On Reproof.	<i>Gay</i>	55.	Importance of Christianity to Virtue.	<i>Berkeley.</i>
	Letter on the Obsequium Catholicon, and Cures by it.	<i>Pope.</i>	56.	Reproof and Reproach, a Vision.	<i>Parnell.</i>
12.	On Criticism, and the Artifices of Censorious Critics.	<i>Steele.</i>	57.	Of Courtship—Questions and Rules for.	<i>Steele.</i>
13.	Account of the Younger Sons of the Lizards.	_____	58.	Public Spirit—Letter from a Hackney Author—from a Patriotic Druker—from an Ostentatious Lady.	_____
14.	Account of two thoughtless young Men—Fashion of driving Carriages.	_____	59.	Letters on Cato.	_____
15.	Love Verses—Easy Writing.	_____	60.	On the various Modes of reading Books.	_____
16.	On Poetry—Songs—Song Writing.	_____	61.	On Cruelty to the Brute Creation—Fable of Pilpay.	<i>Pope.</i>
17.	On Illicit Love—Story of a French Knight	_____	62.	Visit to Westminster School—Utility of Public Seminaries.	<i>Berkeley.</i>
18.	Thoughts on the Prospect of Death—Psalm by Sir Philip Sidney.	_____	63.	Strictures on the Examiner—Extract from Lucas' Practical Christianity.	<i>Steele.</i>
19.	On the Influence of Vice—Insensibility to Virtuous Sentiment—Henry IV. of France, his Prayer before Battle.	_____	64.	Petition of the Artificers, of Esau Ringwood, Susannah How-d'ye-call, and Hugh Pounce—Letter on Cato.	_____
20.	On Duelling.	_____	65.	Improper Conduct at Church—Poverty of the Clergy hurtful to Religion.	_____
21.	Excellency and Superiority of the Scriptures.	_____	66.	Common Fame, a Vision.	<i>Parnell.</i>
22.	On a Country Life—Pastoral Poetry.	_____	67.	Fate of Poets—Recommendation of Tom D'Urfey.	<i>Addison.</i>
23.	On the same.	_____	68.	Letters on the Wife proposed to Sir Harry Lizard.	<i>Steele.</i>
24.	Jack Lizard's Return from the University—On Pedantry—Conversation.	_____	69.	On Fenelon's Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of God.	_____
25.	On Lord Verulam's History of Henry VII.	<i>Budgell.</i>	70.	Analogy between St. Paul's and the Christian Church—Narrowness of Free-thinkers.	<i>Berkeley.</i>
26.	All Women are Ladies—Letter recommending a Wife to Sir Harry Lizard.	<i>Steele.</i>	71.	Observations on the Increase of Lions—Character of a Lion.	<i>Addison.</i>
27.	Grounds to expect a Future State proved.	<i>Berkeley.</i>	72.	On the Oxford Terra-filius—Abuse of his Office.	<i>Steele</i>
28.	On Pastoral Poetry.	<i>Steele.</i>	73.	On the Improper Interference of Parents in the Disposal of their Children—Letters on Passion—Peevishness—Shyness.	_____
29.	Essay on Laughter—several Kinds of Laugh- ters.	_____	74.	Extract from a Sermon of Bishop Beveridge.	_____
30.	On Pastoral Poetry.	_____	75.	Extracts from the Sermons of two Divines.	_____
31.	Various Schemes of Happiness.	<i>Budgell.</i>	76.	Endeavour to reconcile the Landed and Trading Interests.	_____
32.	The Subject of Pastoral Poetry treated in an Allegory.	<i>Steele.</i>	77.	On the Shortightedness of Critics, Misers, and Free-thinkers.	<i>Berkeley.</i>
33.	On the Merits of the Tragedy of Cato—Prologue and Epilogue.	_____	78.	Receipt to make an Epic Poem.	<i>Pope.</i>
34.	Conversation on Fine Gentlemen.	_____	79.	On the Miseries of the Poor—Recommendation of their Case.	<i>Steele.</i>
35.	The Pineal Gland discovered—Voyage through several.	<i>Berkeley.</i>	80.	Strictures on the Examiner.	_____
36.	Letter on Punning.	<i>Birch.</i>	81.	Soliloquy of an Athenian Libertine—Prayer of one who had been a Libertine.	_____
37.	On the Tragedy of Othello—Story of Don Alonzo.	<i>Hughes.</i>	82.	Death and Character of Peer the Comedian	_____
38.	On Pretty Gentlemen—Letter from a Gentleman-like Man.	<i>Steele.</i>	83.	On Happiness—obstructed by the Free-thinkers.	<i>Berkeley</i>
39.	Observations on the Pineal Gland of a Free-thinker.	<i>Berkeley.</i>			
40.	On the Pastorals of Pope and Philips.	<i>Pope.</i>			
41.	Censure of a Passage in the Examiner.	<i>Steele.</i>			
42.	Gifts necessary to a Story-teller.	_____			
43.	Opinions on the Characters of Lucia and Marcia in Cato.	_____			

No.		No.
84.	Silly Habits of Coffee-house Orators—Twisting off Buttons. . . . .	130. Merit of the Speculative and Active Part of Mankind. . . . .
85.	On Scandal—Letter from a Sufferer by Calumny—from Daniel Button. . . . .	131. On Habits of Sloth and Vice. . . . .
86.	Classical Descriptions—of the War Horse in Job. . . . .	132. Letters from a Young Man in Sickness—from the Husband of a Woman that is never in the Wrong—from the Wife of one of the Dumb Club—on Naked Breasts. . . . .
87.	General Taste for Intrigue—Immorality of Servants; Character of a Master. . . . .	133. Duel between Sir Edward Sackville and Lord Bruce. . . . .
88.	Superiority of the Christian Ideas of the Being and Attributes of a God. . . . .	134. The Lion, how treated by the Town—Complaint of a Wife's Dress. . . . .
89.	Christian Ideas of a Future State. . . . .	135. Best Way to bear Calumny. . . . .
90.	Strictures on the Examiner—Letter to one of the Writers in the Guardian. . . . .	136. Various Causes of Death—Country Bill of Mortality. . . . .
91.	Account of the Short Club. . . . .	137. Advantages of Illustrious Birth—how Contaminated—Pride of Mr. Ironside. . . . .
92.	The same, Characters of the Members. . . . .	138. On Regard for Posterity. . . . .
93.	Thoughts on the Immortality of the Soul—on the Pharisees and Sadducees. . . . .	139. History of Lions—Story of Androcles. . . . .
94.	On Education. . . . .	140. On Female Dress—Letter to Pope Clement on the Tucker. . . . .
95.	Adventure of a Strolling Company—Letters on Lions—Coffee-houses—a Virtuoso—on the Terre-filius. . . . .	141. On Wit—Life of the Author. . . . .
96.	A Proposal for Honorary Rewards—Coins and Medals. . . . .	142. Danger of Masquerades—Letter from a Dealer in Fig Leaves. . . . .
97.	Letter from Simon Softly, complaining of a Widow—Advice to him. . . . .	143. Account of the Terrible Club. . . . .
98.	Notice of the Tatler and Spectator—Scheme of a Lion's Head at Button's. . . . .	144. Variety of Humour among the English. . . . .
99.	Essay on National Justice—a Persian Story. . . . .	145. Letters from a Swaggerer—concerning a Challenge—Advertisement. . . . .
100.	On the Tucker—Naked Necks—Laws of Lycurgus—Position of Venus. . . . .	146. History of Lions—Story of Sir George Davis. . . . .
101.	Letters from France—Gayety of the French. . . . .	147. Folly of Extravagance in New-married Persons. . . . .
102.	Variableness of the English Climate. . . . .	148. History of Santon Barsisa. . . . .
103.	On the Fireworks—Serious Reflections on the same. . . . .	149. Genius requisite to Excel in Dress. . . . .
104.	Story of a French Gentleman—Letter on the Manners of the French. . . . .	150. On Paternal Affection—Story of a French Nobleman. . . . .
105.	Exhibition of the Charity Children—Proposals to extend our Charities. . . . .	151. Letter from the Father of a young Rake. . . . .
106.	Vision of Aurelia with a Window in her Breast. . . . .	152. Comparative Merit of the two Sexes, an Allegory. . . . .
107.	Letter from a Projector, offering himself as a Nomenclator—Letter from Messrs. Ditton and Whiston. . . . .	153. Pride not made for Man. . . . .
108.	Institution of the Tall Club. . . . .	154. Lucifer's Account of a Masquerade. . . . .
109.	Correspondence on the Tucker. . . . .	155. Utility of Learning to the Female Sex. . . . .
110.	On the Language of Treaty—Improprieties instanced. . . . .	156. History and Economy of Ants. . . . .
111.	Improper Conduct of the British Youth—Love of Knowledge—Solomon's Choice. . . . .	157. The same, concluded. . . . .
112.	Art of Flying—Letter from Dædalus—Remarks on Modern Dædalists. . . . .	158. Proper Employment of Time; a Vision. . . . .
113.	Letter from a Citizen in his Honey-moon—Tom Truelove's Courtship. . . . .	159. Story of Miss Betty, cured of her Vanity. . . . .
114.	Erection of the Lion's Head—Remarks on Lions—on Petticoats. . . . .	160. Conjectures of concealed Meanings under the History of the Ants. . . . .
115.	On Criticism—Strada's Prolusion. . . . .	161. Proper Sense and Notion of Honour. . . . .
116.	Matters of Dress not to be introduced in the Pulpit—Letter on Naked Breasts. . . . .	162. Humour of a Blunt Squire—Complaisance—Story of Schacabac. . . . .
117.	Happiness of living under the Protection of Omnipotence. . . . .	163. Letter from an Insulted Chaplain—Poem by Sir Thomas More. . . . .
118.	Information from a Lioness—Offer of an Out-riding Lion. . . . .	164. On Translations—Speech of Pluto from Claudian. . . . .
119.	Translation of Strada's Prolusion. . . . .	165. Miseries of Folly and Vice at the Head of a Family. . . . .
120.	On Female Gamblers. . . . .	166. On Charity—The Guardian in search of the Philosopher's Stone. . . . .
121.	Account of the Silent Club. . . . .	167. Story of Helim and Abdallah. . . . .
122.	On Female Undressing. . . . .	168. Character of a Mistress of a Family from the Book of Proverbs—Translation from Anacreon—Letter from Steele on the Examiner. . . . .
123.	Sequel of Strada's Prolusion. . . . .	169. Contemplation of the Heavenly Bodies, Seasons, &c. . . . .
124.	On Seducers of Innocence—Letter to one from a Mother. . . . .	170. Extract from General Maxims of Trade. . . . .
125.	Letters from a University Lion—on Horns—Burlesque Lyric—Visit to the Lion. . . . .	171. Good done by the Author's Speculations—Letter from a short Writer—in Defence of Bare Necks. . . . .
126.	Pleasures of Spring—Music of Birds. . . . .	172. On the Invention of Letters—Poem in Praise of Writing. . . . .
127.	The Attractions of Friendship and Benevolence. . . . .	173. On laying out Gardens—Whimsical Form of Yews. . . . .
128.	The Court of Venus from Claudian. . . . .	174. On the Manners of the Bath Visitors. . . . .
129.	On the Demolition of Dunkirk. . . . .	175. On Boyle's Lecture—Derham's Physico-Theology. . . . .
130.	On Anger Revenge, Duelling. . . . .	176. Three Letters intended for the Guardian. . . . .



# ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

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## VOLUME THE FIRST.

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### TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CADOGAN.

SIR,—In the character of Guardian, it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of society, and laid out worthy and manly qualities, in the service of the public. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way, than Mr. Cadogan; with a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers, and with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregarded what should befall yourself in the prosecution of it; thus has life risen to you, as fast as you resigned it, and every new hour, for having so frankly lent the preceding moments to the cause of justice and of liberty, has come home to you, improved with honour: This happy distinction, which is so very peculiar to you, with the addition of industry, vigilance, patience of labour, thirst, and hunger, in common with the meanest soldier, has made your

present fortune unenvied. For the public always reap greater advantage from the example of successful merit, than the deserving man himself can possibly be possessed of; your country knows how eminently you excel in the several parts of military skill, whether in assigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or pursuing the enemy: the retreat being the only part of the profession which has not fallen within the experience of those, who learned their warfare under the duke of Marlborough. But the true and honest purpose of this epistle is to desire a place in your friendship, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation, who, by your own gallant actions, have acquired that your name through all ages shall be read with honour, wherever mention shall be made of that illustrious captain. I am, sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,  
THE GUARDIAN.

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## VOLUME THE SECOND.

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### TO MR. PULTENEY.\*

SIR,—The greatest honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends. The conversation of a gentleman, that has a refined taste of letters, and a disposition in which those letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in silence. In others, the greatest business of learning is to weed the soil; in you, it had nothing else to do, but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generosity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boasted I had some share in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the justice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and

worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous sentiments, which contribute not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and service of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honour, and a gentleman, and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him. But you have a soul animated with nobler views, and know that the distinction of wealth and plenteous circumstances, is a tax upon an honest mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-subjects.

This generous inclination, no man possesses in a warmer degree than yourself; which, that

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\* Afterwards Earl of Bath.

heaven would reward with long possession of that reputation into which you have made so early an entrance, the reputation of a man of sense, a good citizen, and agreeable companion,

a disinterested friend, and an unbiassed patriot, is the hearty prayer of, sir, your most obliged, and most obedient, humble servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

### THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is a justice which Mr. Ironside owes gentlemen who have sent him their assistances from time to time, in the carrying on of this work, to acknowledge that obligation, though at the same time he himself dwindles into the character of a mere publisher, by making the acknowledgment. But whether a man does it out of justice or gratitude, or any other virtuous reason or not, it is also a prudential act to take no more upon a man than he can bear. Too large a credit has made many a bankrupt, but taking even less than a man can answer with ease, is a sure fund for extending it whenever his occasions require. All those papers which are distinguished by the mark of a Hand, were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too sublime to admit that the author of them should receive any addition to his reputation, from such loose occasional thoughts as make up these little treatises; for which reason his name shall be concealed. Those which are marked with a Star, were composed by Mr. Budgell. That upon Dedications, with the Epistle of an Author to Himself, the Club of little Men, the Receipt to make an Epic Poem, the paper of the Gardens of Alcinous, and the Catalogue of Greens, that against Barbarity to Animals, and some others, have

Mr. Pope for their author. Now I mention this gentleman, I take this opportunity, out of the affection I have for his person, and respect to his merit, to let the world know, that he is now translating Homer's Iliad by subscription. He has given good proof of his ability for the work, and the men of greatest wit and learning of this nation, of all parties, are, according to their different abilities, zealous encouragers, or solicitors for the work.

But to my present purpose. The letter from Gnatho of the Cures performed by Flattery, and that of comparing Dress to Criticism, are Mr. Gay's. Mr. Martin, Mr. Philips, Mr. Tickell, Mr. Carey, Mr. Eusden, Mr. Ince, and Mr. Hughes, have obliged the town with entertaining discourses in these volumes; and Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity College in Dublin, has embellished them with many excellent arguments in honour of religion and virtue. Mr. Parnell will I hope forgive me, that without his leave I mention, that I have seen his hand on the like occasion. There are some discourses of a less pleasing nature which relate to the divisions amongst us, and such (lest any of these gentlemen should suffer from unjust suspicion,) I must impute to the right author of them, who is one Mr. Steele, of Langunor, in the county of Carmarthen, in South Wales.

# THE GUARDIAN.

No. 1.] Thursday, March 12, 1713.

—Ille quem requiris. Mart. Epig. ii. 1.  
He, whom you seek.

THERE is no passion so universal, however diversified or disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications, to the world: this is so strong upon men of great genius, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they might possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy. Mr. Airs, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image opposite to the title-page of his learned treatise, wherein he instructs the youth of this nation to arrive at a flourishing hand. The author of *The Key to Interest*, both simple and compound, containing practical rules plainly expressed in words at length for all rates of interest, and times of payment, for what time soever, makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Chester, by following the example of the above-mentioned Airs, and coming up to town, over against his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, inclosed in a circle of foliages; below his portraiture, for our farther satisfaction as to the age of that useful writer, is subscribed, '*Johannes Ward de civitat. Cestriæ, ætat. suæ 58. An. Dom. 1706.*' The serene aspect of these writers, joined with the great encouragement I observe is given to another, or what is indeed to be suspected, in which he indulges himself, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at shall be nameless, but his countenance is communicated to the public in several views and aspects drawn by the most eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artists by way of mezzotinto, etchers, and the like. There was, I remember, some years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whose face became generally known, and the artists employed their skill in delineating his features, because every man was a judge of the similitude of them. There is little else, than what this John Gale arrived at, in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourselves in such things as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler considerations. But I think it is no great matter to the public what is the incentive which makes men bestow time in their service, provided there be any thing useful in what they produce; I shall proceed therefore to give an account of my intended labours, not without

some hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the sort above-mentioned.

I should not have assumed the title of Guardian, had I not maturely considered, that the qualities necessary for doing the duties of that character, proceed from the integrity of the mind more than the excellence of the understanding. The former of these qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the less will he want the advantages of the latter; to be faithful, to be honest, to be just, is what you will demand in the choice of your Guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is pleasant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow satisfactions which make for the ornament, if not so immediately to the use of your life. As to the diverting part of this paper, by what assistance I shall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my history to be delivered in ensuing discourses. The main purpose of the work shall be, to protect the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to condemn the vain, the cowardly; and to disappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preserving a strict regard, not only to the duties but civilities of life, with the utmost impartiality towards things and persons. The unjust application of the advantages of breeding and fortune, is the source of all calamity, both public and private; the correction, therefore, or rather admonition, of a Guardian in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent spirit, would certainly be of general service.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I shall publish in respective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumstance relating to those who excel in mechanics, shall be considered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by such as have not turned themselves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the necessity of social life, has given one man's hands to another man's head, and the carpenter, the smith, the joiner, are as immediately necessary to the mathematician, as my amanuensis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myself. I am so well convinced of this truth, that I shall have a particular regard to mechanics; and to show my honour for them, I shall place at their head the painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but as to his conception, his spirit, and



design, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be from these considerations useful to make the world see the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind is much nearer, than the illiberal arrogance of scholars will at all times allow. But I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanic heads, and shall therefore take them all into my care, from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heaven in Fleet-street, to Bat. Pigeon, the hair cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected upon what pretensions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest friend of all the world. How my head is accomplished for this employment towards the public, from the long exercise of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpose. They are most of them histories, or advices of public transactions; but as those representations affect the passions of my readers, I shall sometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongst us are too violent to make it possible to pass them by without observation. As to these matters, I shall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a tory, with regard to the state, a whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digesting my thoughts in proper style, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a half-penny above all other half sheets.\* And all persons who have any thing to communicate to me, are desired to direct their letters (postage paid,) to Nestor Ironside, Esq. at Mr. Tonson's in the Strand. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be conversed with any other way than by letter: for as I am an ancient man, I shall find enough to do to give orders proper for their service, to whom I am, by will of their parents, Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a scene for me to pass my whole life in. But I have got my wards so well off my hands, and they are so able to act for themselves, that I have little to do but give a hint, and all that I desire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My design upon the whole is no less than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, all act in concert in the care of piety, justice, and virtue; for I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party, but to deliver myself as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity. All sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain; if I can keep clear of these two evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy, and revenge, are excrescences of the mind, which I have cut off long ago: but as they are excrescences which do not only deform, but also torment those on whom they grow, I shall do all I can to persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have.

No. 2.]

Friday, March 13, 1713.

THE readiest way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myself, that promise to give the town a daily half-sheet: I shall therefore enter into my own history, without losing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone house within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middlesex; my parents were of ability to bestow upon me a liberal education, and of a humour to think that a great happiness even in a fortune which was but just enough to keep me above want. In my sixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalene-hall, in Oxford. It was one great advantage, among many more, which men, educated at our universities, do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr. Josiah Pullen, of our hall above-mentioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy to my constant morning walks up Hedington-hill, in his cheerful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth, an intimate friendship with young Mr. Lizard, of Northamptonshire. He was sent for a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr. Ambrose knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard-hall, on Saturday night, saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married, by order of his father, sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be sir Ambrose himself, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parsonage of Welt, not far off Wellingborough. My friend was married in the year sixty-two, and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college (except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln,) and sojourned at sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well that it was on the fourth of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopt of a sudden, observing he did not attend. 'Lay by your book,' said he, 'and let us take a turn in the grass-walk, for I have something to say to you.' After a silence for about forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak a matter of great importance, sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: 'My good friend,' said he, 'you may have observed that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr. Willis's chambers, at University College, I ever after sought and courted you, that inclination towards you has improved from similitude of manners, if I may so say when I tell you I have not observed in any man

\* Two pence was the original price of this paper.



a greater candour and simplicity of mind than in yourself. You are a man that are not inclined to launch into the world, but prefer security and ease, in a collegiate or single life, to going into the cares which necessarily attend a public character, or that of a master of a family. You see within, my son Marmaduke, my only child; I have a thousand anxieties upon me concerning him, the greater part of which I would transfer to you, and when I do so, I would make it, in plain English, worth your while.' He would not let me speak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole scheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As soon as we went into the house, he gave me a bill upon his goldsmith,\* in London, of two thousand pounds, and told me, with that he had purchased me, with all the talents I was master of, to be of his family, to educate his son, and to do all that should ever lie in my power for the service of him and his to my life's end, according to such powers, trusts, and instructions, as I should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me, and without doubt suppose I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I should have thought myself obliged to by friendship: but, as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were least liable to the variation of humour, time, or season, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I should never enter into any alliance which should divert me from pursuing the interests of his family, of which I should hereafter understand myself a member. Sir Ambrose told me, he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant was, in general, to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this purpose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most excellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death also, with my present conduct towards the numerous descendants of my old friend, will make, possibly, a series of history of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of sir Ambrose, and the no less worthy relict of sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief

entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year: about which time she lost her husband, sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity. He left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a-year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue, in ready money, as a portion to each younger child. My lady's Christian name is Aspasia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our style to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say lady Lizard, or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of. When she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her household affairs, we will use the more familiar name; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of style we will use the word Aspasia. Aspasia is a lady of great understanding and noble spirit. She has passed several years in widowhood, with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will be abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family to supply my readers with diverting, and perhaps useful notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almost all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practised by my lady Lizard, with the best skill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, passions, interests, and diversions, shall be represented, from time to time, as news from the tea-table of so accomplished a woman as the intelligent and discreet lady Lizard.

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No. 3.]

Saturday, March 14, 1713.

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Quicquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget, cælestis et divinum est, obeamque rem æternam sit necesse est. Cicero.

Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal.

I AM diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by casting my eye upon a treatise which I could not overlook without an inexcusable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious interests of mankind. This piece has for its title, A Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the rise and growth of a sect called Free-thinkers. The author very methodically enters

\* A banker at this time was called a goldsmith.

upon his argument, and says, 'by free-thinking, I mean the use of the understanding in endeavouring to find out the meaning of any proposition whatsoever, in considering the nature of the evidence for or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming force or weakness of the evidence.' As soon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not design to show a particular inclination for or against any thing before he had considered it, he gives up all title to the character of a free-thinker, with the most apparent prejudice against a body of men, whom of all other a good man would be most careful not to violate, I mean men in holy orders. Persons who have devoted themselves to the service of God, are venerable to all who fear him; and it is a certain characteristic of a dissolute and ungoverned mind, to rail, or speak disrespectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in so great a crowd of men, some will intrude who are of tempers very unbecoming their function: but because ambition and avarice are sometimes lodged in that bosom which ought to be the dwelling of sanctity and devotion, must this unreasonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the least care to disguise his being an enemy to the persons against whom he writes, nor any where granted that the institution of religious men to serve at the altar, and instruct such who are not as wise as himself, is at all necessary or desirable; but proceeds, without the least apology, to undermine their credit, and frustrate their labours: whatever clergymen, in disputes against each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in such a manner as to affect religion itself, by wresting concessions to its disadvantage from its own teachers. If this be true, as sure any man that reads the discourse must allow it is, and if religion is the strongest tie of human society, in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of such a sect as he calls free-thinkers? He that should burn a house, and justify the action by asserting he is a free agent, would be more excusable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of a free-thinker. But there are a set of dry, joyless, dull fellows, who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongst mankind upon benevolent and generous principles, that think to surmount their own natural meanness, by laying offences in the way of such as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honest arts of life. If it were possible to laugh at so melancholy an affair as what hazards salvation, it would be no unpleasant inquiry to ask, what satisfactions they reap, what extraordinary gratification of sense, or what delicious libertinism this sect of free-thinkers enjoy, after getting loose of the laws which confine the passions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing sect are sober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themselves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? These sages of iniquity are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept

safe from reflection by dabbling in their rhapsodies, without tasting the pleasures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals, only to gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the interests of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this: but it is certain there are a sort of men that can puzzle truth, but cannot enjoy the satisfaction of it. This same free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which possess great minds when they are turned for religion, and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such sensation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of these scorners may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a sense of piety towards heaven, as well as the sense of any thing else, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart. This gentleman may be assured he has not a taste for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an atheist. I must repeat, that he wants capacity to relish what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehensions of things, and at the same time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a necessary consequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheistical fellows who appeared the last age did not serve the devil for nought, but revelled in excesses suitable to their principles; while in these unhappy days mischief is done for mischief's sake. These free-thinkers, who lead the lives of recluse students, for no other purpose but to disturb the sentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monstrous recreation of those late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such writers as this, who have no spirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age, mohocks and cut-throats may well set up for wits and men of pleasure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I should produce some instances of the ill intention of this free-thinker, to support the treatment I here give him. In his fifty-second page he says,

'Secondly, The priests throughout the world differ about scriptures, and the authority of scriptures. The Bramins have a book of scripture called the Shaster. The Persees have their Zundavastaw. The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the "God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all men's sins." The Talapoints of Siam have a book of scripture written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siamese say, "was born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the universe." The Dervises have their Alcoran.'

I believe there is no one will dispute the author's great impartiality in setting down the accounts of these different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air that betrays that the history of 'one born of a virgin' has as much authority with him from St. Sommonocodom as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as



to philosophy, he tells you, p. 136, 'Cicero produces this as an instance of a probable opinion, that they who study philosophy do not believe there are any Gods;' and then, from consideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes, 'that there can be nothing after death.'

As to what he misrepresents of Tully, the short sentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppose; but who can have patience to reflect upon the assemblage of impostures, among which our author places the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of *A Discourse of Free-thinking*.

No. 4.]

*Monday, March 16, 1713.*

It matters not how false or forc'd,  
So the best things be said o' th' worst;  
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,  
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,  
Whether it be a swan or goose  
They level at: so shepherds use  
To set the same mark on the hip  
Both of their sound and rotten sheep.

*Hudibras.*

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of dedications, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by the people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving; nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services. As they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be

mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him, as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dauber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity, at once think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications but will give us cause to wonder how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons? I have known a hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tiptled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets, and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance\* begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her 'kneeling adorations,' I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto: for, as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours, so it is certain none are so guilty of flattery to others as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The

\* Mrs. Manley, authoress of the *Memoirs from the New Atalantis*.

reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found invaluable repositories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of the lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribands, brought by her tire-woman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows.

\*\*\* Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a divine command, \*\*\* upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate\*\*\*. It is impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. \*\*\*The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And WE ADORE AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK!"

Undoubtedly these and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most sacred phrases appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has been, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner.

*The Author to herself.*

MOST HONOURED SIR,—These labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none

as to you. First, as it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public. Then as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts which it is possible, few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric. But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing so much I desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but till then can only assure you, that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive, dearest sir, your affectionate friend, and the greatest of your admirers.

No. 5.]

Tuesday, March 17, 1713.

Laudantur simili prole puerperæ.

*Hor. Lib. 4. Od. v. 23.*

The mother's virtues in the daughters shine.

I HAVE, in my second paper, mentioned the family into which I was retained by the friend of my youth; and given the reader to understand, that my obligations to it are such as might well naturalize me into the interests of it. They have, indeed, had their deserved effect, and if it were possible for a man who has never entered into the state of marriage to know the instincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous house, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in some considerations, have been more useful than those of a father, and as I wanted all that tenderness, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reason when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and consequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondness towards their persons, to transgress against their interests.

As the female part of a family is the more constant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and, from custom and opinion, for less offences more exposed to the latter; I shall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianship, the women of the family of Lizard.



The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend sir Ambrose, has for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only of the visits of her own family. The observation, that old people remember best those things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full strength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation; I choose, indeed, to go thither, to divert any anxiety or weariness which at any time I find grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said, that a little mirth and diversion are what recreate the spirits upon those occasions; but there is a kind of sorrow from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond anything that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones; the passages of the times when we were in fashion, with the countenances, behaviour, and jollity, so much, forsooth, above what any appear in now, are present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than a brother to me; of a husband that was dearer than life to her: discourses about that dear and worthy man generally send her to her closet, and me to the despatch of some necessary business which regards the remains, I would say the numerous descendants of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to say of this lady; which was, that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with respect to this) as she is the object of veneration to those who are derived from her: whose behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them.

The widow of sir Marmaduke is to be considered in a very different view. My lady is not in the shining bloom of life, but at those years, wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, those of pomp and equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited, and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger days. In this condition she might very well add the pleasures of courtship, and the grateful persecution of being followed by a crowd of lovers; but she is an excellent mother and great economist; which considerations, joined with the pleasure of living her own way, preserve her against the intrusion of love. I will not say that my lady has not a secret vanity in being still a fine woman, and neglecting those addresses, to which perhaps we in part owe her constancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgment, as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskillfully, in affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Mrs. Jane really is what her

parent has a mind to continue to be; but it is possible I am too observing in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in respect to greater circumstances: for Mrs. Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her study and constant endeavour to assist her in the management of her household, to keep all idle whispers from her, and discourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and sisters towards her, as well as the diligence and cheerfulness of her servants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is composed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither strict piety, diligence in domestic affairs, or any other avocation, have preserved her against love, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectation, but small fortune; at the same time that men of very great estates ask her of her mother. My lady tells her that prudence must give way to passion: so that Mrs. Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, must conquer more than one passion, and out of prudence banish the man she loves, and marry the man she hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain dishonest cunning I know in her; she can seem blind and careless, and full of herself only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities; whilst she is observing all the company, laying up store for ridicule, and, in a word, is selfish and interested under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what shall I do with this girl!

Mrs. Cornelia passes away her time very much in reading, and that with so great an attention, that it gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her, as she is a fine young woman; the giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love; none will allow that she affects so much being alone, but for want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into those deep studies: she has fallen in with my humour that way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it seems, only excited her curiosity; and I am afraid she is better read than I know of, for she said of a glass of water in which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air, 'It is chryselline.' I shall examine farther, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my lord such-a-one's leading my lady such-a-one out from the play; she is prodigiously acquainted, all of a sudden, with the world, and asked her sister Jane the other day in an argument, 'Dear sister, how should you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family?' I do not much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs. Ironside, because I have named her the sparkler, is the very quintessence

of good-nature and generosity; she is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay, the blossom of them, are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead) but I cannot resist my partiality to this child, for being so like her grandfather; how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking to me! I am sure the child has no skill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

At the head of these children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's consent, is my lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well visited. Sir William Oger, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house on a double consideration. The knight is willing, (for so he very gallantly expresses himself) to marry the mother, or he will consent, whether that be so or not, that his son Oliver shall take any one of the daughters Noll likes best.

Mr. Rigburt, of the same county, who gives in his estate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his seat in the country, that he also is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my lady; she showed it me this morning.

'MADAM,—I have heard your daughters very well spoken of: and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the small-pox is very rife at London, I will send my eldest son to see them, provided, that by your ladyship's answer, and your liking of the rent-roll which I send herewith, your ladyship assures me he shall have one of them, for I do not think to have my son refused by any woman; and so, madam, I conclude, your most humble servant,  
'HENRY PENDOLA.'

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No. 6.]

Wednesday, March 18, 1713.

I HAVE despatched my young women, and the town has them among them; it is necessary for the elucidation of my future discourses, which I desire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a Guardian, Mr. Ironside's Precautions; I say it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place necessary to give an account of the males of this worthy family, whose annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domestic, and not made up of so many circumstances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot despatch the account of the males under my care, in so few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, son and heir of the late sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-sixth year of his age, and is now at his seat in the country.

The estate at present in his hands is above three thousand a-year, after payment of taxes and all necessary charges whatsoever. He is a man of good understanding, but not at all what is usually called a man of shining parts. His virtues are much greater than accomplishments, as to his conversation. But when you come to consider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him [to be] a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he should be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm inwardly upon all undertakings; and in a much shorter time than is usual with men who are not versed in business, he is master of the question before him, and can instantly inform himself with great exactness in the matter of profit or loss that shall arise from any thing proposed to him. The same capacity, joined to an honest nature, makes him very just to other men, as well as to himself. His payments are very punctual, and I dare answer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his house, garden, park, or lands, before the money is in his own pocket wherewith he is to pay for such undertaking. He is too good to purchase labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deserves from his superior prudence, the choice of all who are most knowing and able to serve him. With his ready money, the builder, mason, and carpenter, are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who inconsiderately employ them; and often pay their undertakers by sale of some of their land; whereas, were the lands on which those improvements are made, sold to the artificers, the buildings would be rated as lumber in the purchase. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income, to extend his charity, serve his pleasures, or regale his friends. His servants, his cattle, his goods, speak their master a rich man. Those about his person, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a cheerful, not a gay air: the servants below them seem to live in plenty, but not in wantonness. As sir Henry is a young man, and of an active disposition, his best figure is on horseback. But before I speak of that, I should acquaint you, that during his infancy, all the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the house, which was called the school; where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar-master, a plain sober man, maintained (with a salary, besides his diet, of fifty pounds a-year) to instruct all such children of gentlemen or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horses. There were always ten or twelve for the saddle in readiness to attend him and his favourites, in the choice of whom he showed a good disposition, and distributed his kindness among them by turns, with great good-nature. All horses, both for the saddle and swift draught, were very well bitted, and a skilful rider, with a riding-house, wherein he (the riding master) commanded, had it in orders to teach any gentleman's son of the county



that would please to learn that exercise. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in esteem and power in the country; for as the whole shire is now possessed by gentlemen who owe sir Harry a part of education which they all value themselves upon, (their horsemanship) they prefer his horses to all others, and it is ten per cent. in the price of a steed, which appears to come out of his riding-house.

By this means it is, that sir Harry, as I was going to say, makes the best figure on horseback; for his usual hours of being in the field are well known; and at those seasons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and school-fellows, take a pleasure in giving him their company, with their servants well behaved, and horses well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud sir Harry for a particular care in his horses. He not only bits all which are ridden, but also all which are for the coach or swift draught, for grace adds mightily to the price of strength; and he finds his account in it at all markets, more especially for the coach or troop horses, of which that county produces the most strong and ostentatious. To keep up a breed for any use whatever, he gives plates for the best performing horse in every way in which that animal can be serviceable. There is such a prize for him that trots best, such for the best walker, such for the best galloper, such for the best pacer; then for him who draws most in such a time to such a place, then to him that carries best such a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy in the dress of the riders; some admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gallop when they are out-trotted by a rival; some known country wit to come upon the best pacer; these, and the like little joyful arts, gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the esteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horse; he is of opinion it is inhuman, that animals should be put upon their utmost strength and mettle for our diversion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be distanced; and, like a good country gentleman, says, it is a fault in all ministries, that they encourage no kind of horses but those which are swift.

As I write lives, I dwell upon small matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment. But good economy is the characteristic of the Lizards. I remember a circumstance about six years ago, that gave me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parliament; for he is a landed man, and considers his interest, though he is such, to be impaired or promoted according to the state of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his presence, to ask an intelligent woollen-draper, what he gave for his shop [at] the corner of Change-alley? The shop is, I believe, fourteen feet long, and eight broad. I was answered, ninety pounds a-year. I took no notice, but the thought descended into the breast of sir Harry, and I saw on his table the

next morning, a computation of the value of land in an island, consisting of so many miles, with so many good ports; the value of each part of the said island, as it lay to such ports, and produced such commodities. The whole of his working was to know why so few yards near the Change, was so much better than so many acres in Northamptonshire; and what those acres in Northamptonshire would be worth, were there no trade at all in this island.

It makes my heart ache, when I think of this young man, and consider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods men of estate may do good wherever they are seated, that so many should be what they are! It is certain, that the arts which purchase wealth or fame, will maintain them; and I attribute the splendour and long continuance of this family, to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old sir Harry, the great grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the deeds which he ever signed, in the humour of that sententious age, this sentence, 'There are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters; truth begets hatred, happiness pride, security danger, and familiarity contempt.'

No. 7.]

Thursday, March 19, 1713.

—— Properat cursu

Vita citato ——

Senec. Trag.

With speedy step life posts away.

I THIS morning did myself the honour to visit lady Lizard, and took my chair at the tea-table, at the upper end of which that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celestial who owes her being to poetry.

The discourse we had there, none being present but our own family, consisted of private matters, which tended to the establishment of these young ladies in the world. My lady, I observed, had a mind to make mention of the proposal to Mrs. Jane, of which she is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally against it; but it is by no means proper the young ladies should observe we ever dissent; therefore I turned the discourse, by saying, 'it was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but three-and-twenty, ten years hence.' The whole table was alarmed at the assertion, and the Sparkler scalded her fingers, by leaning suddenly forward to look in my face: but my business at present was to make my court to the mother; therefore, without regarding the resentment in the looks of the children, 'Madam,' said I, 'there is a petulant and hasty manner practised in this age, in hurrying away the life of woman, and confining the grace and principal action of it to those years wherein reason and discretion are most feeble, humour and passion most powerful. From the time a young woman of quality has first appeared in the drawing-room, raised a whisper and curiosity of the

men about her, had her health drank in gay companies, and distinguished at public assemblies: I say, madam, if within three or four years of her first appearance in town, she is not disposed of, her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are disarmed, and we seldom after hear her mentioned but with indifference. What doubles my grief on this occasion is, that the more discreetly the lady behaves herself, the sooner is her glory extinguished. Now, madam, if merit had a greater weight in our thoughts, when we form to ourselves agreeable characters of women, men would think, in making their choices, of such as would take care of, as well as supply children for, the nursery. It was not thus in the illustrious days of good queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turning over a folio, called *The Complete Ambassador*, consisting chiefly of letters from lord Burleigh, earl of Leicester, and sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas writes a letter to sir Francis Walsingham, full of learned gallantry, wherein you may observe he promises himself the French king's brother (who it seems was but a cold lover) should be quickened by seeing the queen in person, who was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A certain sobriety in thoughts, words, and action, which was the praise of that age, kept the fire of love alive; and it burnt so equally, that it warmed and preserved, without tormenting and consuming our beings. The letter I mention is as follows:

"To the Right Worshipful Mr. Francis Walsingham, Ambassador, resident in France.

"SIR,—I am sorry that so good a matter should, upon so nice a point, be deferred. We may say that the lover will do little, if he will not take the pains once to see his love; but she must first say yea, before he see her, or she him: twenty ways might be devised why he might come over, and be welcome, and possibly do more in an hour than he may in two years. '*Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculis insidet, et ex oculis ejaculatur, et in oculos utriusque videndo non solum, ut ait poeta, fœmina virum, sed vir fœminam;*' that powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, resides in the eyes, he sends out all his darts from the eyes: by throwing glances at the eyes (according to the poet) not only the woman captivates the man, but also the man the woman. What force, I pray you, can 'hearsay,' and 'I think, and I trust,' do in comparison of that '*cum præsens præsentem tuetur et alloquitur, et furore forsitan amoris ductus, ampletitur,*' when they face to face see and converse with each other, and the lover in an ecstasy, not to be commanded, snatches an embrace, and saith to himself, and openly that she may hear, '*Teneone te me, an etiamnum somno volunt fœminæ videri cogi ad id quod maximum capiunt?*' Are you in my arms, my fair one, or do we both dream, and will women even in their sleep seem forced to what they most desire? If we be cold, it is our part, besides the person, the sex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a young man's part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure? If he should have, he should have but '*honorificam repulsam;*' even a repulse here is glorious: the worst that can be said of him is but as of Phaeton, '*Quam si non tenuit mag-*

*nis tamen excidit ausis;*' though he could not command the chariot of the sun, his fall from it was illustrious. So far as I conceive, '*Hæc est sola nostra anchora, hæc jacenda est in nobis alea;*' this is our only anchor, this die must be thrown. In our instability, '*Unum momentum est uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictum stabilitatem facere potest;*' one lucky moment would crown and fix all. This, or else nothing is to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulness, so far as I can see. Your assured friend,  
THOMAS SMITH."

"From Killingworth, Aug. 22, 1572."

Though my lady was in very good humour, upon the insinuation that, according to the Elizabeth scheme, she was but just advanced above the character of a girl; I found the rest of the company as much disheartened, that they were still but mere girls. I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are solemnized in our days to the importunity of the men, which made it impossible for young ladies to remain virgins so long as they wished from their own inclinations, and the freedom of a single life.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. Cardan, a grave philosopher and physician, confesses in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the railery he suffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himself, were afflictions beyond expression. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to support my opinion of the irresistible power of women. He adds in the same chapter, that there are ten thousand afflictions and disasters attend the passion itself; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vast expenses to support her folly and vanity, every day reduce men to poverty and death; but he makes them of little consideration to the miserable and insignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of professing I am not surprised that the author has expressed himself after this manner, with relation to love: the heroic chastity so frequently professed by humorists of the fair sex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reason that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the inclinations of the sexes to each other. Daily experience shows us, that the most rude rustic grows humane as soon as he is inspired by this passion; it gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new visage to our persons. Whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or address in our exercise, our improvement is hastened by a particular object whom we would please. Cheerfulness, gentleness, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all the virtues which



adorn men, which inspire heroes, are most conspicuous in lovers. I speak of love as when such as are in this company are the objects of it, who can bestow upon their husbands (if they follow their excellent mother) all its joys without any of its anxieties.

No. 8.]

Friday, March 20, 1713.

— Animum rege —

*Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. ii. 62.*

Govern the mind.

A GUARDIAN cannot bestow his time in any office more suitable to his character, than in representing the disasters to which we are exposed by the irregularity of our passions. I think I speak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I observe that they make men do things unworthy of those very passions. I shall illustrate this by a story I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppressor a most contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a person he oppressed so wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the pursuit of it he utterly neglected his own safety; but when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a sense of danger, in such a manner as to be unable to lay hold of occasions which offered themselves for certain security, and expose himself from fear to apparent hazard. The motives which I speak of are not indeed so much to be called passions, as ill habits arising from passions, such as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and are, methinks, but scorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my story.

Licenciado Esquivel, governor of the city Potocsi, commanded two hundred men to march out of that garrison towards the kingdom of Tucuman, with strict orders to use no Indians in carrying their baggage, and placed himself at a convenient station without the gates, to observe how his orders were put in execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards, but thought fit to let them march by till the last rank of all came up, out of which he seized one man called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within few days after he was taken in arrest, he was sentenced to receive two hundred stripes. Aguire represented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate with vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a punishment of so much indignity. Licenciado persisted in the kind of punishment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he should not survive; and though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to suffer so ignominious a death, humbly besought his excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a person of an easy and tractable disposition, he was so changed by his office, that these applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his insolence; and

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during the very time of their mediation for the prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding with a haughty tone, that his orders should be executed that very instant. This, as it is usual on such occasions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the severity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and besought the governor to suspend, if not remit the punishment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the prison with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, stripped, and mounted on an ass, which is the posture wherein the basest criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, 'Take him off, take him off,' and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and said, 'All my endeavours have been to keep myself from mounting this beast, and from the shame of being seen naked; but since things are come thus far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less than the fears and apprehensions I shall have in these eight days ensuing; besides, I shall not need to give further trouble to my friends for intercession on my behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already passed.' After he had said this, the ass was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gantlet according to the sentence. The calm manner in which he resigned himself, when he found his disgrace must be, and the scorn of dallying with it under a suspension of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it visible that he took comfort in some secret resolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be persuaded (though the inhabitants of Potocsi often importuned him from the spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excused himself with a modest sadness in his countenance, saying, 'that after such a shame as his was death must be his only remedy and consolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible.'

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Esquivel expired; after which, like a desperate man, he pursued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him and wipe off the shame of the late affront. Esquivel, being informed of this desperate resolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, supposing that Aguire would not pursue him at such a distance; but Esquivel's flight did but increase Aguire's speed in following. The first journey which Esquivel took was to the city Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues distant; but in less than fifteen days Aguire was there with him; whereupon Esquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues distant from Los Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him; which being intimated to Esquivel, he took another leap as far as Cozco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came also

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Aguire, travelling all the way on foot, without shoes or stockings, saying, 'that it became not the condition of a whipt rascal to travel on horseback, or appear amongst men.' In this manner did Aguire haunt and pursue Esquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with so many long and tedious journies, resolved to fix his abode at Cozco, where he believed that Aguire would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a severe man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the street of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his sword and dagger, which are weapons not agreeable to his profession. However Aguire followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he resolved to make the attempt upon him in his own house, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at last he came into his study where Licenciado lay on a couch asleep. Aguire stabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leisurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the house in safety; but as his resentment was eated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehension he had not composure enough to fly to a sanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the street frantic and distracted, proclaiming himself a criminal, by crying out, 'Hide me, hide me.'

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the same person whom he had before treated with so much insolence, and the high resentment of a man so inconsiderable as Aguire, when much injured, are good admonitions to little spirits in exalted stations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

No. 9.]

Saturday, March 21, 1713.

In tantas brevi creverant opes, seu maritimis seu terrestribus fructibus, seu multitudinis incremento, seu sanctitate discipline. *Liv.*

They rose in a short time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extensive commerce both by sea and land, by an increase of the people, and by the rigour of their laws and discipline.

MANY of the subjects of my papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the conversation, or learned from the conduct of a gentleman, who has been very conversant in our family, by name Mr. Charwell.\* This person was formerly a merchant in this city, who, by exact economy, great frugality, and

very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years since, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the estate which we usually call a plum. This was a sum so much beyond his first ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the town and the business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchase of a nobleman's estate, not many miles distant from the country seat of my lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood our first acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with equal application on both sides. Mr. Charwell visits very few gentlemen in the country; his most frequent airings in the summer time are visits to my lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as soon as these are despatched, he is sure to dine at her house, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I shall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years since he made the purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the conditions of the estate.

The estate then consisted of a good large old house, a park of two thousand acres, eight thousand acres more of land divided into farms. The land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and these the only consumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premises. A river running by the house, which was in the centre of the estate, but the same not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been opposed by the generality of the whole country. The roads excessive bad, and no possibility of getting off the tenants' corn, but at such a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The underwoods all destroyed, to lay the country open to my lord's pleasures; but there was indeed the less want of this fuel, there being large coal-pits in the estate, within two miles of the house, and such a plenty of coals as was sufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made these also a mere drug, and almost every man's for fetching. Many timber-trees were still standing only for want of chapmen, very little being used for building in a country so thin of people, and those at a greater distance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they must be at the charge of land-carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; so was every acre of land in the park; and, as for the tenants, they were all racked to extremity, and almost every one of them beggars. All these things Mr. Charwell knew very well, yet was not discouraged from going on with his purchase.

But in the first place, he resolved that a hundred in family should not ruin him, as it had done his predecessor. Therefore, pretending to dislike the situation of the old house, he made choice of another at a mile distance, higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expense of four or five thousand pounds, and all the ornaments of the old house, he built a new one, with all convenient offices, more suitable to his revenues, yet not much

\* The person here alluded to, is said to have been the charitable Edward Colston, of Bristol, member of Parliament for that city, who died unmarried in October, 1721, about the close of his eighty-fifth year. 'without decay in his understanding, without labour or sorrow.'



larger than my lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal less than his lordship's stables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with these inclosed only two hundred acres of it near adjoining to his new house. The rest he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much dissatisfied with the loss of my lord's family, which had been a constant market for great quantities of their corn; and with the disparking so much land, by which provisions were likely to be increased in so dispeopled a country. They were afraid they must be obliged themselves to consume the whole product of their farms, and that they should be soon undone by the economy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr. Charwell was sensible their fears were but too just; and that, if neither their goods could be carried off to distant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants must run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point that could not be obtained by all the interest of his predecessor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchase. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town just below the old house; he therefore presently set himself about the execution of this project.

The thing has succeeded to his wish. In the space of twenty years he is so fortunate as to see a thousand new houses upon his estate, and at least five thousand new people, men, women, and children, inhabitants of those houses, who are comfortably subsisted by their own labour, without charge to Mr. Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that such a body of people can be subsisted at less than five pounds per head, or twenty-five thousand pounds per annum, the greatest part of which sum is annually expended for provisions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr. Charwell are nearest of all others to the market, they have the best prices for their goods by all that is saved in the carriage.

But some provisions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the extreme parts of his lands; and I think I have been told, that for the single article of milk, at a pint every day for every house, his tenants take from this town not much less than five hundred pounds per annum.

The soil of all kinds, which is made every year by the consumption of so great a town, I have heard has been valued at two hundred pounds per annum. If this be true, the estate of Mr. Charwell is so much improved in this very article, since all this is carried out upon his lands by the back carriage of those very carts, which were loaded by his tenants with provisions and other necessities for the people.

A hundred thousand bushels of coal are necessary to supply so great a multitude with

yearly fuel. And as these are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr. Charwell, he receives a penny for every bushel; so that this very article is an addition of four hundred pounds per annum to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increasing, the revenues in the above-mentioned, and many other articles, are increasing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predecessor. The consumption of five thousand people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greatest families in Great Britain. The tenants stand in no need of distant markets to take off the product of their farms. The people so near their own docks are already more than they are able to supply; and what is wanting at home for this purpose is supplied from places at greater distance, at whatsoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an easy carriage for their corn to so good a market. The tenants of Mr. Charwell, that they may have the whole market to themselves, are almost the only persons against it. But they will not be long able to oppose it: their leases are near expiring; and as they are grown very rich, there are many other persons ready to take their farms at more than double the present rents, even though the river should be made navigable, and distant people let in to sell their provisions together with these farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himself, he is in no manner of pain lest his lands should fall in their value by the cheap carriage of provisions from distant places to his town. He knows very well the cheapness of provisions was one great means of bringing together so great numbers, and that they must be held together by the same means. He seems to have nothing more in his thoughts than to increase his town to such an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about shall be little enough to supply it. He considers that at how great a distance soever provisions shall be brought thither, they must end at last in so much soil for his estate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragement and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what sort of people he has invited to live upon his estate, and how he has enabled them to subsist by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the subjects of some of my future precautions.

*'To the Guardian.*

*'March 16.*

*'Sir,—By your paper of Saturday last, you give the town hopes that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poison vented under a pretence to free-thinking. If you can spare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the same subject, these are at your disposal.*

*'I happened to be present at a public conversation of some of the defenders of this discourse of free-thinking, and others that differed from*



them; where I had the diversion of hearing the same man in one breath, persuade us to freedom of thought, and in the next, offer to demonstrate that we had no freedom in any thing. One would think men should blush, to find themselves entangled in a greater contradiction than any the discourse ridicules. This principle of free fatality or necessary liberty, is a worthy fundamental of the new sect; and, indeed, this opinion is an evidence and clearness so nearly related to transubstantiation, that the same genius seems requisite for either. It is fit the world should know how far reason abandons men that would employ it against religion; which intention, I hope, justifies this trouble from, sir, your hearty well-wisher,

‘MISATHEUS.’

No. 10.]

Monday, March 23, 1713.

Venit ad me sæpe clamitans—  
Vestitu nimium indulges, nimium ineptus es,  
Nimium ipse est durus præter æquumque et bonum.  
*Ter. Adelp. Act i. Sc. 1.*

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I do wrong to indulge him so much in the article of dress; but the fault lies in his own excessive and unreasonable severity.

WHEN I am in deep meditation, in order to give my wards proper precautions, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which those of no merit raise to themselves an esteem: of this nature is the business of dress. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depressed or exalted from the perfections or disadvantages of his person. However there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the possession of an ample fortune, could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance more suddenly, than by sobriety in his habit; as this is winning at first sight, so a person gorgeously fine, which in itself should avoid the attraction of the beholders' eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my business when my lady Lizard's youngest daughter, Miss Molly, is making clothes, to consider her from head to foot, and cannot be easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dress, which, by its darkness or liveliness, might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can; but it is also a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiscretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every day's experience shows us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impressions too favourable and too disadvantageous of men at first sight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great consideration, and I shall consider it in my future precautions as such. As to the female world, I shall give them my opinion at large, by way of comment, upon a new suit

of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I design it a model for the ladies. She and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myself a fellow of Lincoln college, that there is at last in one of our universities risen a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the college as unable to put on our own clothes as we do from nurse. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardness in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of these less matters. For this reason I shall authorise and support the gentleman who writes me the following letter; and though, out of diffidence of the reception his proposal should meet with from me, he has given himself too ludicrous a figure; I doubt not but from his notices to make men who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant: and such as can, to be truly knowing without appearing bookish.

‘To the Guardian.

‘Oxford, March 18, 1712-13.

‘SIR,—I foresee that you will have many correspondents in this place; but as I have often observed, with grief of heart, that scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the science I profess, I flatter myself that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my study, sir, in these seats of learning, to look into the nature of dress, and am what they call an academical beau. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, since by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce fashions amongst our young gentlemen; and so am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who know me, to appear in print. I have indeed met with some success in the projects I have communicated to some sparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot without a secret triumph confess, that the sleeves turned up with green velvet, which now flourish throughout the university, sprang originally from my invention.

‘As it is necessary to have the head clear, as well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of learning, I rarely mingle with the men, (for I abhor wine,) but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies. I know every part of their dress, and can name all their things by their names. I am consulted about every ornament they buy; and, I speak it without vanity, have a very pretty fancy to knots, and the like. Sometimes I take a needle, and spot a piece of muslin for pretty Patty Cross-stitch, who is my present favourite, which, she says, I do neatly enough; or read one of your papers, and explain the motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a sort of petty tyrant amongst them, for I own I have my humours. If any thing be amiss, they are sure Mr. Sleek will find fault; if any hoity-toity things make a fuss, they are sure to be taken to pieces the next visit. I am the dread of poor Celia, whose wrapping-gown is not right India; and am avoided by Thalastis, in her second-hand mantua which several masters of arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had been scoured, with half an eye.

'Thus have I endeavoured to improve my understanding, and am desirous to communicate my innocent discoveries to those, who, like me, may distinguish themselves more to advantage by their bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken in these my studies, thrown away, since by these means, though I am not very valuable, I am however not disagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I say, they would take care to make the best of themselves; for I think it intolerable that a blockhead should be a sloven. Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is in any one's power to wear a pretty periwig; let him who cannot say a witty thing, keep his teeth white at least; he who hath no knack at writing sonnets, may however have a soft hand; and he may arch his eye-brows, withal not strength of genius for the mathematics.

'After the conclusion of the peace, we shall undoubtedly have new fashions from France; and I have some reason to think that some particularities in the garb of their abbès may be transplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in their dress I hope I may, without the imputation of being popishly inclined, adopt into our habits; but would willingly have the authority of the Guardian to countenance me in this harmless design. I would not hereby assume to myself a jurisdiction over any of our youth, but such as are incapable of improvement any other way. As for the awkward creatures that mind their studies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the afore-mentioned order of men, I desire a commission from you to exercise full authority. Hereby, I shall be enabled from time to time to introduce several pretty oddnesses in the taking and tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimensions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I shall think most for the public good.

'I have prepared a treatise against the cravat and berdash,\* which I am told is not ill done; and have thrown together some hasty observations upon stockings, which my friends assure me I need not be ashamed of. But I shall not offer them to the public until they are approved of at our female club; which I am the more willing to do, because I am sure of their praise; for they own I understand these things better than they do. I shall herein be very proud of your encouragement; for, next to keeping the university clean, my greatest ambition is to be thought, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

'SIMON SLEEK.'

No. 11.]

Tuesday, March 24, 1713.

—Huc propius me,  
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.  
*Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. iii. 80.*

Attend my lecture whilst I plainly show,  
That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the sharpness of it; and an 'ad-

\* A kind of neckcloth so called, whence such as sold them were styled haberdashers.

dress in flattery, which makes it agreeable, though never so gross: but of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues he does it for your sake; the most winning circumstance in the world being the conformity of manners. I speak of this as a practice necessary in gaining people of sense, who are not yet given up to self-conceit; those who are far gone in admiration of themselves, need not be treated with so much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleasant and uncommon light: the author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us against it by exhorting us to it.

'To the Guardian.

'SIR,—As you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad-doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to remove frenzies, but one who makes it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

'I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age, or quality soever, with success. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my Obsequium Catholicon, or the Grand Elixir, to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful in the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or playhouse as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

'Let a person be never so far gone, I advise him not to despair; even though he has been troubled many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into settled consideration. Those that have been stung with satire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as



has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

'I could, as farther instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly fathers of the most eminent princes of Europe: but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my grand universal restorative, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

### *Cures in the month of February, 1713.*

'George Spondee, esq. poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's Covent-garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frightened into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper; and by the prescription of a dose of my Obsequium, prepared *secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words, Ill taste of the town, Envy of Critics, Bad performance of the actors, and the like. He is so perfectly cured, that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.'

'A lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

'Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles's in the fields, a coquette of long practice, was, by the reprimand of an old maiden, reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I advised her to take a few innocent freedoms with occasional kisses, prescribed her the exercise of the eyes, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furred her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This, the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

'Andrew Terror, of the Middle temple, mocket, was almost induced by an aged bencher of the same house, to leave off bright conversation, and pore over Coke upon Littleton. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster-hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

'I will not dwell upon the recital of the in-

numerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil: which, applied at the ear, seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chamber-maids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is or appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a visiting.

'But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a dram or two of my oil; though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of, sir, your most obedient, most faithful, most devoted, most humble servant and admirer,

GNATHO.

'\*\*\* Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

'N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest, to flatter themselves.

'I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses.'

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### No. 12.] Wednesday, March 25, 1713.

Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt :  
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus—  
*Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. i. 34.*

#### IMITATED.

You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,  
Did not some grave examples yet remain,  
Who scorn a lad should match his father's skill,  
And having once been wrong, will be so still. *Pope.*

When a poem makes its first appearance in the world, I have always observed that it gives employment to a greater number of critics than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that most men, at some time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine, that their making shrewd observations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be some jealousy and caution in bestowing applause upon those who write chiefly for fame. Whatever the reasons be, we find few discouraged by the delicacy and danger of such an undertaking.

I think it certain that most men are naturally



not only capable of being pleased with that which raises agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing also to own it. But then there are many, who, by false application of some rules ill understood, or out of deference to men whose opinions they value, have formed to themselves certain schemes and systems of satisfaction, and will not be pleased out of their own way. These are not critics themselves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of perusing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know just as much of the several species of poetry, as those who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. These gentlemen deliver their opinions sententiously, and in general terms; to which it being impossible readily to frame complete answers, they have often the satisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young persons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aside by these tyrants in wit, I shall examine two or three of the many stratagems they use, and subjoin such precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby.

The first I shall take notice of is an objection commonly offered, viz. 'that such a poem hath indeed some good lines in it, but it is not a regular piece.' This, for the most part, is urged by those whose knowledge is drawn from some famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot subsist without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epistles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthusiasm in odes, and the freedom of epistles, is rarely disputed: but I have often heard the poems upon public occasions, written in heroic verse, which I choose to call panegyrics, severely censured upon this account; the reason whereof I cannot guess, unless it be, that because they are written in the same kind of numbers and spirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the same regularity. Now an epic poem consisting chiefly in narration, it is necessary that the incidents should be related in the same order that they are supposed to have been transacted. But in works of the above-mentioned kind, there is no more reason that such order should be observed, than that an oration should be as methodical as a history. I think it sufficient that the great hints suggested from the subject, be so disposed, that the first may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and so on; and that their places cannot be changed without disadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that sometimes gentle deviations, sometimes bold, and even abrupt digressions, where the dignity of the subject seems to give the impulse, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main design are marks of address and dexterity.

Another artifice made use of by pretenders to criticism, is an insinuation, 'that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients.' This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise

than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to describe the general's horse at the battle of Blenheim as my fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horse of his hero, it would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stolen my description from Virgil, as to reproach the duke of Marlborough for fighting only like Æneas. All that the most exquisite judgment can perform is, out of that great variety of circumstances wherein natural objects may be considered, to select the most beautiful; and to place images in such views and lights as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty superadded in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in his first reading such an author. Such copyings as these give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed with the symmetry of the parts, than the mind by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phrases of holy writ, and allusions to several passages in the inspired writings (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit: in like manner, an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil, raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

The last observation I shall make at present is upon the disgust taken by those critics, who put on their clothes prettily, and dislike every thing that is not written with ease. I hereby therefore give the genteel part of the learned world to understand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in language suitable to it, is written with ease. There are some things which must be written with strength, which nevertheless are easy. The statue of the gladiator, though represented in such a posture as strains every muscle, is as easy as that of Venus; because the one expresses strength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and softness. The passions are sometimes to be roused, as well as the fancy to be entertained; and the soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as soothed. This often requires a raised and figurative style; which readers of low apprehensions, or soft and languid dispositions (having heard of the words, fustian and bombast) are apt to reject as stiff and affected language. But nature and reason appoint different garbs for different things; and since I write this to the men of dress, I will ask them if a soldier who is to mount a breach, should be adorned like a beau, who is spruced up for a ball?

No. 13.]

Thursday, March 26, 1713.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos

Retinere, satius esse credo, quam metu.

Ter. Adelph. Act i. Sc. I.

I esteem it better to keep children in awe by a sense of shame, and a condescension to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had some account of the

whole family of the Lizards, except the younger sons. These are the branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houses, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as those from whence they are derived. For this reason it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in those accomplishments we call their exercise, in the sports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the second son, does not follow any of these with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four-and-twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his play-fellows or friends.

His thoughts, and present applications are to get into a court life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed; for he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection to avoid controversies arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women: he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. I do not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them, is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction which he recounts. For you see it not only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense of it, by this manner of representing it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are made ridiculous instead of odious, and you see every thing in the most good-natured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an ill-natured thing. He is, with all his acquaintance, the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference, and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed by each opposite in a private manner, to feel the pulse

of the adversary; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter, by any whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have begun a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and consequently, confer a greater measure of their goodwill upon the interposer. I must repeat, that above all, my young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks, and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm, but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, inasmuch, that if it were not to be expected that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretensions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced men take any particular person for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in such things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute success, and not to the real causes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a just sufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce some motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth, at his first appearance, when it is not well even for the sergeant of the greatest weight and dignity. But I will, at this time, with a hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his study in the temple.

The youngest son, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be chosen last election fellow of All-souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his person; has height, strength, vigour, and a certain cheerfulness and serenity that creates a sort of love, which people at first sight observe is ripening into esteem. He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in speech or writing, whatever he has earnestly at heart. This ex-



cellent young man has devoted himself to the service of his Creator; and, with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man shine in a court, or command in a camp, he is resolved to go into holy orders. He is inspired with a true sense of that function, when chosen from a regard to the interests of piety and virtue, and a scorn of whatever men call great in a transitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a passion to glory, whatever they would do for the service of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to achieve for the salvation of souls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Christian world is, that his invention, his memory, judgment, and imagination, are always employed upon this one view; and I do not doubt, but in my future precautions, to present the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations compiled by this young man on the subject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

they met accidentally in the fields with two young ladies, whose conversation they were very much pleased with, and being desirous to ingratiate themselves further into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never seen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's which waited for them at the end of Gray's-inn-lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind, to act the parts they had long, by the direction and example of their comrades, taken much pains to qualify themselves for, and so galloped off. What these mean entertainments will end in, it is impossible to foresee; but a precaution upon that subject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might perhaps be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this subject. I am, sir, your most humble servant,  
T. Š.

*To the Guardian.*

No. 14.]

Friday, March 27, 1713.

Nec sit, qua sit iter, nec si sciat imperet——  
*Ovid. Met. Lib. ii. 170.*

—Nor did he know  
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;  
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.  
*Addison.*

*'To the Guardian.*

'SIR,—You having in your first paper declared, among other things, that you will publish whatever you think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young masters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives, and who, though I say it, are as docile as any youths in Europe, a lesson which they very much want, to restrain them from the infection of bad company, and squandering away their time in idle and unworthy pursuits. A word from you, I am very well assured, will prevail more with them than any remonstrance they will meet with at home. The eldest is now about seventeen years of age, and the younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father and mother, and also a governor, but come very seldom (except against their wills) in the sight of any of them. That which I observe they have most relish to, is horses and cock-fighting, which they too well understand, being almost positive at first sight to tell you which horse will win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion, will lay you what you please on their own, and it is odds but you lose. What I fear to be the greatest prejudice to them, is their keeping much closer to their horses' heels than their books, and conversing more with their stablemen and lackies than with their relations and gentlemen: and, I apprehend, are at this time better skilled how to hold the reins and drive a coach, than to translate a verse in Virgil or Horace. For, the other day, taking a walk abroad,

'SIR,—I writ to you on the twenty-first of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of; it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, because I am confident the father of the young lads whom I mentioned, would have considered how far what was said in my letter concerned himself; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious son, the coachman, aged seventeen years, has since that time, ran away with, and married one of the girls I spoke of in my last. The manner of carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almost sixteen, still a bachelor, was as follows. One of the young women whom they met in the fields seemed very much taken with my master, the elder son, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-house not far off the town. The girl, it seems, acted her part so well, as to enamour the boy, and make him inquisitive into her place of abode, with all other questions which were necessary toward further intimacy. The matter was so managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no possibility of conversing with her, by reason of a very severe mother, but with the utmost caution. What, it seems, made the mother, forsooth, the more suspicious was, that because the men said her daughter was pretty, somebody or other would persuade her to marry while she was too young to know how to govern a family. By what I can learn from pretences as shallow as this, she appeared so far from having a design upon her lover, that it seemed impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried on with much secrecy and skill. Many were the interviews these lovers had in four-and-twenty hours time: for it was managed by the mother, that he should run in and out as unobserved by her, and the girl be called every other instant into the next room, and rated (that she could not stay in a place) in his hearing. The young gentleman was at last so much in love, as to be thought by the daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who surprised the lovers together in private, and ba-



nished the youth her house. What is not in the power of love! the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend, the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a sudden friendship with a lad of their own age, by the force of ten shillings, who drove a hackney coach, the elder brother took his post in the coach-box, where he could act with a great deal of skill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the street where his mistress lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that disguise. The whole day was spent in expectation of an opportunity; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a distant window, which was answered by a brandish of his whip, and a compass taken to drive round and show his activity, and readiness to convey her where she should command him. Upon the approach of the evening, a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his mistress and her mother should take coach exactly at seven o'clock; but that the mother was to be set down, and the daughter to go further, and call again. The happy minute came at last, when our hack had the happiness to take in his expected fare, attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had first met her. The mother was set down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when she came from her cousin's, an hour afterwards. The mother was not so unskilful as not to have instructed her daughter whom to send for, and how to behave herself when her lover should urge her consent. We yet know no further particulars, but that my young master was married that night at Knightsbridge, in the presence of his brother and two or three other persons; and that just before the ceremony he took his brother aside, and asked him to marry the other young woman. Now, sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but only observe, that if the education of this compound creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not, perhaps, been so forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a husband. However, as the whole town will, in a day or two, know the names, persons, and other circumstances, I think this properly lies before your guardianship to consider, for the admonition of others; but my young master's fate is irrevocable. I am, sir, your most humble servant.'

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No. 15.]      Saturday, March 28, 1713.

—sibi quivis,  
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,  
Ausus idem ——— Hor. Ars Poet. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,  
And (not without much pains) be undeceived.  
Roscommon.

I CAME yesterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verses upon love and friendship. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and disposition of the lines might

distinguish that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confusion in her face, she told me I might read them if I pleased, and so withdrew. By the hand, at first sight, I could not guess whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my spectacles, and perused them carefully, I found by some peculiar modes in spelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female sonnet. I have since learned, that she hath a correspondent in the country, who is as bookish as herself; that they write to one another by the names of Astrea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their easy lines. As I should be loth to have a poetess in our family, and yet am unwilling harshly to cross the bent of a young lady's genius, I chose rather to throw together some thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is distinguished by the name of easy, than to risk the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by exposing her work to public view.

I have said in a foregoing paper, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in a language suitable to it, is written with ease: which I offered in answer to those who ask for ease in all kinds of poetry; and it is so far true, as it states the notion of easy writing in general, as that is opposed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an easy mien, and easy dress, peculiarly so called; so there is an easy sort of poetry. In order to write easily, it is necessary, in the first place, to think easily. Now, according to different subjects, men think differently; anger, fury, and the rough passions, awaken strong thoughts; glory, grandeur, power, raise great thoughts; love, melancholy, solitude, and whatever gently touches the soul, inspire easy thoughts.

Of the thoughts suggested by these gentle subjects, there are some which may be set off by style and ornament. Others there are, which the more simply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expressed, give the soul proportionably the more pleasing emotions. The figures of style added to them serve only to hide a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here, not only liveliness of fancy is requisite to exhibit a great variety of images, but also niceness of judgment to cull out those, which, without the advantage of foreign art, will shine by their own intrinsic beauty. By these means, whatsoever seems to demand labour being rejected, that only which appears to be easy and natural will come in, and so art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of easy writing.

I will suppose an author to be really possessed with the passion which he writes upon, and then we shall see how he would acquit himself. This I take to be the safest way to form a judgment of him, since if he be not truly moved, he must at least work up his imagination as near as possible, to resemble reality. I choose to instance in love, which is observed to have produced the most finished performances in this kind. A lover will be full of sincerity, that he may be believed by his mistress; he will, therefore, think simply; he will express himself perspicuously, that he may not perplex

her; he will, therefore, write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by a head undisturbed; and points of wit and fancy are the work of a heart at ease; these two dangers then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The selecting proper circumstances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the finest secrets of all poetry; but the recollection of little circumstances, is the lover's sole meditation, and relating them pleasantly the business of his life. Accordingly we find that the most celebrated authors of this rank excel in love-verses. Out of ten thousand instances I shall name one, which I think the most delicate and tender I ever saw.

'To myself I sigh often, without knowing why:  
And when absent from Phyllis, methinks I could die.'

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of these lines; and every one, who now feels that passion, actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced, it appears how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy writings fall into the hands of an ordinary reader, they appear to him so natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks, indeed simply, but the thoughts, not being chosen with judgment, are not beautiful: he, it is true, expresses himself plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what self-denial must he undergo, when bright points of wit occur to his fancy! How difficult will he find it to reject florid phrases, and pretty embellishments of style! So true it is, that simplicity of all things is the hardest to be copied, and ease to be acquired with the greatest labour. Our family knows very well how ill lady Flame looked, when she imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black suit. And I remember, when Frank Courtly was saying the other day, that any man might write easy, I only asked him, if he thought it possible that squire Hawthorn should ever come into a room as he did? He made me a very handsome bow, and answered, with a smile, 'Mr. Ironside, you have convinced me.'

I shall conclude this paper by observing that pastoral poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy writing, hath the oftencst been attempted with ill success, of any sort whatsoever. I shall, therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that subject to the public.

No. 16.]

Monday, March 30, 1713.

—Ne forte pudori  
Sit tibi, musa lyra solers, et cantor Apollo.  
Hor. Ars Poet. 406.  
Blush not to patronise the muse's skill.

Two mornings ago a gentleman came in to my lady Lizard's tea-table, who is distinguished in town by the good taste he is known to have in polite writings, especially such as relate to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had something odd and grotesque in it, though his

air and manner were genteel and easy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies in complaisance to him turned the discourse to poetry. This soon gave him an occasion of producing two new songs to the company; which, he said, he would venture to recommend as complete performances. The first, continued he, is by a gentleman of an unrivalled reputation in every kind of writing; and the second by a lady who does me the honour to be in love with me, because I am not handsome. Mrs. Annabella upon this (who never lets slip an occasion of doing sprightly things,) gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and a thumb, and snatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then casting her eye over it with a seeming impatience, she read us the songs: and in a very obliging manner desired the gentleman would let her have a copy of them, together with his judgment upon songs in general; that I may be able, said she, to judge of gallantries of this nature, if ever it should be my fortune to have a poetical lover. The gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella, the very next morning, when she was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a spruce valet de chambre.

## THE FIRST SONG.

## I.

On Belvidera's bosom lying,  
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,  
The cold regardless maid to move,  
With unavailing prayers I sue;  
'You first have taught me how to love,  
Ah teach me to be happy too!'

## II.

But she, alas! unkindly wise,  
To all thy sighs and tears replies,  
'Tis every prudent maid's concern  
Her lover's fondness to improve;  
If to be happy you shall learn,  
You quickly would forget to love.'

## THE SECOND SONG.

## I.

Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art  
To please my partial eyes;  
The charms that have subdued my heart,  
Another may despise.

## II.

Thy face is to my humour made,  
Another it may fright:  
Perhaps, by some fond whim betrayed,  
In oddness I delight.

## III.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,  
'Tis to my love's excess  
You all your fancied beauties owe,  
Which fade as that grows less.

## IV.

For your own sake, if not for mine,  
You should preserve my fire:  
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,  
When I no more admire.

## V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd  
The wonder of your kind:  
But not of my judgment proud,  
Whom love has rendered blind.

'To Mrs. Annabella Lizard.

'MADAM,—To let you see how absolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your good sense, I shall, without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon song-writing, in the same



order as they have occurred to me, only allow me, in my own defence to say, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticism upon this subject; so that if I err, or seem singular in my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to differ from them, since I do not pretend to support them by any authority.

'In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in fashion, the tribe of sonnetteers have been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least jingle of verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress. What a world of insipid productions in this kind have we been pestered with since the revolution, to go no higher! This, no doubt, proceeds in a great measure from not forming a right judgment of the nature of these little compositions. It is true they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge; but then they demand great regularity, and the utmost nicety; and exact purity of style, with the most easy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design. Greater works cannot well be without some inequalities and oversights, and they are in them pardonable; but a song loses all its lustre if it be not polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing strokes, which would be superfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the strength and boldness of a masterly hand gives all the grace.

'Since you may have recourse to the French and English translations, you will not accuse me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in some of his shorter lyrics, are the completest models for little odes or sonnets. You will find them generally pursuing a single thought in their songs, which is driven to a point, without those interruptions and deviations so frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do justice to the French, there is no living language that abounds so much in good songs. The genius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue, seems adapted to compositions of this sort. Our writers generally crowd into one song, materials enough for several; and so they starve every thought, by endeavouring to nurse up more than one at a time. They give you a string of imperfect sonnets, instead of one finished piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller (whose beauties cannot be too much admired) sometimes falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are more defective in their songs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne and Mr. Cowley. In them, one point of wit flashes so fast upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual sparkling of their imagination; you find a new design started almost in every line, and you come to the end without the satisfaction of seeing any one of them executed.

'A song should be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that

one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually employed upon satirical occasions; whereas, the business of the other, for the most part, is to express (as my lord Roscommon translates it from Horace)

"Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine."

'I shall conclude what I have to say upon this subject, by observing, that the French do very often confound the song and the epigram, and take the one reciprocally for the other. An instance of which I shall give you in a remarkable epigram which passes current abroad for an excellent song.

"Tu parles mal par-tout de moi,  
Je dis du bien par-tout de toi;  
Quel malheur est le notre ?  
L'on ne croit ni l'un ni l'autre."

'For the satisfaction of such of your friends as may not understand the original, I shall venture to translate it after my fashion, so as to keep strictly the turn of thought, at the expense of losing something in the poetry and versification.

"Thou speakest always ill of me,  
I speak always well of thee;  
But spite of all our noise and pother,  
The world believes nor one nor 'tother."

'Thus, madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands; not out of vanity of erecting myself into a critic, but out of an earnest desire of being thought, upon all occasions, your most obedient servant.'

No. 17.]

Tuesday, March 31, 1713.

—Minimumque libidine peccant.—*Juv. Sat. vi. 134*  
Lust is the smallest sin they own. *Dryden.*

If it were possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred things, a man might say that the time we now are in, is set apart for humiliation; and all our actions should, at present, more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well-bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman. I would, if possible, represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of pleasure may read me. In this case, I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if, therefore, I should call my present precaution, A Criticism upon Fornication; and, by representing the unjust taste they have who affect that way of pleasure, bring a distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay down for a rule, that he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight by pursuing it, that he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the stews, there is no one but will allow this assertion at first sight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with



those of the sex who are less profligate, descend to greater basenesses than if they frequented brothels, it should, methinks, bring this iniquity under some discountenance. The rake who, without sense of character or decency, wallows and ranges in common houses, is guilty no farther than of prostituting himself, and exposing his health to diseases: but the man of gallantry cannot pursue his pleasures without treachery to some man he ought to love, and making despicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit; to reflect upon the dishonour you do some husband, father, or brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumstances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any sense of honour very painful mortification. What more need be said against a gentleman's delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base man in pursuing it; when it is thoroughly considered, he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant? Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find that those whom they most esteemed, are of a sudden become the most disagreeable companions: nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is said, people who have the plague, have a delight in communicating the infection: in like manner, the sense of shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the destruction of others. And women are pleased to introduce more women into the same condition, though they can have no other satisfaction from it, than that the infamy is shared among greater numbers, which they flatter themselves eases the burden of each particular person.

It is a most melancholy consideration, that for momentary sensations of joy, obtained by stealth, men are forced into a constraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impossibility in this case to be faithful to one person, without being false to all the rest of the world. The gay figures in which poetical men of loose morals have placed this kind of stealth, are but feeble consolations, when a man is inclined to soliloquy or meditation upon his past life; flashes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Disease, sickness, and misfortune, are what all men living are liable to: it is therefore ridiculous and mad to pursue, instead of shunning, what must add to our anguish under disease, sickness, or misfortune. It is possible there may be those whose blood are too warm to admit of these compunctions; if there are such, I am sure they are laying up store for them: but I have better hopes of those who have not yet erased the impressions and advantages of a good education and fortune; they may be assured, 'that whoever wholly give themselves up to lust, will find it the least fault they are guilty of.'

Irreconcilable hatred to those they have injured, mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general sacrifice of all that is good-natured or praiseworthy when it interrupts them, will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the

noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they, who, from the visitation of sickness, or any other accident, are awakened from a course which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices and virtues, tells the following story:

'Our knight,' says he, 'was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him, when he spoke of him but "the rascal," or, to him, but "sirrah." One morning when he was dressing, "Sirrah," says he, "be sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench." The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother's extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lackey concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But many were the entreaties and representations of the mother to gain her child's consent to an action, which she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it; "but child," says she, "can you see your mother die for hunger?" The virgin argued no longer, but bursting into tears, said she would go any where. The lackey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master's lodging, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he came home. The knight, who knew his man never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet, and was in high humour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting to be received in the evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came home, his lackey met him with a saucy and joyful familiarity, crying out, "She is as handsome as an angel, (for there is no other simile on these occasions,) but the tender fool has wept till her eyes are swelled and bloated: for she is a maid and a gentlewoman." With that, he conducted his master to the room where she was, and retired. The knight, when he saw her bathed in tears, said in some surprise, "Don't you know, young woman, why you are brought hither?" The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him "I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither; my mother, to get bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you pleased; but would it would please Heaven I could die, before I am added to the number of those miserable wretches who live without honour!" With this reflection, she wept anew, and beat her bosom. The knight, stepping back from her, said, "I am not so abandoned as to hurt your innocence against your will."

'The novelty of the accident surprised him into virtue; and, covering the young maid with a cloak, he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he recommended her for that night. The next morning he sent for her mother, and asked her if her daughter was a maid? The

mother assured him, that when she delivered her to his servant, she was a stranger to man. "Are not you then," replied the knight, "a wicked woman to contrive the debauchery of your own child?" She held down her face with fear and shame, and in her confusion uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. "Far be it," said the gentleman, "that you should relieve yourself from want by a much greater evil: your daughter is a fine young creature; do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife?" The mother answered, "There is an honest man in our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred pounds." The knight ordered his man to reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride clothes and fifty more as a help to her mother.

I appeal to all the gallants in the town, whether possessing all the beauties in Great Britain could give half the pleasure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man?

As all men who are guilty this way have not fortunes or opportunities for making such atonements for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good season. For my part, I do not care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good consequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the most abandoned and miserable of mankind to the charity of all in prosperous conditions under the same guilt with those wretches. The Lock hospital in Kent street Southwark, for men; that in Kingsland for women, is a receptacle for all sufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents should in their own hearts take upon them all the shame and sorrow they have escaped; and it would become them to make an oblation for their crimes, by charity to those upon whom vice appears in that utmost misery and deformity, which they themselves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our compassion in this case, if we considered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with transport: and as we are men of honour (for I must not speak as we are Christians) let us not desert our friends for the loss of their noses.

guid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us inquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution; and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment: but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: 'The consideration,' said the good man, 'that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago, to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him? The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that they rather proved motives to greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking, is become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart, so my conversation is pleasant, and my countenance, serene; I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life pure and sincere; I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them, nor am I cheated with that kind of mirth, "in the midst of which there is heaviness."'

Of all the professions of men, a soldier's, chiefly, should put him upon this religious vigilance. His duty exposes him to such hazards, that the evil which to men in other stations may seem far distant, to him is instant, and ever before his eyes. The consideration, that what men in a martial life purchase is gained with danger and labour, and must perhaps be parted with very speedily, is the cause of much licence and riot. As moreover it is necessary to keep up the spirits of those who are to encounter the most terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a courage better founded than this animal fury. The secret assurance, that all is right within, that if he falls in battle, he will the more speedily be crowned with true glory, will add strength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the most successful stratagems where-

No. 18.] Wednesday, April 1, 1713.

—Animæque capaces

Mortis—

Lucan.

Souls undismayed by death.

THE prospect of death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes it would embitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and solitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of its seeming distance, makes but lan-



by Mahomet became formidable, was the assurance that impostor gave his votaries, that whoever was slain in battle should be immediately conveyed to that luxurious paradise his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the same effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, that the souls of the slain should transmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his usual spirit.

'You teach that souls, from fleshy claims unbound,  
Seek not pale shades and Erebus profound,  
But fleeting hence to other regions stray,  
Once more to mix with animated clay;  
Hence death's a gap (if men may trust the lore)  
'Twixt lives behind and ages yet before.  
A blest mistake! which fate's dread power disarms;  
And spurs its vot'ries on to war's alarms;  
Lavish of life, they rush with fierce delight  
Amidst the legions, and provoke the fight;  
O'ermatching death, and freely cast away  
That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.'

Our gallant countryman, sir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion. I am particularly pleased to find that he hath translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse. A friend of mine informs me, that he hath the manuscript by him, which is said in the title to have been done, "By the most noble and virtuous gent. sir Philip Sidney, knight." They having been never printed, I shall present the public with one of them, which my correspondent assures me he hath faithfully transcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

## PSALM CXXXVII.\*

## I.

Nigh seated where the river flows,  
That watereth Babel's thankful plain,  
Which then our tears, in pearled rows,  
Did help to water with the rain:  
The thought of Sion bred such woes,  
That though our harps we did retire,  
Yet useless and untouched there,  
On willows only hang'd they were.

## II.

Now while our harps were hanged so,  
The men whose captives then we lay,  
Did on our griefs insulting go,  
And more to grieve us thus did say;  
You that of music make such show,  
Come sing us now a Sion's lay:  
Oh no! we have nor voice nor hand  
For such a song in such a land.

## III.

Though far I be, sweet Sion hill,  
In foreign soil exil'd from thee,  
Yet let my hand forget his skill  
If ever thou forgotten be;  
And let my tongue fast glewed still  
Unto my roof, lie mute in me;  
If thy neglect within me spring,  
Or aught I do but Salem sing.

## IV.

But thou, O Lord, shalt not forget  
To quit the pains of Edom's race,  
Who causelessly, yet hotly set  
Thy holy city to deface,  
Did thus the bloody victors whet,  
What time they enter'd first the place,  
'Down, down with it at any hand,  
Make all a waste, let nothing stand.'

## V.

And Babylon, that didst us waste,  
Thyself shalt one day wasted be:  
And happy he, who what thou hast  
Unto us done, shall do to thee:  
Like bitterness shall make thee taste,  
Like woful objects make thee see:  
Yea, happy who thy little ones  
Shall take and dash against the stones.

No. 19.]

Thursday, April 2, 1713.

Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido;  
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.  
*Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xviii. 98.*

Lest avarice, still poor, disturb thine ease;  
Or fear should shake, or cares thy mind abuse,  
Or ardent hope for things of little use. *Creech.*

It was prettily observed by somebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleasure, as covetousness, gluttony, and lust; one which tastes of nothing but pain, as envy; the rest have a mixture of pleasure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man considers the state of his own mind, about which every member of the Christian world is supposed at this time to be employed, he will find that the best defence against vice is preserving the worthiest part of his own spirit pure from any great offence against it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourselves with disdain, after we have been betrayed by sudden desire, opportunity of gain, the absence of a person who excels us, the fault of a servant, or the ill fortune of an adversary, into the gratification of lust, covetousness, envy, rage, or pride; when the more sublime part of our souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities till they are become vicious habits.

The vice of covetousness is what enters deep-est into the soul of any other; and you may have seen men, otherwise the most agreeable creatures in the world, so seized with the desire of being richer, that they shall startle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themselves from a remote fear of expense. No pious man can be so circumspect in the care of his conscience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preserve his own spirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy pursuits, he could never fall into this littleness, but his mind would be still open to honour and virtue, in spite of infirmities and relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my precautions as a Guardian, is, that there is a universal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward splendour have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas! this despicable spirit debases our very being, and makes our passions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England, stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt Percy and Anna Bullen. One of the centinels, who stood on the stage to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of

\* Dr. Donne's Poems, &amp;c. Ps. 137, edit. 1719.



young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Percy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears; upon which the greatest part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion in the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. Percy had the gallantry to take notice of his honest heart; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world; were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearances of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praiseworthy, as well as pure religion (according to a book too sacred to me to quote), 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' Every step that a man makes beyond moderate and reasonable provision, is taking so much from the worthiness of his own spirit; and he that is entirely set upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He must grow deaf to the wretched, estrange himself from the agreeable, learn hardness of heart, disrelish every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his despicable self. Indulgence in any one immoderate desire or appetite engrosses the whole creature, and his life is sacrificed to that one desire or appetite; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their condition, and shows the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune!

I have just now recorded a foot-soldier, for the politest man in a British audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the singularity of an ill-applied education. A good spirit that is not abused, can add new glories to the highest state in the world, as well as give beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this by inserting a prayer of Harry the Fourth of France just before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

'O Lord of hosts, who canst see through the thickest veil and closest disguise, who viewest the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life; if thou knowest that my reign will promote thy glory and the safety of thy people; if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state; favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and the order of a lawful succession, have made their sovereign: but, if thy good providence has ordered it otherwise, and thou seest that I should prove one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take

from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, make me this day a sacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.'

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inspired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity: then turning to the squadron, at the head of which he designed to charge, 'My fellow-soldiers,' said he, 'as you run my fortune, so do I yours; your safety consists in keeping well your ranks; but if the heat of the action should force you to disorder, think of nothing but rallying again; if you lose the sight of your colours and standards, look round for the white plume in my beaver; you shall see it wherever you are, and it shall lead you to glory and to victory.'

The magnanimity of this illustrious prince was supported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inspired him with a contempt of life, and an assurance of conquest. His generous scorn of royalty, but as it consisted with the service of God, and good of his people, is an instance, that the mind of man, when it is well disposed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

No. 20.]

Friday, April 3, 1713.

—Minuti  
Semper et infirmi est animi exiguæ voluptas  
Ultio— Juv. Sat. xiii. 189.

—Revenge, which still we find  
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind. Creech.

ALL gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail; but, alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practise crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A Christian and a gentleman are made inconsistent appellations of the same person; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries; and your mortal life is uncomfortable if you are not ready to commit a murder in resentment for an affront: for good sense as well as religion is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance; so little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous pitch human nature can arrive at. A coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but 'a coward never forgave.' The power of doing that flows from a strength of soul conscious of its own force; whence it draws a certain safety which its enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt; for it is peculiar in the make of a brave man to have his friends seem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, so intense a forgiveness as the love of them is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution, but is a more spiritual and refined moral, introduced by him who died for

those that persecuted him; yet very justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable terms of forgiving; for who can ask what he will not bestow, especially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruellest slavery to the most acceptable freedom? For when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation. At such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each other's faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them: and perhaps those very actions, which, when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things, were horrid and odious; when observed with honest and open eyes, are beautiful and ornamental.

But if men are averse to us in the most violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate opposition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have so effectual an advantage over us, as to escape our good-will. For the neglected and despised tenets of religion are so generous, and in so transcendent and heroic a manner disposed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the Christian is as much inclined to your service when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour must root out of their hearts all sense that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtiness of spirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our souls, except we can think as worthy of ourselves, when we practise the contrary virtues. We must learn, and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility, for they arise from a great, not a groveling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's self, so meekness is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the universe, and a just observation how little, how empty, how wavering, are our deepest resolves and counsels. And as, to a well thought mind, when you have said a haughty and proud man, you have spoke a narrow conception, little spirit, and despicable carriage; so when you have said a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in a universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself; you have also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely, and respectfully is but a mere justice to him that is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to worms

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as to angels; and as nothing is above these, so is nothing below those. It keeps our understanding tight about us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wished that all men of sense would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Christian virtues; it would possibly enlarge their souls into such a contempt of what fashion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the same way, and make all their lives a uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great catastrophe of this day, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities and death itself for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemen's consideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein he who died ignominiously for us 'shall descend from heaven to be our judge, in majesty and glory.' How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at 'whose presence nature shall be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies of light be obscured; when the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of heaven shaken; when the heavens themselves shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements dissolve with fervent heat; when the earth also, and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up!'

What may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness, which prompts us to decide our petty animosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act, the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the presence of his judge; that is certainly his case who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action rushes into his offended presence. Is it possible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed spirit in this condition? Could we but suppose it has just left its body, and struck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itself into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal despair, how willingly now would it suffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain!

The scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of a happy or miserable futurity; and I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to a happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorbed in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue: and how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire?



No. 21.]

Saturday, April 4, 1713.

—Fungar inani  
 Munere—*Virg. Æn. v. 885.*  
 An empty office I'll discharge.

DOCTOR TILLOTSON, in his discourse concerning the danger of all known sin, both from the light of nature and revelation, after having given us the description of the last day out of holy writ, has this remarkable passage:

'I appeal to any man, whether this be not a representation of things very proper and suitable to that great day, wherein he who made the world shall come to judge it? And whether the wit of man ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable to the majesty of God, and the solemn judgment of the whole world? The description which Virgil makes of the Elysian Fields, and the Infernal Regions, how infinitely do they fall short of the majesty of the holy scripture, and the description there made of heaven and hell, and of the great and terrible day of the Lord! so that in comparison they are childish and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most governed imagination of any man that ever lived, and observed the greatest decorum in his characters and descriptions. But who can declare the great things of God, but he to whom God shall reveal them?'

This observation was worthy a most polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a man of a just taste and judgment, or advanced it merely for the service of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the gospel, with a heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no passage there which is not told with more natural force than any episode in either of those wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The last thing I read was the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, joined with two disciples on the way to Emmaus as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as such to inquire of them, what occasioned a sadness he observed in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cause? Their wonder that any man so near Jerusalem should be a stranger to what had passed there; their acknowledgment to one they met accidentally, that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleasing hope, which occasioned the heaviness he took notice of; are all represented in a style which men of letters call 'the great and noble simplicity.' The attention of the disciples when he expounded the scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondness of his stay, and the manifestation of the great guest whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully please the imagination of a Christian reader; and give to him something of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they said one to another, 'Did not our hearts

burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?'

I am very far from pretending to treat these matters as they deserve; but I hope those gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular man, impartially considering the effect which the sacred writings will have upon the soul of an intelligent reader; and it is some argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his resurrection, I cannot but think the just disposition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the subject. The evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest by a passionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown in their faces; the huddled group of those who stand most distant are admirable representations of men abashed with their late unbelief and hardness of heart. And such endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be despised by the ministers of the gospel.

It is with this view that I presume upon subjects of this kind; and men may take up this paper, and be caught by an admonition under the disguise of a diversion.

All the arts and sciences ought to be employed in one confederacy against the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety; and it will be no small step in the progress of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best taste and best sense a man can have, who is cold to the 'beauty of holiness.'

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpse of a friend to his interment, and have seen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and assumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' I say, upon such an occasion, the retrospect upon past actions between the deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little circumstances that strike upon the soul, and alternately give grief and consolation, have vanished like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from heaven, when the solemnity has proceeded, and after a long pause I again heard the servant of God utter, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another.' How have I been raised above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next sentence which the holy man has spoken! 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!'

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read these expressions of scripture with as much indifference as they do the rest of these loose papers. However, I

will not despair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of sacred writings; and, as old as I am, I promise myself to see the day when it shall be as much in fashion among men of politeness to admire a rapture of Saint Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young man produce an evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of distinguished faculties, to praise and adore the author of their being with a spirit suitable to those faculties, and rouse slower men by their words, actions, and writings, to a participation of their transports and thanksgivings.

No. 22.]

Monday, April 6, 1713.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,  
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius—  
*Virg. Georg. ii. 485.*

My next desire is, void of care and strife,  
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life,  
A country cottage near a crystal flood,  
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. *Dryden.*

PASTORAL poetry not only amuses the fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of fairy-land, where our ears are soothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling streams; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows and springing greens; we are laid under cool shades, and entertained with all the sweets and freshness of nature. It is a dream, it is a vision, which we wish may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lizard's head was so far turned with these imaginations, when we were last in the country, that she lost her rest by listening to nightingales; she kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the house. I used all gentle methods to bring her to herself; as having had a design heretofore of turning shepherd myself, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me against any temptation to the pastoral life, I can now with the greater safety consider it; and shall lay down such rules, as those of my readers, who have the aforesaid design, ought to observe, if they would follow the steps of the shepherds and shepherdesses of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of pastoral poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world. For since that way of life is not now in being, we must inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exist. Before mankind was formed into large societies, or cities were built, and commerce established, the wealth of the world consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of these, we find to have been the employment of the first princes, whose subjects were sheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such pleasures

as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body and serenity of mind. The abundance they were possessed of secured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could scarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love indeed might occasion some rivalships amongst them, because many lovers fix upon one object, for the loss of which they will be satisfied with no compensation. Otherwise it was a state of ease, innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot pleasure again.

Thus happy was the first race of men, but rude withal, and uncultivated. For before they could make any considerable progress in arts and sciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was destroyed by turbulent and ambitious spirits; who, having built cities, raised armies, and studied policies of state, made vassals of the defenceless shepherds, and rendered that which was before easy and unrestrained, a mean, laborious, miserable condition. Hence, if we consider the pastoral period before learning, we shall find it unpolished, if after, we shall find it unpleasant.

The use that I would make of this short review of the country life shall be this: An author that would amuse himself by writing pastorals, should form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country; he must give us what is agreeable in that scene, and hide what is wretched. It is, indeed, commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly please the imagination; but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole truth, but that part which only is delightful. We must sometimes show only half an image to the fancy; which if we display in a lively manner, the mind is so dexterously deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing pastorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanness of it; represent its simplicity as clear as you please, but cover its misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing that is irksome or unpleasant should have a place in these writings; I only mean that this state of life in general should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow shepherds to be afflicted with such misfortunes as the loss of a favourite lamb, or a faithless mistress. He may, if you please, pick a thorn out of his foot; or vent his grief for losing the prize in dancing; but these being small torments, they recommend that state which only produces such trifling evils. Again, I would not seem so strict in my notions of innocence and simplicity, as to deny the use of a little railing, or the liberty of stealing a kid or a sheep-hook. For these are likewise such petty enormities, that we must think the country happy where these are the greatest transgressions.

When a reader is placed in such a scene as I have described, and introduced into such com-



pany as I have chosen, he gives himself up to the pleasing delusion; and since every one doth not know how it comes to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased.

The first reason is, because all mankind love ease. Though ambition and avarice employ most men's thoughts, they are such uneasy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from some necessity, real or imaginary. We seek happiness, in which ease is the principal ingredient, and the end proposed in our most restless pursuits is tranquillity. We are therefore soothed and delighted with the representation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

A second reason is our secret approbation of innocence and simplicity. Human nature is not so much depraved, as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. This is the reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice; and we love truth too well to resist the charms of sincerity.

A third reason is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleasing objects are the growth of the country; and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greatest share in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the scene which supplies us with the most lovely images. This state was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradise; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite delight in their Elysium.

them very differently. For here lies the difference. Men, who, by long study and experience have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things abstracted from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, lively, surprising manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind. And though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and soothes us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may say to his mistress:

'With thee for ever I in woods could rest,  
Where never human foot the ground hath prest;  
Thou e'en from dungeons darkness canst exclude,  
And from a desert banish solitude.'

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply:

'Come, Rosalind, oh! come, for without thee  
What pleasure can the country have for me?'

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance, Corydon tells Alexis that he is the finest songster of the country:

'Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,  
Which with his dying breath Damætas gave:  
And said, "This, Corydon, I leave to thee,  
For only thou deserv'st it after me."

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him:

'As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,  
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay,  
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,  
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.'

If ever a reflection be pardonable in pastorals, it is where the thought is so obvious, that it seems to come easily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus:

'Fair is my flock, nor yet uncromely I,  
If liquid fountains flatter not. And why  
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show  
The bordering flowers less beauteous than they grow?'

A second characteristic of a true shepherd is simplicity of manners, or innocence. This is so obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to insist long upon it. I shall only remind the reader, that as the pastoral life is supposed to be where nature is not much depraved, sincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some slight transgressions for the sake of variety may be admitted, which in effect will only serve to set off the simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illustrate this rule than by the following example of a swain who found his mistress asleep:

'Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,  
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;  
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:  
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.'

No. 23.]

Tuesday, April 7, 1713.

— Extrema per illos  
Justicia excedens terris vestigia fecit.  
*Virg. Georg. ii. 473.*

From hence Astrea took her flight, and here  
The prints of her departing steps appear. *Dryden.*

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead; I shall, in this day's paper, give him some marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteristics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the pastoral life, we may discover that simplicity is necessary in the character of shepherds. Their minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless, we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine spirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce shepherds with good sense, and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined. For all men, both rude and polite, think and conceive things the same way, (truth being eternally the same to all) though they express

A third sign of a swain is, that something of religion, and even superstition is part of his character. For we find that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greatest awe of their Author. Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old. Our peasants as sincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the heathens those of fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I observe with great pleasure that our English author of the pastorals I have quoted hath practised this secret with admirable judgment.

I will yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of shepherds, and nearly allied to superstition, I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes in pastoral to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless, and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raise a proverb above the vulgar style, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus the old wish, 'God rest his soul,' is finely turned :

'Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend,  
Eternal blessings on his shade attend!'

No. 24.]

Wednesday, April 8, 1713.

— Dicenda tacendaque calles? *Pers. Sat. iv. 5.*

— Dost thou, so young,  
Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue?  
*Dryden.*

JACK LIZARD was about fifteen when he was first entered in the university, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his tongue in company; but at the same time so little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country. The first night after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild fowl, that according to the opinion of some natural philosophers they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars; and after every interrogatory would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would

demonstrate to them that all the ribands were of the same colour; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her fingers as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot, in the midst of her anguish Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

That part of his conversation which gave me the most pain, was what passed among those country gentlemen that came to visit us. On such occasions Jack usually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many old sayings and absurdities of their college-cook. I found this fellow had made a very strong impression upon Jack's imagination; which he never considered was not the case of the rest of the company, till after many repeated trials he found that his stories seldom made any body laugh but himself.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree shooting out into blossoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unseasonable, seemed to foretell an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him this rule, which I had myself learned from a very great author, 'To think with the wise, but talk with the vulgar.' Jack's good sense soon made him reflect that he had exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other rules of conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him the next morning the following rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he now is.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word conversation, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims



at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the goodwill of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? or whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it. The beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation: the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, a handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than, that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse: besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Railery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good humour, sense, and discretion, can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little further than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our house of commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect, if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload whether a handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call 'speaking their minds.' A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that, besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations added to these will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

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No. 25.]

Thursday, April 9, 1713.

Quis tam Lucili fautor inepte est,  
Ut non hoc fateatur? *Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. x. 2.*

—What friend of his\*  
So blindly partial, to deny me this? *Creech.*

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of passing slightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

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\* Of the poet Lucilius.

I went home last night full of these reflections from a coffee-house, where a great many excellent writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, more (as it seemed to me) upon the account of their date, than upon any intrinsic value or demerit. The conversation ended with great encomiums upon my lord Verulam's History of Henry the VIIIth. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public, (so great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whose writings are the glory of our nation,) but that the authority of so leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taste amongst us, and betray future historians to copy after a model which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the history, I have nothing to say: to examine it impartially in that view would require much pains and leisure. But as to the composition of it, and sometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A complete historian should be endowed with the essential qualifications of a great poet. His style must be majestic and grave, as well as simple and unaffected; his narration should be animated, short, and clear, and so as even to outrun the impatience of the reader, if possible. This can only be done by being very sparing and choice in words, by retrenching all cold and superfluous circumstances in an action, and by dwelling upon such alone as are material, and fit to delight or instruct a serious mind. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity, and in a more particular manner, in Livy, whom it is impossible to read without the warmest emotions.

But my lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever in the tedious style of declaimers, using two words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way similes as some of our old play-writers. He abounds in low phrases, beneath the dignity of history, and often condescends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently false, almost every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole work more the air of a recluse scholar, than of a man versed in the world.

After passing so free a censure upon a book which, for these hundred years and upwards, has met with the most universal approbation, I am obliged in my own defence to transcribe some of the many passages I formerly collected for the use of my first charge, sir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be endless, should I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do, as it were, rarify, instead of condensing his thoughts and matter. It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being so wordy; of which I shall put down two or three examples.

\* That all records, wherein there was any

memory or mention of the king's attainder, should be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file.—Divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, &c. to learn, search, and discover all the circumstances and particulars.—To assail, sap, and work into the constancy of sir Robert Clifford.'

I leave the following passages to every one's consideration, without making any farther remarks upon them.

'He should be well enough able to scatter the Irish as a flight of birds, and rattle away his swarm of bees with their king.—The rebels took their way towards York, &c. but their snow-ball did not gather as it went.—So that (in a kind of *mattacina*\* of human fortune) he turned a broach† that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy.—The queen was crowned, &c. about two years after the marriage, like an old christening that had stayed long for god-fathers.—Desirous to trouble the waters in Italy, that he might fish the better, casting the net not out of St. Peter's, but out of Borgia's bark.—And therefore upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perkin was smoked away.—This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first.—It was observed, that the great tempest, which drove Philip into England, blew down the Golden Eagle from the spire of St. Paul's; and in the fall, it fell upon a sign of the Black Eagle, which was in Paul's church-yard, in the place where the school-house now standeth, and battered it, and broke it down: which was a strange stooping of a hawk upon a fowl.—The king began to find where his shoe did wring him.—In whose bosom or budget most of Perkin's secrets were laid up.—One might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds.—Bold men, and careless of fame, and that took toll of their master's grist.—Empson and Dudley would have cut another chop out of him.—Peter Hialas, some call him Elias; surely he was the forerunner of, &c.—Lionel, bishop of Concordia, was sent as nuncio, &c. but notwithstanding he had a good ominous name to have made a peace, nothing followed.—Taxing him for a great taxer of his people.—Not by proclamations, but by court-fames, which commonly print better than printed proclanations.—Sir Edward Poynings was enforced to make a wild chase upon the wild Irish.—In sparing of blood by the bleeding of so much treasure.—And although his own case had both steel and parchment more than the other; that is to say, a conquest in the field, and an act of parliament.—That pope knowing that king Henry the Sixth was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, was afraid it would but diminish the estimation of that kind of honour, if there were not distance kept between innocents and saints.'

Not to trouble my reader with any more instances of the like nature, I must observe that the whole work is ill conducted, and the story of Perkin Warbeck (which should have been only like an episode in a poem) is spun out to

\* A frolicsome dance.

† A spi'



near a third part of the book. The character of Henry the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abstract of his history than a character. It is tedious, and diversified with so many particulars as confound the resemblance, and make it almost impossible for the reader to form any distinct idea of the person. It is not thus the ancients drew their characters; but in a few just and bold strokes gave you the distinguishing features of the mind, (if I may be allowed the metaphor,) in so distinct a manner, and in so strong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from a hundred.

After all, it must be considered in favour of my lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaste and correct writing was not in fashion; and when pedantry was the mode even at court; so that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though superior in force, perhaps, to any of our countrymen that have either gone before or succeeded him.

No. 26.]

Friday, April 10, 1713.

*Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, quæ dos dicitur, Sed pudicitiam et pudorem et sedatam cupidinem.*

*Plaut.*

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is not that which is usually so called; but virtue, modesty, and restrained desires.

A HEALTHY old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living. It is at that time of life only, men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phrase is; we speak the downright truth, and whether the rest of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them, that we can take it. I shall be very free with the women from this one consideration; and, having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A set of fops, from one generation to another, has made such a pother with 'bright eyes, the fair sex, the charms, the air,' and something so incapable to be expressed but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, shepherdesses, graces, or goddesses, they are to a woman, all of them 'the ladies.' Get to a christening at any alley in the town, and at the meanest artificer's, and the word is, 'Well, who takes care of the ladies?' I have taken notice that ever since the word Forsooth was banished for Madam, the word Woman has been discarded for Lady. And as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of women without offence to the ladies. What puts me in this present disposition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy week I very civilly desired all delinquents in point of chastity to make some atonement for their freedoms, by bestowing a charity upon the miserable wretches who languish in the Lock hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am in-

formed, they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my precaution, to call me an ill-bred old fellow, and say I do not understand the world. It is not, it seems, within the rules of good-breeding to tax the vices of people of quality, and the commandments were made for the vulgar. I am indeed informed of some oblations sent into the house, but they are all come from the servants of criminals of condition. A poor chamber-maid has sent in ten shillings out of her hush-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her mistress's secret; but says she dare not ask her ladyship for any thing, for she is not to suppose that she is locked up with a young gentleman, in the absence of her husband, three hours together, for any harm; but, as my lady is a person of great sense, the girl does not know but that they were reading some good book together; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her ten shillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country girl that owns she has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to their house, who gave her half-a-crown, and bid her have a care of the men in this town; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the thimble because she does not hate him as she ought. The ten shillings, this thimble, and an occamy spoon from some other unknown poor sinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of sin in London and Westminster. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaste; and if that be a modest computation, how great a number are those who make no account of my admonition! It might be expected one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honest, might, out of mere charity and compassion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done something upon so good a time as that wherein they were solicited. But major Crab-tree, a sour pot companion of mine, says, the two hundred ninety and nine are one way or other as little virtuous as the three hundredth unchaste woman—I would say lady. It is certain, that we are infested with a parcel of jilfirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men, for the infant partakes of the temper and disposition of its mother. We see the unaccountable effects which sudden frights and longings have upon the offspring; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother, has its influence upon what she bears about her nine months. Thus, from the want of care in this particular of choosing wives, you see men, after much care, labour, and study, surprised with prodigious starts of ill-nature and passion, that can be accounted for no otherwise but from hence, that it grew upon them in embryo, and the man was determined surly, peevish, froward, sullen, or outrageous, before he saw the light. The last time I was in a public place I fell in love by proxy for sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality. Her father was a gentleman of as noble a disposition as any I ever met with. The widow, her mother, under whose wing she loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to persons of condition. Good sense, heightened and exerted with good-breeding, is the parent's distin-

guishing character; and if we can get this young woman into our family, we shall think we have a much better purchase than others, who, without her good qualities, may bring into theirs the greatest accession of riches. I sent sir Harry by last night's post the following letter on the subject :

'DEAR SIR HARRY,—Upon our last parting, and as I had just mounted the little roan I am so fond of, you called me back; and when I stooped to you, you squeezed me by the hand, and with allusion to some pleasant discourse we had had a day or two before in the house, concerning the present mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a smile and a blush you bid me look upon some women for you, and send word how they went. I did not see one to my mind till the last opera before Easter. I assure you I have been as unquiet ever since, as I wish you were till you had her. Her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age, which is under twenty, are very much to my satisfaction: there is an ingenuous shame in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body; neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accomplishments already attained by the possessor, but they certainly show an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumstance of this young woman's age, I am reconciled to her want of years, because she pretends to nothing above them; you do not see in her the odious forwardness to I know not what, as in the assured countenances, naked bosoms, and confident glances of her contemporaries.

'I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; she is in no familiarities with the fops, her fan has never been yet out of her own hand, and her brother's face is the only man's she ever looked in steadfastly.

'When I have gone thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her virtue and education, I may speak a little freely to you, as you are a young man. There is a dignity in the young lady's beauty, when it shall become her to receive your friends with a good air, and affable countenance; when she is to represent that part of you which you must delight in, the frank and cheerful reception of your friends, her beauties will do as much honour to your table, as they will give you pleasure in your bed.

'It is no small instance of felicity to have a woman, from whose behaviour your friends are more endeared to you; and for whose sake your children are as much valued as for your own.

'It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height of her forehead, the soft pulp of her lips, or to describe the amiable profile which her fine hair, cheeks, and neck, made to the beholders that night, but shall leave them to your own observation when you come to town; which you may do at your leisure, and be time enough, for there are many in town richer than her whom I recommend. I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

'NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

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No. 27.]

Saturday, April 11, 1713.

Multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.  
*Virg. Æn. vi. 332.*

Struck with compassion of so sad a state.

In compassion to those gloomy mortals, who, by their unbelief, are rendered incapable of feeling those impressions of joy and hope which the celebration of the late glorious festival naturally leaves on the mind of a Christian, I shall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a future state, without supposing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a Deity. Let the most steadfast unbeliever open his eyes, and take a survey of the sensible world, and then say if there be not a connexion, and adjustment, and exact and constant order discoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cause, the thing itself is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal system, the passions, senses, and locomotive powers; is not the like contrivance and propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it possible, then, that the smallest bodies should, by a management superior to the wit of man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective natures; and yet the spirits or souls of men be neglected, or managed by such rules as fall short of man's understanding? Shall every other passion be rightly placed by nature, and shall that appetite of immortality natural to all mankind be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meanest vocations be answered by the ends we propose, and shall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, shall the corporeal world be all order and harmony, the intellectual, discord and confusion? He who is bigot enough to believe these things, must bid adieu to that natural rule of 'reasoning from analogy; must run counter to that maxim of common sense, 'That men ought to form their judgments of things unexperienced, from what they have experienced.'

If any thing looks like a recompense of calamitous virtue on this side the grave, it is either an assurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of heaven, and shall, whatever befalls us in this, in another life meet with a just return; or else that applause and reputation which is thought to attend virtuous actions. The former of these, our free-thinkers, out of their singular wisdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavour to erase from the minds of men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this life, where so many ill actions are reputable, and so many good actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtle hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging light, and modest virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the soul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's sense in relation to this point, is contained in his *Gorgias*, where he introduces Socrates speaking after this manner:

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'It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law, which the gods have since continued down to this time, that they who had lived virtuously and piously upon earth, should, after death, enjoy a life full of happiness, in certain islands appointed for the habitation of the blessed: but that such as have lived wickedly should go into the receptacle of damned souls, named Tartarus, there to suffer the punishments they deserved. But in all the reign of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign of Jove, living judges were appointed, by whom each person was judged in his lifetime, in the same day on which he was to die. The consequence of which was, that they often passed wrong judgments. Pluto, therefore, who presided in Tartarus, and the guardians of the blessed islands, finding that, on the other side, many unfit persons were sent to their respective dominions, complained to Jove, who promised to redress the evil. He added, the reason of these unjust proceedings are that men are judged in the body. Hence many conceal the blemishes and imperfections of their minds by beauty, birth, and riches; not to mention, that at the time of trial there are crowds of witnesses to attest their having lived well. These things mislead the judges, who being themselves also of the number of the living, are surrounded each with his own body, as with a veil thrown over his mind. For the future, therefore, it is my intention that men do not come on their trial till after death, when they shall appear before the judge, disrobed of all their corporeal ornaments. The judge himself too shall be a pure unveiled spirit, beholding the very soul, the naked soul of the party before him. With this view I have already constituted my sons, Minos and Rhadamanthus, judges, who are natives of Asia; and Æacus, a native of Europe. These, after death, shall hold their court in a certain meadow, from which there are two roads, leading the one to Tartarus, the other to the Islands of "the blessed."

From this, as from numberless other passages of his writings, may be seen Plato's opinion of a future state. A thing therefore in regard to us so comfortable, in itself so just and excellent, a thing so agreeable to the analogy of nature, and so universally credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that should move a few men to reject? Surely there must be something of prejudice in the case. I appeal to the secret thoughts of a free-thinker, if he does not argue within himself after this manner: 'The senses and faculties I enjoy at present are visibly designed to repair or preserve the body from the injuries it is liable to in its present circumstances. But in an eternal state, where no decays are to be repaired, no outward injuries to be fenced against, where there are no flesh and bones, nerves or blood-vessels, there will certainly be none of the senses; and that there should be a state of life without the senses is inconceivable.'

But as this manner of reasoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowness of soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those defects, and open their views, by laying before them a case which being naturally

possible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

Let us suppose a person blind and deaf from his birth, who, being grown to man's estate, is, by the dead palsy, or some other cause deprived of his feeling, tasting, and smelling, and at the same time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste, and smell, were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extensive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of those three senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new inlets of perception, as in a modern free-thinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same person's eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and instrumental music. Behold him amazed, ravished, transported; and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea of the ecstatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh into life and immortality.

N. B. It has been observed by the Christians, that a certain ingenious foreigner,\* who has published many exemplary jests for the use of persons in the article of death, was very much out of humour in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery.

No. 28.]

Monday, April 13, 1713.

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiorum.

*Hor. Lib. 5. Od. vi. 46*

Our fathers have been worse than theirs,  
And we than ours: next age will see  
A race more profligate than we. *Roscommon.*

THEOCRITUS, Bion, and Moschus are the most famous amongst the Greek writers of pastorals. The two latter of these are judged to be far short of Theocritus, whom I shall speak of more largely, because he rivals the greatest of all poets, Virgil himself. He hath the advantage confessedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for pastoral. The softness of the Doric dialect, which this poet is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But besides this beauty, he seems to me to have had a soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity. It is true that the great Roman, by the nice-

\* M. Deslandes, who was a free-thinker, and had published a historical list of all who died laughing. He had the small-pox here in England, of which he recovered.

ness of his judgment, and great command of himself, has acquitted himself dexterously this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the seeds of that fire which burned afterwards so bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the *Æneid*. I must not, however, dissemble that these bold strokes appear chiefly in those Eclogues of Virgil which ought not to be numbered amongst his pastorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the pastoral kind; but by the best judges are only called his select poems, as the word Eclogue originally means.

Those who will take the pains to consult Scaliger's comparison of these two poets, will find that Theocritus hath outdone him in those very passages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in short, more innocence, simplicity, and whatever else hath been laid down as the distinguishing marks of pastoral, in the Greek than the Roman: and all arguments from the exactness, propriety, conciseness, and nobleness of Virgil, may very well be turned against him. There is, indeed, sometimes a grossness and clownishness in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greatest beauties from him, hath avoided. I will, however, add, that Virgil out of the excellence of genius only, hath come short of Theocritus: and had possibly excelled him, if in greater subjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the first amongst the moderns that fell into pastoral writing. It is observed, that the people of that nation are very profound, and abstruse in their poetry as well as politics; fond of surprising conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what was never said before. From persons of this character, how can we expect that air of simplicity and truth which hath been proved so essential to shepherds? There are two pastoral plays in this language, which they boast of as the most elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the *Aminta* of Tasso, and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*. In these the names of the persons are indeed pastoral, and the sylvan gods, the dryads, and the satyrs, appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, sentiments, passions, or designs, like those of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I shall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in pastoral. Sylvia, in Tasso's poem, enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herself in a fountain with such self-admiration, that she breaks out into a speech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, 'she doth not wear them to adorn herself, but to make them ashamed.' In the *Pastor Fido*, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with the gods, 'for making laws so rigorous to restrain us, and at the same time giving us invincible desires.' Whoever can bear these, may be assured he hath no taste for pastoral.

When I am speaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to pass by Sannazarius. He hath changed the scene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundless ocean: introduces sea-calves in the

room of kids and lambs, sea-mews for the lark and the linnet, and presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. How good soever his style and thoughts may be, yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the sweet manners and pleasing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or, if any, such as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and so are lost and forgotten.

The French are so far from thinking abstrusely, that they often seem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common-place descriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Those who write the most accurately fall into the manner of their country, which is gallantry. I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author. 'The shepherds,' saith he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red-stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedges and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed perriwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.'

No. 29.]

Tuesday, April 14, 1713.

Ride si sapis—— Mart. Lib. 2. Epig. xli. 1.

Laugh if you are wise.

In order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded, as when they are pleased; and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says,

'——Smiles from reason flow, to brutes deny'd,  
And are of love the food ——'

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them: but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre. I would have criticised on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians; and as it was the



manner of Plutarch to draw comparisons of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; so I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris, and Bullock; and so far shown their different methods of raising mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the jest was the poet's or the actor's.

As the playhouse affords us the most occasions of observing upon the behaviour of the face, it may be useful (for the direction of those who would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies usually dispose themselves in the front of the boxes, the young married women compose the second row, while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undesigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them under this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a double entendre strikes the first row into an affected gravity, or careless indolence, the second will venture at a smile, but the third take the conceit entirely, and express their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I descend to particulars, I find the reserved prude will relapse into a smile at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette; the coquette in her turn laughs at the starchness and awkward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop; and the fop confesses his ridicule at the unpoliteness of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads:

- The Dimplers.
- The Smilers.
- The Laughers.
- The Grinners.
- The Horse-laughers.

The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of the physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The laugh among us is the common Risus of the ancients.

The grin by writers of antiquity is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficient in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This upon all occasions supplies the want of reason, is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes; and that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude hath a wonderful esteem for the Chian laugh or dimple: she looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as excesses of levity; and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests, to disorder her countenance with the ruffle of a

smile. Her lips are composed with a primness peculiar to her character, all her modesty seems collected into her face, and she but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to make her face sympathize with her habit; she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rules of decency is never allowed the smile till the first offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who, by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass, hath reduced it to an exact discipline, may claim a place in this clan. You see him upon any occasion, to give spirit to his discourse, admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The Ionics are those ladies that take a greater liberty with their features; yet even these may be said to smother a laugh, as the former to stifle a smile.

The beau is an Ionic out of complaisance, and practises the smile the better to sympathize with the fair. He will sometimes join in a laugh to humour the spleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of so great an indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of universal use to men of power at their levees; and is esteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of distinction than the whisper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himself upon his success, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author, some years since, published a collection of sonnets, which he very successfully called, *Laugh and be Fat*; or, *Pills to purge Melancholy*: I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes, and must censure the world of ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. The story of the sick man's breaking an imposthume by a sudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses' milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and restoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally represented to us as a man of the largest size, which we may attribute to his frequent exercise of his risible faculty. I remember Juvenal says of him, *Perpetuo risu pulmonum agitare solebat.*—Sat. x. 33.

He shook his sides with a perpetual laugh.

That sort of man whom a late writer has called the Butt, is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally stocked with so much good humour, as to strike in with the gayety of conversation, though some innocent blunder of his own be the subject of the raillery.

I shall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners; when a young

blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recall youth into their cheeks, they immediately overstrain their muscular features, and shrivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the same kind, and by the same artifice labours to support his impotence of wit: but he very frequently calls in the horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of grinners, which the ancients call Megarics; and some moderns have, not injudiciously, given them the name of the Sneerers. These always indulge their mirth at the expense of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature. I could wish these laughers would consider, that let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the most part Megaric; and in visits the ladies themselves very seldom scruple the sacrificing a friendship to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but, in short, she is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exercise of the features; she subdues the formal lover with the dimple, accosts the fop with the smile, joins with the wit in the downright laugh, to vary the air of her countenance frequently rallies with the grin, and when she has ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the horse-laugh.

The horse-laugh is a distinguishing characteristic of the rural hoyden, and it is observed to be the last symptom of rusticity that forsakes her under the discipline of the boarding-school.

Punsters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the ancient physicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs; I should, methinks, advise all my countrymen of consumptive and hectical constitutions to associate with the most facetious punsters of the age. Persius hath very elegantly described a Sardonic laughter in the following line,

Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.  
Sat. iii. 87.

Redoubled peals of trembling laughter bursts,  
Convulsing every feature of the face.

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called, The Chorus of Conversation.

I come now to the English, whom I shall treat with such meekness as becomes a good patriot; and shall so far recommend this our island as a proper scene for pastoral, under certain regulations, as will satisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed interest.

I must in the first place observe, that our countrymen have so good an opinion of the ancients, and think so modestly of themselves, that the generality of pastoral writers have either stolen all from the Greeks and Romans, or so servilely imitated their manners and customs, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over some English pastorals a few days ago, I perused at least fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up a hundred left-handed ravens, besides blasted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed most of the occasional pastorals we have, are built upon one and the same plan. A shepherd asks his fellow, 'Why he is so pale? if his favourite sheep hath strayed? if his pipe be broken? or Phyllis unkind?' He answers, 'None of these misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Damon (or sometimes the god Pan) is dead.' This immediately causes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and silver streams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and shows him a track of light in the skies to confirm it; then invites him to chesnuts and cheese. Upon this scheme most of the noble families in Great Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforesaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be serviceable, I shall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the ancients. There are some things of an established nature in pastoral, which are essential to it, such as a country scene, innocence, simplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, such as habits, customs, and the like. The difference of the climate is also to be considered, for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very absurd in a colder country. By the same rule, the difference of the soil, of fruits, and flowers, is to be observed. And in so fine a country as Britain, what occasion is there for that profusion of hyacinths and Pæstan roses, and that cornucopia of foreign fruits which the British shepherds never heard of? How much more pleasing is the following scene to an English reader!

'This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,  
So lovingly these elms unite their shade,  
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe  
Its balmy sweets around on all beneath!  
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,  
Thro' which the springing flower appears its head!  
Lo, here the king-cup of a golden hue,  
Medley'd with daisies white, and endive blue!  
Hark! how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush,  
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble bush!  
In pleasing concert all the birds combine,  
And tempt us in the various song to join.'

The theology of the ancient pastoral is so very pretty, that it were pity entirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is universally known, and the rest to be

No. 30.] Wednesday, April 15, 1713.

—redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virg. Ecl. iv. 6.

—Saturnian times

Roll round again.

Dryden.

THE Italians and French being despatched,



made up out of our own rustical superstition of hob-thrushes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining persons, as they are described by several of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope:

'About this spring (if ancient fame say true)  
The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue,  
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,  
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,  
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,  
And airy music warbled through the shade.'

What hath been said upon the difference of climate, soil, and theology, reaches the proverbial sayings, dress, customs and sports of shepherds. The following examples of our pastoral sports are extremely beautiful:

'Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,  
Upraise my heedless head, devoid of care,  
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;  
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.  
Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,  
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?  
How deftly to mine oaten reed, so sweet,  
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet?  
And when the dance was done, how would they yearn  
Some well devised tale from me to learn?  
For many songs, and tales of mirth had I,  
To chase the ling'ring sun adown the sky.'

—O now! if ever, bring  
The laurel green, the smelling egplantine,  
And tender branches from the mantling vine,  
The dewy cowlslip that in meadow grows,  
The fountain violet, and garden rose:  
Your hamlet strew, and every public way,  
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.  
Myself will lavish all my little store:  
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:  
Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing,  
And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,  
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play.'

The reason why such changes from the ancients should be introduced is very obvious; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the customs which are most familiar, or universally known, since no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is easy to be observed that these rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spenser and Philips have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whose manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a pastoral style according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not say they have excelled Virgil! but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to suppose it more capable of that pretty rusticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader to make observations upon the pastoral style; where he will sooner find that secret than from a folio of criticisms.

in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semicircle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs. Jane declared, that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but observe, that in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addresses to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, till she began to run down fortune in a lover, and, among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having rallied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniences of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness of temper, in one whom she should pitch upon for a husband. In short, though the baggage would not speak out, I found the sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune, and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echos, and rivulets, to make up the concert: she would not seem to include a husband in her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of cooing turtles, mossy banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitudes.

Miss Betty placed her *summum bonum* in equipages, assemblies, balls, and birth-nights, talked in raptures of sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks showed that she did not approve such a redundancy of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness, and that she thought the most any one could do was to keep themselves from being uneasy; for, as Mr. Ironside has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy here, and happy hereafter: at the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look, The thing seemed to her of so great consequence, that she hoped I would, for once, forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same justness I would use among a company of my own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject as near as I

No. 31.] Thursday, April 16, 1713.

Fortem posce animum—— Jur. Sat. x. 357.  
Ask of the gods content and strength of mind.

My lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her engaged

can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to show the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point; which I conceive cannot be made up but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow Virtue the first place, as she is the mother of Content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision of all the necessaries of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a stoic cry out, 'that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.'

But, besides this, virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in pity, love, and friendship. In the two last passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man, therefore, who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a 'strength of mind,' as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that 'strength of mind' I am here speaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said, it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and

applause, are also extremely subject to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that 'strength of mind,' and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude, and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a very great help on this occasion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these her treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the same time I must own, that as a mind thus furnished, feels a secret pleasure in the consciousness of its own perfection, and is delighted with such occasions as call upon it to try its force, a lively imagination shall produce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first, therefore, may not be improperly called, 'the heaven of a wise man,' the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms it, 'a fool's paradise.' There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the most common misfortune.

It is this 'strength of mind' that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that rises at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that passage of his life so much admired by the prince of Condé,) when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at last command esteem, and give him a greater ascendancy over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

No. 32.]

Friday, April 17, 1713.

—ipse volens, facilisque sequetur,  
Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis  
Vincas— *Virg. Æn. vi. 146.*

The willing metal will obey thy hand,  
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,  
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:  
If not no labour can the tree constrain:  
And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.  
*Dryden.*

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon pastoral poetry, after a didactic manner, in some foregoing papers, wherein I have taken such hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the best of my



judgment, and substituted others in their place, I shall close the whole with the following fable or allegory.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas; who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree. She had a voice that was exceeding sweet, yet had a rusticity in its tone, which, however, to most who heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family, but had received one evening as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a faun, or as some say, from Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge not to bestow his daughter upon any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers: and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut indeed after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accosted the damsel after a very gallant manner, and told her, 'Madam, you need not to consult your glass to adorn yourself to-day; you may see the greatness of your beauty in the number of your conquests.\*' She having never heard any compli-

ment so polite, could give him no answer, but presented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses (who had paired themselves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the vallies for a year and a day.

The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her, 'he had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter.\*' The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with some difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and stately pace, and said, 'Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed.†' As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood stock-still, like people astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, and composed by the most skillful master in Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

The fourth that stepped forwards was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unassured air: she blushed as he came near her, and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance.

\* Vide Fontenelle.

\* Vide Theocritus.

† Vide Tasso.

A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked, whence he came, and what he was? He told them, he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore, that his substance consisted in sea-calves, and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' said Menalcas: 'to them then shalt thou return.' The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his son Spenser; and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born, Philips.

No. 33.] *Saturday, April 18, 1713.*

—Dignum sapiente, bonoque est.  
*Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. iv. 5.*

Worthy a wise man, and a good.

I HAVE made it a rule to myself, not to publish any thing on a Saturday, but what shall have some analogy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time when I can observe such a law to myself, and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the playhouse. I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention the tragedy of Cato. The principal character is moved by no consideration but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language under the word Public Spirit. All regards to his domestic are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn as having by this motive, subdued instinct itself, and taking comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cause of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the best of men; and the sentiments which are given him are not only the most warm for the conduct of this life, but such as we may think will not need to be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has its proper influence on all below it: the other virtuous personages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary, as the principal; the conduct of the lovers (who are more warm, though more discreet, than ever yet appeared on the stage) has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæsar. But to see the modesty of a heroine, whose country and family were at the same time in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and

great, had received numberless wounds: I say, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is so circumstantiated, that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves; but to make us so soon resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were so fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak, on this occasion, rather as a Guardian than a critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justness of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an African; and the scene between Juba and his general, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction. Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends, by men who abuse their talents; and Juba sets the less excellencies of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper subordination to the accomplishments of the mind. But this play is so well recommended by others, that I will not for that, and some private reasons, enlarge any farther. Doctor Garth has very agreeably rallied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age, in the epilogue, by Mrs. Porter, who acted Lucia. And Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new scene of passion and transport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the prologue. I shall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town by inserting these two excellent pieces, as earnest of the work itself, which will be printed within few days.

#### PROLOGUE TO CATO, BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius and to mend the heart;  
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:  
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,  
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move  
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;  
In pitying love we but our weakness show,  
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.  
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,  
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws;  
He bids your breast with ancient ardour rise,  
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes;  
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was.  
No common object to your sight displays;  
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,  
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state.  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?  
Who sees him act but envies every deed?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?



Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,  
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;  
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,  
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,  
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,  
The world's great victor passed unheeded by;  
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,  
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.  
Britons attend; be worth like this approv'd,  
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.  
With honest scorn the first-fam'd Cato view'd  
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.  
Our scene precariously subsists too long  
On French translation and Italian song:  
Dare to have sense yourselves, assert the stage,  
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:  
Such plays alone should please a British ear,  
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

## EPILOGUE TO CATO, BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

What odd fantastic things we women do!  
Who would not listen when young lovers woo? }  
What! die a maid yet have the choice of two! }  
Ladies are often cruel to their cost:  
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.  
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;  
Too oft they're cancel'd, tho' in convents made.  
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may }  
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say; }  
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.  
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears;  
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.  
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would choose,  
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:  
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;  
He sighs with most success that settles well.  
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;  
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.  
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue  
Those lively lessons we have learned from you;  
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms;  
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms:  
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,  
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!  
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;  
Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now:  
There golden idols all your vows receive:  
She is no goddess who has naught to give.  
Oh may once more the happy age appear,  
When words were artless, and the soul sincere;  
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,  
And crowns less coveted than groves and springs.  
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,  
And constancy feel transport in its chains;  
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,  
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal;  
Virtue again to his bright station climb,  
And beauty fear no enemy but time:  
The fair shall listen to desert alone,  
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

No. 34.] *Monday, April 20, 1713.*

— Mores multorem vidit —

*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 142.*

He many men and many manners saw.

It is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation, for the first half-hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last, this

modish way of shining and being witty, settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon 'fine gentlemen.' From the several characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennoble a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of sir William Hearty, because he wore a frieze coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those awkward healthy gentlemen that seem to make nourishment the chief end of eating. I gave her an account of an honest Yorkshire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) used to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their fast with him upon cold roast beef and mum. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleased to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would despatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while his antagonist was piddling at a mushroom, or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good friends, by virtue of a maxim I always observe, Never to contradict or reason with a sprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon what had passed, and though, in complaisance I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of 'a true fine gentleman.'

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I

imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue; neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*For the benefit of my female readers.*

N. B. The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a-day.

No. 35.]

Tuesday, April 21, 1713.

O vitæ Philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix! Cicero.  
O philosophy, thou guide of life, and discoverer of virtue.

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.*

'SIR,—I am a man who have spent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries which young gentlemen usually pass at the university; by which course of life, although I have acquired no small insight into the man-

ners and conversation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of science and speculation. In my return through France, as I was one day setting forth this my case to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendship; after some pause, he conducted me into his closet, and opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a small box of snuff, which he said was given him by an uncle of his, the author of *The Voyage to the World of Descartes*; and, with many professions of gratitude and affection, made me a present of it, telling me, at the same time, that he knew no readier way to furnish and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and sciences, than that same snuff rightly applied.

"You must know," said he, "that Descartes was the first who discovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affected with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body." He added, "that the same philosopher having considered the body as a machine, or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for separating the soul for some time from the body, without any injury to the latter; and that, after much meditation on that subject, the above-mentioned virtuoso composed the snuff he then gave me; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to disengage my soul from my body. Your soul (continued he) being at liberty to transport herself with a thought wherever she pleases, may enter into the pineal gland of the most learned philosopher, and being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods." I returned him thanks, and accepted his present, and with it a paper of directions.

'You may imagine it was no small improvement and diversion, to pass my time in the pineal glands of philosophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies, and statesmen. One while to trace a theorem in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intricate turns, and subtleties of thought; another to be conscious of the sublime ideas and comprehensive views of a philosopher, without any fatigue or wasting of my own spirits. Sometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or enameled meadows, in the fancy of a poet; at others to be present when a battle or a storm raged, or a glittering palace rose in his imagination; or to behold the pleasures of a country life, the passion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture. Or (to use the words of a very ingenious author) to

'Behold the raptures which a writer knows,  
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,  
Behold his business while he works the mine,  
Behold his temper when he sees it shine.'

*Essay on the different Styles of Poetry.*

'These gave me inconceivable pleasure. Nor was it an unpleasant entertainment, sometimes to descend from these sublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a beau, the dry



schemes of a coffee-house politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And, as in order to frame a right idea of human happiness, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different pursuits were affected, I one day entered into the pincal gland of a certain person, who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all that which constitutes the happiness of him who is called a Man of Pleasure. But I found myself not a little disappointed in my notion of the pleasures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason.

‘His intellectuals, I observed, were grown unserviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to sensual gratifications; and the outrunning natural appetite produced a loathing instead of a pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teased and roused by some powerful object, the effect was not to delight or sooth the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetites, and satiety. I saw a wretch racked at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity. And I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his passions, and suppressing his reason. But though it must be owned he had almost quenched that light which his Creator had set up in his soul, yet, in spite of all his efforts, I observed at certain seasons frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself.

‘I was also present at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a free-thinker, and believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the secret manner and internal principles by which that phenomenon was formed, I shall in my next give you an account of it. I am, in the mean time, your most obedient humble servant,

‘ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.’

N. B. Mr. Ironside has lately received out of France ten pounds avoirdupois weight of this philosophical snuff, and gives notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the professed sentiments of all persons of eminence in court, city, town, and country.

No. 36.]      Wednesday, April 22, 1713.

*Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!*  
*Virg. Æn. iv. 49.*

What rebus's exalt the punnic fame!

THE gentleman who doth me the favour to write the following letter, saith as much for himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleased to find, that in his *Apology for Punning*

he only celebrates the art, as it is a part of conversation. I look upon premeditated quibbles, and puns committed to the press, as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt these and the starts in common discourse, as betwixt casual rencounters, and murder with malice prepense.

‘*To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.*

‘SIR,—I have from your writings conceived such an opinion of your benevolence to mankind, that I trust you will not suffer any art to be vilified which helps to polish and adorn us. I do not know any sort of wit that hath been used so reproachfully as the Pun: and I persuade myself that I shall merit your esteem, by recommending it to your protection; since there can be no greater glory to a generous soul, than to succour the distrest. I shall, therefore, without farther preface, offer to your consideration the following Modest Apology for Punning; wherein I shall make use of no double meanings or equivocations: since I think it unnecessary to give it any other praises than truth and common sense, its professed enemies are forced to grant.

‘In order to make this a useful work, I shall state the nature and extent of the pun, I shall discover the advantages that flow from it, the moral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it hath to promote vigour of body and ease of mind.

‘The pun is defined by one, who seems to be no well-wisher to it, to be “A conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense.” Now if this be the essence of the pun, how great must we allow the dignity of it to be, when we consider that it takes in most of the considerable parts of learning; for is it not most certain, that all learned disputes are rather about sounds than sense? Are not the controversies of divines about the different interpretations of terms? Are not the disputations of philosophers about words, and all their pompous distinctions only so many unravellings of double meanings? Who ever lost his estate in Westminster-hall, but complained that he was quibbled out of his right? or what monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of equivocation? In short, so great is the excellence of this art, so diffusive its influence, that when I go into a library, I say to myself, “What volumes of puns do I behold!” When I look upon the men of business, I cry out, “How powerful is the tribe of the quibblers!” When I see statesmen and ambassadors, I reflect, “How splendid the equipage of the quirk! in what pomp do the punsters appear!”

‘But as there are serious puns, such as I have instanced in, so likewise there are puns comical. These are what I would recommend to my countrymen; which I shall do by displaying the advantages flowing from them.

‘The first advantage of punning is, that it gives us the compass of our own language. This is very obvious. For the great business of the punster is to hunt out the several words in our tongue that agree in sound, and have various significations. By this means he will likewise enter into the nicety of spelling, an accomplish-

ment regarded only by middling people, and much neglected by persons of great and no quality. This error may produce unnecessary follies amongst grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed. A man of learning hath, in this manner of wit, great advantages; as indeed, what advantages do not flow from learning? If the pun fails in English, he may have speedy recourse to the Latin, or the Greek, and so on. I have known wonders performed by this secret. I have heard the French assisted by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath seemed desperate in the Greek, I have known it revive in the Hebrew. My friend Dick Babel hath often, to show his parts, started a conceit at the equinoctial, and pursued it through all the degrees of latitude; and, after he had punned round the globe, hath sat down like Alexander, and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

‘Another advantage in punning is, that it ends disputes, or, what is all one, puns comical destroy puns serious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows very well, that about twelve, people that do not kiss, or cry, are apt to debate. This often occasions heats and heart-burnings, unless one of the disputants vouchsafes to end the matter with a joke. How often have Aristotle and Cartesius been reconciled by a merry conceit! how often have whigs and tories shook hands over a quibble! and the clashing of swords been prevented by the jingling of words!

‘Attention of mind is another benefit enjoyed by punsters. This is discoverable from the perpetual gape of the company where they are, and the earnest desire to know what was spoken last, if a word escapes any one at the table. I must add, that quick apprehension is required in the hearer, readily to take some things which are very far-fetched; as likewise great vivacity in the performer, to reconcile distant and even hostile ideas by the mere mimicry of words, and energy of sound.

‘Mirth or good-humour is the last advantage, that, out of a million, I shall produce to recommend punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I come to demonstrate its operation upon the mind and body. I shall now discover what moral virtues it promotes; and shall content myself with instancing in those which every reader will allow of.

‘A punster is adorned with humility. This our adversaries will not deny; because they hold it to be a condescension in any man to trifle, as they arrogantly call it, with words. I must, however, confess, for my own share, I never punned out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our fraternity, that seemed to be troubled with the thirst of glory.

‘The virtue called urbanity by the moralists, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this science. For the whole spirit of urbanity consists in a desire to please the company, and what else is the design of the punster? Accordingly we find such bursts of laughter, such agitations of the sides, such contortions of the limbs, such earnest attempts to recover the dying laugh, such transport in the enjoyment of it in equivocating assemblies, as men of common sense are amazed at, and own they never felt.

‘But nothing more displays itself in the punster, than justice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board every performer hath its due. The soul is struck at once, and the body recognizes the merit of each joke, by sudden and comical emotions. Indeed how should it be otherwise, where not only words but even syllables have justice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but, with perfect innocence and good-nature, takes as much delight in his neighbour’s joy as in his own?

‘From what hath been advanced, it will easily appear, that this science contributes to ease of body, and serenity of mind. You have in a former precaution, advised your hectical readers to associate with those of our brotherhood, who are, for the most part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural the next morning, after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourselves the night before: and I appeal to any one, whether it will not occasion greater peace of mind to consider, that he hath only been waging harmless war with words, than if he had stirred his brother to wrath, grieved the soul of his neighbour by calumny, or increased his own wealth by fraud. As for health of body, I look upon punning as a nostrum, a *Medicina Gymnastica*, that throws off all the bad humours, and occasions such a brisk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear and constant flame. I speak, as all physicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this spring, was, after the failing of several medicines and charms, advised by me to enter into a course of quibbling. He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took Abracadabra off from his neck, and by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himself into a fine breathing sweat, and a quiet sleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery, and says pleasantly, he is less obliged to the Jesuits for their powder, than for their equivocation.

‘Sir, this is my Modest Apology for Punning; which I was the more encouraged to undertake, because we have a learned university where it is in request, and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection. If this meets with encouragement, I shall write a vindication of the rebus, and do justice to the conundrum. I have indeed looked philosophically into their natures, and made a sort of *Arbor Porphyriana* of the several subordinations and divisions of low wit. This the ladies perhaps may not understand; but I shall thereby give the beau an opportunity of showing their learning. I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient humble servant.’

No. 37.]

Thursday, April 23, 1713.

Me duce damnosas homines compescite curas.

*Ovid. Rem. Amor. ver. 69.*Learn, mortals, from my precepts to controul  
The furious passions that disturb the soul.

It is natural for an old man to be fond of such entertainments as revive in his imagination the agreeable impressions made upon it in



his youth: the set of wits and beauties he was first acquainted with, the balls and drawing-rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the music and actors he heard and saw when his life was fresh, and his spirits vigorous and quick, have usually the preference in his esteem to any succeeding pleasures that present themselves when his taste is grown more languid. It is for this reason I never see a picture of sir Peter Lely's, who drew so many of my first friends and acquaintance, without a sensible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compositions of the famous Mr. Henry Laws, long before Italian music was introduced into our nation. Above all, I am pleased in observing that the tragedies of Shakspeare, which in my youthful days have so frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank still, and are the great support of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepossession of mind, I went some time ago, to see the old tragedy of Othello, and took my female wards with me, having promised them a little before to carry them to the first play of Shakspeare's which should be acted. Mrs. Cornelia who is a great reader, and never fails to peruse the play-bills, which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all drest, and expecting the performance of my promise. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myself by them in a corner seat. As I have the chief scenes of the play by heart, I did not look much on the stage, but formed to myself a new satisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and observing, as it were by reflection, the different passions of the play represented in their countenances. Mrs. Betty told us the names of several persons of distinction, as they took their places in the boxes, and entertained us with the history of a new marriage or two till the curtain drew up. I soon perceived that Mrs. Jane was touched with the love of Desdemona, and in a concern to see how she would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for some time was more taken up with observing what gentleman looked at her, and with criticising the dress of the ladies, than with any thing that passed on the stage. Mrs. Cornelia, who I have often said is addicted to the study of romances, commended that speech in the play in which Othello mentions his 'hair-breadth scapes in th' imminent deadly breach,' and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Desdemona. The Sparkler looked several times frightened; and as the distress of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the stage, till I saw them all with a secret satisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often considered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius which had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are strong and masterly; but the economy of the fable, and in some particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would speak of it in the most severe terms, I

should say as Waller does of the Maid's Tragedy,

'Great are its faults, but glorious is its flame.'

But it would be a poor employment in a critic to observe upon the faults, and show no taste for the beauties, in a work that has always struck the most sensible part of our audiences in a very forcible manner.

The chief subject of this piece is the passion of jealousy, which the poet has represented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agonies, and its horrid consequences. From this passion and the innocence and simplicity of the person suspected, arises a very moving distress.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions, that 'the most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred.' The Moor is furious in both these extremes. His love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, which seems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How savage, yet how ardent is that expression of the raptures of his heart, when, looking after Desdemona as she withdraws, he breaks out,

'Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul  
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.'

The deep and subtle villany of Iago, in working this change from love to jealousy, in so tumultuous a mind as that of Othello, prepossessed with a confidence in the disinterested affection of the man who is leading him on insensibly to his ruin, is likewise drawn with a masterly hand. Iago's broken hints, questions, and seeming care to hide the reason of them; his obscure suggestions to raise the curiosity of the Moor; his personated confusion, and refusing to explain himself while Othello is drawn on, and held in suspense till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poison, and naming to him in a caution the passion he would raise,

'——O beware of jealousy!——'

are inimitable strokes of art, in that scene which has always been justly esteemed one of the best which was ever represented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello; his strife of passions, his starts, his returns of love, and threatenings to Iago, who put his mind on the rack, his relapses afterwards to jealousy, his rage against his wife, and his asking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abused for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the sentiments of human nature, or has considered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the Moor suffers are so exquisitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compassion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Desdemona, as the innocent person herself who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more shown his judgment in this play, than in

the circumstance of the handkerchief, which is employed as a confirmation to the jealousy of Othello already raised. What I would here observe is, that the very slightness of this circumstance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakspeare expressed the nature of jealousy in those lines, which, on this occasion, he puts into the mouth of Iago,

‘Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong  
As proofs of holy writ.’

It would be easy for a tasteless critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule; but such a one would only betray a mechanical judgment, formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not arising from any true discernment in human nature, and its passions.

As the moral of this tragedy is an admirable caution against hasty suspicions, and the giving way to the first transports of rage and jealousy, which may plunge a man in a few minutes into all the horrors of guilt, distraction, and ruin, I shall further enforce it, by relating a scene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened some years ago in Spain; and is an instance of the most tragical hurricane of passion I have ever met with in history. It may be easily conceived that a heart ever big with resentments of its own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourselves for acting with reason and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will, on a sudden, flame too high to be extinguished. The short story I am going to tell is a lively instance of the truth of this observation, and a just warning to those of jealous honour to look about them, and begin to possess their souls as they ought, for no man of spirit knows how terrible a creature he is, till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spanish nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for some years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults usually imputed to his nation; he was proud, suspicious, and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his house, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had punished for a small offence with the utmost severity. The slave vowed revenge, and communicated his resolution to one of the lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature also hated her mistress, for she feared she was observed by her: she therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by insinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promising to make him an eye-witness of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Morisco, she sent a message to the gardener, that his lady, having some hasty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time, she had placed Alonzo privately in an outer room, that he might observe who passed that way. It was not long before he saw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but following him into the apartment, struck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then dragging his lady by the hair without inquiring farther, he instantly killed her.

Here he paused, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a demon of revenge; when the wench who had occasioned these horrors, distracted with remorse, threw herself at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without sense of the consequence, repeated all her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent passions at one instant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment, till at last he recollected himself enough to end his agony of love, anger, disdain, revenge, and remorse, by murdering the maid, the Moor, and himself.

No. 38.]

Friday, April 24, 1713.

—— Prodire tenus si non datur ultra.

Hor. Lib. i. Ep. i. 32.

Thus far at least, though here we stop.

I HAVE lately given a precaution concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be esteemed a ‘fine gentleman.’ That character has been long wholly engrossed by well-drest beaux, and men of sense have given up all pretence to it. The highest any of them contend for, is the character of a ‘pretty gentleman;’ for here the dress may be more careless, and some wit is thought necessary; whereas, a fine gentleman is not obliged to converse further than the offering his snuff-box round the room. However, the pretty gentleman must have his airs: and though they are not so pompous as those of the other, yet they are so affected, that few who have understanding can bring themselves to be proficient in this way, though ever so useful towards being well received; but if they fail here, they succeed with some difficulty in being allowed to have ‘much of the gentleman’ in them. To obtain this epithet, a man of sense must arrive at a certain desire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit he should be encouraged in this attempt, since nothing can mend the general taste, but setting the true character in as public a view as the false. This, indeed, can never be done to the purpose, while the majority is so great on the wrong side; one of a hundred will have the shout against him; but if people of wit would be as zealous to assist old Ironside, as he is to promote them and their interest, a little time would give these things a new turn. However, I will not despair but I shall be able to summon all the good sense in the nation to my assistance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of such as have hitherto pretended to engross the fashion. The university scholar shall be called upon to learn his exercise, and frequent mixt company; the military, and the travelled man, to read the best authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, so as, together with the care of his estate, to make an equal progress in learning and breeding; and when the several candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint under-officers to examine their qualifications, and, as I am satisfied with their report, give out my passports recommending them to all companies as



'the Guardian's fine gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present fine gentlemen will see the necessity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have indeed already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed searchers to attend at the inns where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches stand, and commanded them to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as soon as he lands, for I will take him though I know I can only make him 'much of a gentleman;' for, when I have gone thus far, one would think it should be easy to make him a 'gentleman-like man.' As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by 'gentlemanly,' 'gentleman-like,' or, 'much of a gentleman;' you cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by 'a very gentleman-like man; you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in some 'gentlemanly manner; you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will say of him that did the injury, it must be allowed 'he is very much of a gentleman.' Here is a very pleasant fellow a correspondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highwaymen. I must confess the gentleman he personates is very apparently such, though I did not look upon that sort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows:

'MR. IRONSIDE,—I have been upon the highway these six years, in the Park, at the Play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, and at every other place where I could have any prospect of stealing a fortune; but have met with no success, being disappointed either by some of your damned Ironside race, or by old cursed curs, who put more bolts on their doors and bars in their windows than are in Newgate. All that see me own I am 'a gentleman-like man;' and, whatever rascally things the grave folks say I am guilty of, they themselves acknowledge I am a 'gentlemanly kind of man,' and in every respect accomplished for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no business, am illiterate, have spent the small fortune I had in purchasing favours from the fair sex. The bounty of their purses I have received, as well as the endearments of their persons, but I have gratefully disposed of it among themselves, for I always was a keeper when I was kept. I am fearless in my behaviour, and never fail of putting your bookish sort of fellows, your men of merit, forsooth, out of countenance. I triumph when I see a modest young woman blush at an assembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-wrought scene in a tragedy. I have long forgot shame, for it proceeds from a consciousness of some defect; and I am, as I told you, 'a gentlemanly man.' I never knew any but you musty philosophers applaud blushes, and you yourselves will allow that they are caused either by some real imperfection, or the apprehension of defect where there is not any; but for my part I hate mistakes, and shall not suspect myself wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my person, estate, and character, I desire you would admit me as a suitor to one of the Lizards, and beg your speedy answer to this;

for it is the last time my black coat will bear scouring, or my long wig buckling. I am, sir, the fair ladies', and your humble servant,  
'WILL BAREFACE.'

Those on the highway, who make a stand with a pistol at your breast (compelled perhaps by necessity, misfortune, or driven out of an honest way of life, to answer the wants of a craving family,) are much more excusable than those of their fraternity, who join the conversations of gentlemen, and get into a share of their fortunes without one good art about them. What a crowd of these gentleman-like men are about this town! For, from an unjust modesty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and industry in our nation, it happens that impudence suppresses all virtue, and assumes the reward and esteem which are due to it. Hence it is that worthless rogues have the smiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dressed and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undistinguishing age, is enough to constitute a person 'very much of a gentleman;' and to this pass are we come, by the prostitution of wit in the cause of vice, which has made the most unreasonable and unnatural things prevail against all the suggestions of common sense. Nobody denies that we live in a Christian country, and yet he who should decline, upon respective opportunities, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought 'very little of a gentleman.'

No. 39.]

Saturday, April 25, 1713.

—Ægri somnia.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 7.

A sick man's dreams.

My correspondent who has acquired the faculty of entering into other men's thoughts, having, in pursuance to a former letter, sent me an account of certain useful discoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I shall communicate the same to the public in this paper.

'MR. IRONSIDE,—On the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up safe in my study, I repaired to the Grecian coffee-house, where, entering into the pineal gland of a certain eminent free-thinker, I made directly to the highest part of it, which is the seat of the understanding, expecting to find there a comprehensive knowledge of all things, human and divine; but to my no small astonishment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, insomuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophecy, or separate spirit.

'This obliged me to descend a story lower, into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortless. I discovered Prejudice in the figure of a woman, standing in a corner, with her eyes close shut, and her fore-fingers stuck in her ears; many words in a confused order, but spoken with great emphasis, issued from her mouth. These being condensed by the coldness of the place, formed

a sort of mist, through which methought I saw a great castle with a fortification cast round it, and a tower adjoining to it, that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the castle I could discern vast dungeons, and all about it lay scattered the bones of men. It seemed to be garrisoned by certain men in black, of a gigantic size, and most terrible forms. But as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vanished; and the castle I found to be only a church, whose steeple with its clock and bell-ropes was mistaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black shrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults designed only for the habitation of the dead; and the fortifications proved to be a church-yard, with some scattered bones in it, and a plain stone wall round it.

'I had not been long here before my curiosity was raised by a loud noise that I heard in the inferior region. Descending thither I found a mob of the passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings soon convinced me, that they affected a democracy. After much noise and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to Vanity, who proposed the raising of a great army of notions, which she offered to lead against those dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occasioned all this uproar.

'Away posted Vanity, and I after her, to the storehouse of Ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeless notions confusedly thrown together, but upon the approach of Vanity they began to crawl. Here were to be seen, among other odd things, sleeping deities, corporeal spirits, and worlds formed by chance; with an endless variety of heathen notions, the most irregular and grotesque imaginable; and with these were jumbled several of Christian extraction; but such was the dress and light they were put in, and their features were so distorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was likewise assembled no small number of phantoms in strange habits, who proved to be idolatrous priests of different nations. Vanity gave the word, and straightway the Talopins, Faquirs, Bramins, and Bonzes, drew up in a body. The right wing consisted of ancient heathen notions, and the left, of Christians naturalized. All these together, for numbers, composed a very formidable army; but the precipitation of Vanity was so great, and such was their own inbred aversion to the tyranny of rules and discipline, that they seemed rather a confused rabble than a regular army. I could, nevertheless, observe, that they all agreed in a squinting look, or cast of their eye towards a certain person in a mask, who was placed in the centre, and whom, by sure signs and tokens, I discovered to be Atheism.

'Vanity had no sooner led her forces into the imagination, but she resolved upon storming the castle, and giving no quarter. They began the assault with a loud outcry and great confusion. I, for my part, made the best of my way, and re-entered my own lodging. Some time after, inquiring at a bookseller's for a Discourse on Free-thinking, which had made some noise,

I met with the representatives of all those notions drawn up in the same confused order upon paper. Sage Nestor, I am your most obedient humble servant,

'ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.'

'N. B. I went round the table, but could not find a wit, or mathematician among them.

I imagine the account here given may be useful in directing to the proper cure of a free-thinker. In the first place, it is plain his understanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he should be taught the way to order and methodise his ideas; to which end the study of the mathematics may be useful. I am farther of opinion, that as his imagination is filled with amusements arising from prejudice, and the obscure or false lights in which he sees things, it will be necessary to bring him into good company, and now and then carry him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right sense of religion, and wear off the ill impressions he has received. Lastly, I advise whoever undertakes the reformation of a modern free-thinker, that above all things he be careful to subdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which prompts a little genius to distinguish itself by singularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the passion of vanity, as it is for the most part very strong in your free-thinkers, cannot be subdued, let it be won over to the interest of religion, by giving them to understand that the greatest geni of the age have a respect for things sacred; that their rhapsodies find no admirers, and that the name Free-thinker has, like Tyrant of old, degenerated from its original signification, and is now supposed to denote something contrary to wit and reason. In fine, let them know that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppose the received opinions of Christians, yet that now the humour is worn out, and blasphemy and irreligion are distinctions which have long since descended down to lackeys and drawers.

But it must be my business to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman's appearing very sorry that he was not well during a late fit of sickness, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that occasion, except he was sure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world, the following advertisement got a place in the Post-boy:

'Whereas, in the paper called the Guardian of Saturday, the eleventh of April, instant, a corollary reflection was made on Monsieur D——, a member of the royal academy of sciences in Paris, author of a book lately published, entitled,

'A Philological Essay, or Reflections on the death of Free-thinkers, with the characters of the most eminent persons of both sexes, ancient and modern, that died pleasantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker in Paternoster-row: Suggesting, as if that gentleman, now in Lon-



don, "was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery:" This is to assure the public, that the said gentleman never expressed the least concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a most heroic and philosophical resignation; of which a copy of verses he writ, in the serene intervals of his distemper, is an invincible proof.'

All that I contend for, is, that this gentleman was out of humour when he was sick; and the advertiser, to confute me, says, that 'in the serene intervals of his distemper,' that is, when he was not sick, he writ verses. I shall not retract my advertisement till I see those verses, and I will choose what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurse, nor then neither except she is a housekeeper. I must tie this gentleman close to the argument; for if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpose, nor are they heroic verses.

The point of being merry at the hour of death is a matter that ought to be settled by divines; but the publisher of the *Philological Essay* produces his chief authorities from Lucretius, the earl of Rochester, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themselves obliged to prove all they said, or else proved their assertions by saying or swearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be absolutely necessary that a man should be facetious at his death, it would be very well if these gentlemen, Monsieur D——— and Mr. B——— would repent betimes, and not trust to a death-bed ingenuity; by what has appeared hitherto they have only raised our longing to see their posthumous works.

The author of *Poeta Rusticantis literatum Otium* is but a mere phraseologist, the philological publisher is but a translator; but I expected better usage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original.

No. 40.]

Monday, April 27, 1713.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum:  
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.  
*Virg. Ecl. vii. 2.*

Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains—  
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,  
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. *Dryden.*

I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no farther discourses of pastorals; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whose eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without apprehension of offending the gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the first rule of pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence; it is there-

fore plain that any deviations from that design degrade a poem from being true pastoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be such. His first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius, Salmasius, Rapin, and the critics in general.\* They likewise observe that but eleven of all the *Idyllia* of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded, for one or other of the reasons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather select poems than pastorals, I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz. 'They never meant them all for pastorals,' which it is plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of pastoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too courtly a style: his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric, as well, by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English. For example, might he not have said '*quo?*' instead of '*cui?*'; '*quoijum?*' for '*cujum?*'; '*volt?*' for '*vult?*'; &c. as well as our modern hath '*welladay?*' for '*alas?*'; '*whilome?*' for '*of old?*'; '*make mock?*' for '*deride?*'; and '*witless younglings?*' for '*simple lambs?*'; &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenser?

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country. His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbino, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it), yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books; it must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we consider he had not the happiness of a university education; but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose whole third

\* See Rapin de Carm. Past. pars 3.

pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of pastoral; as his contentment of Colin Clout and the Nightingale, shows with what exactness he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England, in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who, in his pastoral of November, mentions the mournful song of the nightingale.

'Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.'

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, lilies, and daffodils, blow in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately:

*Hobb.* Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee  
What pleasure can the country have for me.  
*Lang.* Come, Rosalind, O come: My bridled kine,  
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, is thine.  
*Hobb.* Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,  
Here are cool fountains, and here springing  
*Lang.* Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay, [flow'rs.  
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry.

*Streph.* In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,  
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,  
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,  
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.  
*Daph.* Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,  
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;  
Ev'n spring displeases when she shines not here:  
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses.

*Hobb.* As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by;  
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye;  
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd  
Her beauteous form, but all in vain to hide.  
*Lang.* As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,  
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay;  
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;  
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:

*Streph.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,  
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;  
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,  
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.  
*Daph.* The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;  
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;  
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,  
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of po-

etry are fonder of, than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook:

Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,  
To speak the giver's name, the month, and year,  
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,  
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl embossed with figures:

—where wanton ivy twines;  
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;  
Four figures rising from the work appear,  
The various seasons of the rolling year;  
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,  
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

And what that hight, which girds the Welkin sheen,  
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted:

O woful day! O day of woe, quoth he,  
And woful I, who live the day to see!

That simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words, in this dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals a shepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

Ah me the while! ah me, the luckless day!  
Ah luckless lad, the rather might I say;  
Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,  
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion. In the next place I shall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels. For example,

A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;  
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.  
—He that late lies down, as late will rise,  
And, sluggard like, till noon-day snoring lies,  
Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails;  
Whether we sleep or wake it naught avails.  
—Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.

Lastly, his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest-born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian; I should think it proper for the several writers of pastoral, to confine themselves to their several counties: Spenser seems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the scene of one of his pastorals in Wales,



where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unusual and elegant manner.

Diggon Davey, I bid hur God-day;  
Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.

Diggon answers,

Hur was hur while it was day light:  
But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, *A Pastoral Ballad*; which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a farther beauty of this pastoral, the words *Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr*, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking:

*Cicily.* Rager go vetch tha kee,\* or else tha zun  
Will quite be go, beuore c'have half a don.

*Roger.* Thou should'st not ax ma tweece, but I've a be  
To dreave our bull to bull tha parson's kee.

It is to be observed that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of jealousy; and his mentioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

*Cicily.* Ah Rager, Rager, chez was zore avraid  
When in yond vield you kiss'd tha parson's maid:  
Is this the love that once to me you zed [bread?]  
When from tha wake thou brought'st me ginger.

*Roger.* Cicily thou charg'st me false—I'll swear to thee,  
Tha parson's maid is still a maid for me.

In which answer of his are expressed at once that 'spirit of religion,' and that 'innocence of the golden age,' so necessary to be observed by all writers of pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world:

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,  
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to show my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spenser and Philips have hit into the same road with this old west country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a pastoral writer; since upon the whole he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry, they are by no means pastorals, but 'something better.'

No. 41.]

Tuesday, April 28, 1713.

E'en churches are no sanctuaries now.

*Epiloguc to Cato.*

THE following letter has so much truth and reason in it, that I believe every man of sense and honour in England, will have a just indignation against the person who could commit so great a violence, as that of which my correspondent complains.

'To the Author of the Guardian.

SIR,—I claim a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made at your first appearance, and the very title you assume to yourself.

'If the circumstance which I am going to mention is overlooked by one who calls himself Guardian, I am sure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care.—The Examiner ends his discourse of Friday, the twenty-fourth instant, with these words:

"No sooner was D—\* among the whigs, and confirmed past retrieving, but lady Char—te† is taken knotting in St. James's chapel during divine service, in the immediate presence both of God and her majesty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be entirely come over. I spare the beauty for the sake of her birth; but certainly there was no occasion for so public a proof, that her fingers are more dexterous in tying a knot, than her father's brains in perplexing the government."

'It is apparent that the person here intended is by her birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of Great Britain; and the treatment this author is pleased to give her, he makes no scruple to own she is exposed to by being his daughter. Since he has assumed a licence to talk of this nobleman in print to his disadvantage, I hope his lordship will pardon me, that out of the interest which I, and all true Englishmen have in his character, I take the liberty to defend him.

'I am willing on this occasion, to allow the claim and pretension to merit to be such, as the same author describes in his preceding paper.

"By active merit (says the Examiner of the twenty-first) I understand, not only the power and ability to serve, but the actual exercise of any one or more virtues, for promoting the good of one's country, and a long and steady course of real endeavours to appear useful in a government; or where a person eminently qualified for public affairs, distinguishes himself in some critical juncture, and at the expense of his ease and fortune, or with the hazard of his person, exposes himself to the malice of a designing faction, by thwarting their wicked purposes, and contributing to the safety, repose, and welfare of a people."

'Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl by this description. Upon the late glorious revolution, when it was in debate in what manner the people of England should express their gratitude to their deliverer, this lord, from the utmost tenderness and loyalty to his unhappy

\* Earl of Nottingham.

† His daughter, lady Charlotte Finch, afterwards duchess of Somerset.

\* That is, kine or cows.

prince, and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change, voted against king William's accession to the throne. However, his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, "Though he could not make a king, he could obey him." The whole course and tenour of his life ever since has been visibly animated, by a steady and constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion, or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow-subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of doctor Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence which the house of lords pronounced on that occasion. But, indeed, I have not heard that any of his lordship's dependents joined saint Harry in the pilgrimage which "that meek man" took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet, and acclamations, to "visit the churches."—Civil prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw the public affairs into such hands as had no pretensions to popularity in either party, but from the distribution of the queen's favours.

'During such, and other later transactions, (which are too fresh to need being recounted) the earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the lords who have the honour to be employed in the administration; but even among these incidents he has highly distinguished himself in procuring an act of parliament, to prevent that those who dissent from the church should serve in the state.

'I hope these are great and critical junctures wherein this gentleman has shown himself a patriot and lover of the church in as eminent manner, as any other of his fellow-subjects. "He has at all times, and in all seasons, shown the same steady abhorrence to all innovations." But it is from this behaviour, that he has deserved so ill of the Examiner, as to be termed a "late convert" to those whom he calls factious, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the sixth, with a servant and a mad woman. I think I have, according to the Examiner's own description of merit, shown how little this nobleman deserves such treatment. I shall now appeal to all the world, to consider whether the outrage committed against the young lady had not been cruel and insufferable, towards the daughter of the highest offender.

'The utmost malice and invention could go no farther than to forge a story of her having inadvertently done an indifferent action in a sacred place. Of what temper can this man be made, that could have no sense of the pangs he must give a young lady to be barely mentioned in a public paper, much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man.

'But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it strike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint sting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticism at the expense of a young lady's quiet, and (as far as in him lies) her honour. Does he thus finish his

discourse of religion? This is indeed "to lay at us and make every blow fell to the ground."

'There is no party concerned in this circumstance; but every man that hopes for a virtuous woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or protect his mistress, ought to receive this insolence as done to himself. "In the immediate presence of God and her majesty, that the family might appear to be entirely come over," says the fawning miscreant.—It is very visible which of those powers (that he has put together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he mistakes his way in making his court to a pious sovereign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find protection for insulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call upon him in the royal chapel.

'If life be (as it ought to be with people of their character, whom the Examiner attacks) less valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the Examiner worse than an assassin; we have stood by and tamely heard him aggravate the disgraces of the brave and the unfortunate, we have seen him double the anguish of the unhappy man, we have seen him trample on the ashes of the dead; but all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, they did but remotely affect our private and domestic interests; but when due regard is not had to the honour of women, all human society is assaulted. The highest person in the world is of that sex, and has the utmost sensibility of an outrage committed against it. She, who was the best wife that ever prince was blessed with, will, though she sits on a throne, jealously regard the honour of a young lady who has not entered into that condition.

'Lady Char—te's quality will make it impossible that this cruel usage can escape her majesty's notice; and it is the business of every honest man to trace the offender, and expose him to the indignation of his sovereign.'

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No. 42.]      Wednesday, April 29, 1713.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.  
*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. ult.*  
 Sticking like leeches till they burst with blood.  
*Roscommon.*

TOM LIZARD told us a story the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the templar, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his inns-of-court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have



nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life; yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call 'a knack'; it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy joles. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth, than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of sets his image before

the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it, it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor it is for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'that's all!'

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner; when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John,—no! 'twas William, started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and inter-marriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales, one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but, father,' saith the son, let us have the Spirit in the Wood.' After

that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' saith sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that; but 'tis a pleasant conceit, to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order, and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done to my knowledge, ever since the revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his belly, and says with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have lost by you to-day.' 'How so, sir Harry?' replies my lady; 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent stomach.' At this, his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals, who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, 'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence: and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

No. 43.] *Thursday, April 30, 1713.*

•*Ætære leves indigna Tragedia versus,  
Ut festus matrona inoveri jussa diebus.  
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 231.*  
———Tragedy should blush as much to stoop  
To the low mimic follies of a farce,  
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.  
*Roscommon.*

I HAD for some days observed something in agitation, which was carried by smiles and whispers between my lady Lizard and her daughters, with a professed declaration that Mr. Ironside should not be in the secret. I would not trespass upon the integrity of the Sparkler so much as to solicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but I take it for an instance of her kindness to me, that as soon as she was at liberty, she was impatient to let me know it, and this morning sent me the following billet:

'Sir,—My brother Tom waited upon us all last night to Cato; we sat in the first seats in the box of the eighteen-penny gallery. You must come hither this morning, for we shall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia last night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's presence; but this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no when I see you; but I think it is a more

difficult virtue to forbear going into a family, though she was in love with the heir of it, for no other reason but because her happiness was inconsistent with the tranquillity of the whole house, to which she should be allied. I say, I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive, than in Marcia to suspend hers in the present circumstances of her father and her country: but pray be here to settle these matters. I am, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

'MARY LIZARD.'

I made all the haste imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and the whole company with a sublime cheerfulness in their countenance, all ready to speak to me at once: and before I could draw my chair, my lady herself repeated,

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,  
The tincture of a skin that I admire;  
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and falls upon the sense.  
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:  
True, she is fair; (oh! how divinely fair!)  
But still the lovely maid improves her charms  
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
And sanctity of manners.

I was going to speak, when Mrs. Cornelia stood up, and with the most gentle accent and sweetest tone of voice succeeded her mother:

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,  
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,  
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,  
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,  
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a chair; but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmost delight pursue her admiration of Lucia in the words of Portius:

———Athwart the terrors that thy wov  
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,  
More amiable, and risest in thy charms,  
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul,  
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,  
Bright'ning each other; thou art all divine!

When the ladies had done speaking, I took the liberty to take my place; while Tom, who, like a just courtier, thinks the interest of his prince and country the same, dwelt upon these lines:

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,  
The generous plan of power deliver'd down  
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,  
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.)  
O let it never perish in your hands!  
But piously transmit it to your children.

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart that Annabella, for whom I have long had some apprehensions, said nothing on this occasion, but indulged herself in the sneer of a little mind, to see the rest so much affected. Mrs. Betty also, who knows forsooth more than us all, overlooked the whole drama, but acknowledged the dresses of Syphax and Juba were very prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been so warmly roused by this admirable piece in all parts of the theatre, is an unanswerable instance of how great force the stage might be towards the improvement of the world, were it regarded and



encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this case, for the advantages of action, and the representation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are so irresistibly prevalent, that the theatre ought to be shut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue or guard of innocence among its people. Speeches or sermons will ever suffer, in some degree, from the characters of those that make them; and mankind are so unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling against the lives of those who speak in the cause of goodness, to keep themselves in countenance, and continue in beloved infirmities. But in the case of the stage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all insensibly won by personated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals, or superiors; every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is secretly pleased, and encouraged in the prosecution of that virtue without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpose I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my lady Lizard, with a look of some severity towards Annabella and Mrs. Betty, was pleased to say, that it must be from some trifling prepossession of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet understand to what circumstance in the family her ladyship alluded, when she made all the company look serious, and rehearsed, with a tone more exalted, those words of the heroine,

In spite of all the virtues we can boast,  
The woman that deliberates is lost.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Bat Pigeon in the Strand, hair-cutter to the family of the Lizards, has attained to great proficiency in his art, Mr. Ironside advises all persons of fine heads, in order to have justice done them, to repair to that industrious mechanic.

N. B. Mr. Pigeon has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of young persons, before he thins the covering near the seat of the brain.

No. 44.] *Friday, May 1, 1713.*

— Hac iter Elysium nobis. *Virg. Æn. vi. 542.*

This path conducts us to th' Elysian fields.

I HAVE frequently observed in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a set of old fellows who appear to be humourists, and wrapped up in themselves; but have long been at a loss when I have seen them smile, and name my name as I passed by, and say, Old Ironside wears well. I am a mere boy to some of them who frequent Gray's-inn, but am not a little pleased to find they are even with the world, and return upon it its neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have against the petulance of young people. I am very glad to observe that these sages of this peripatetic sect study tranquillity and indolence

of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of so much contention as is carried on among the students of Littleton. The following letter gives us some light into the manners and maxims of these philosophers.

*'To the Guardian.*

'SIR,—As the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, those persons who have resisted and disputed the tyranny of either of these, have employed the sublimest speculations of the writers in all languages. As these deceased heroes have had their places judiciously assigned them already in the temple of fame, I would immortalize some persons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exercised with the utmost tranquillity and pleasure to themselves, and as they are substantially happy on this side the grave, in opposition to all the Greek and Latin scraps to the contrary.

'As therefore I am naturally subject to cruel inroads from the spleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the east, as I am the weather-glass of every company I come into, I sometimes, according to Shakspeare,

Sit like my grandsire cut in alabaster,  
Sleep whilst I wake, and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish.

'I would furnish out a table of merry fame, in envious admiration of those jovial blades, who disappoint the strokes of age and fortune with the same gayety of soul, as when through youth or affluence they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and achievement. There are, you may observe, in all public walks, persons who by a singular shabbiness of their attire, make a very ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of dress. They are very sullen and involved, and appear in such a state of distress and tribulation as to be thought inconsolable. They are generally of that complexion which was in fashion during the pleasurable reign of Charles the Second. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter brown, whose fortunes fell with that of king James. Now these, who are the jest of such as take themselves, and the world usually takes, to be in prosperity, are the very persons whose happiness, were it understood, would be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into the discovery of them in the following manner: One day last summer, being particularly under the dominion of the spleen, I resolved to sooth my melancholy in the company of such, whose appearance promised a full return of any complaints I could possibly utter. Living near Gray's-inn walk, I went thither in search of the persons above described, and found some of them seated upon a bench, where, as Milton sings,

— the unpierced shade  
Imbrowed their noontide bower.

'I squeezed in among them, and they did not only receive my moanings with singular humanity, but gave me all possible encouragement to enlarge them. If the blackness of my spleen raised any imaginary distemper of body, some one of them immediately sympathized with me. If I spoke of any disappointment in my fortune

another of them would abate my sorrowing by recounting to me his own defeat upon the very same circumstances. If I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole assembly seemed to condole with me very feelingly upon that particular. In short, I could not make myself so calamitous in mind, body, or circumstances, but some one of them was upon a level with me. When I had wound up my discourse, and was ripe for their intended raillery, at first they crowned my narration with several piteous sighs and groans, but after a short pause, and a signal given for the onset, they burst out into a most incomprehensible fit of laughter. You may be sure I was notably out of countenance, which gave occasion to a second explosion of the same mirth. What troubled me most was, that their figure, age, and short swords, preserved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refusal of battle, and their number from insult. I had now no other way to be upon good terms with them, but desiring I might be admitted into this fraternity. This was at first vigorously opposed, it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of a happy man to be received into a society so proud of appearing the most afflicted. However, as I only seemed to be what they really were, I am admitted by way of triumph upon probation for a year: and if within that time it shall be possible for them to infuse any of their gayety into me, I can, at Monmouth-street, upon mighty easy terms, purchase the robes necessary for my installment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, shall be willing to appear as miserable as any of this assembly. I confess I have ever since been ashamed, that I should once take that place to be sacred to the disconsolate, which I now must affirm to be the only Elysium on this side the Styx; and that ever I should look upon those personages as lively instances of the outrage of time and fortune, who disallow their empire with such inimitable bravery. Some of these are pretty good classical scholars, and they follow these studies always walking, upon account of a certain sentence in Pliny's epistles to the following effect. "'Tis inconceivable how much the understanding is enlivened by the exercise of the body." If therefore their author is a little difficult, you will see them fleeing with a very precipitate pace, and when it has been very perplexed and abstruse, I have seen a couple of these students prepare their apprehensions by still quicker motions, till they run into wisdom. These courses do not only make them go through their studies with pleasure and profit, but there is more spirit and vigour in their dialogues after the heat and hurry of these perambulations. This place was chosen as the peculiar resort of these sages, not only upon account of its air and situation, but in regard to certain edifices and seats therein raised with great magnificence and convenience: and here, after the toils of their walks, and upon any stress of weather, these blessed inhabitants assemble themselves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the most frequent conferences, not so much because of the loveliness of its eminence, as a sentence of literature incircling

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the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: "*Franciscus Bacon Eques Auratus Executor Testamenti Jeremieæ Bettenham Hujus Hospitii Viri Abstemii et Contemplativi Hanc Sedem possuit in Memorium Ejusdem.*" Now this structure being erected in honourable memory of the abstemious, the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occasion to rally this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a person, who, according to their translation of the words, being confessed to have been of most splenetic memory, ought rather to lie buried in oblivion.

'Lest they should flag in their own way of conversation, they admit a fair-one to relieve them with hers. There are two or three thin existences among them, which I think I may call the ghosts of departed beaux, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their passion never rises higher than a kiss, which is always

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay. *Milton.*

'As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their seeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greatest indulgence imaginable in these amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguish them.

'During my year of probation, I am to prepare myself with such parts of history as have engaged their application during the leisure of their ill-fortune; I am therefore to read Rushworth and Clarendon, in the perusal of which authors I am not obliged to enter into the justness of their reflections and characters, but am desired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of Marston-moor and Edgehill, in one of which every man of this assembly has lost a relation; and each has a story which none who has not read those battles is able to taste.

'I had almost forgot to mention a most unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time since, in a prodigious foggy morning, I went in search of these persons to their usual place of resort, and perhaps shall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that, notwithstanding they sucked in so condensed and poisonous an æther, I found them enjoying themselves with as much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the serenity of Montpellier.—I am, sir, your most humble servant,

J. W.'

No. 45.]

Saturday, May 2, 1713.

I do not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words, 'Alas! whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me.' The circumstances of her story are only those ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address to her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, 'She had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget those meaner considerations, and innocent free-

6\*



doms were not to be denied. A gentleman of condition is not to be shunned purely for being such; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, because, they were not used by him with the same distinction.' But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth. Fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression unpunished without its assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falsehood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which, instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumstance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition, and taste of polite conversation, I have often known snares to ward vice in some, whilst sullenness and disrelish of any thing that was agreeable, have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me; and she says she is sure, he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that if he reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor girl! 'Cæsar ashamed! Has not he seen Pharsalia?' Does the poor creature imagine that a scrip of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasures which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them by some friend that heard them; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses, under a stupor of faith, honour, and conscience! No; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire; he is not surprised into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, skill, and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil: but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I do not, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not but they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party, as to vice and virtue, for life; but I know not how it is, but our sex

has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues by which means females adventure all against those who have nothing to lose; and they have nothing but empty sighs, tears, and reproaches, against those who reduced them to real sorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this case the very attempt is become ridiculous. But, in spite of all the railery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should upon this occasion bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiseworthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure he would carry him to visit her: but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said with a smile, 'If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation when I ought to be better employed.' But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) 'He knew not aught he had save the bread which he did eat,' he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! 'Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand, there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife.' The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue, to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency, which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulance, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is

the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations, at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to is, to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraits which I would propose as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery against the continency of his principal character, if I had been alone with a lady I should not have passed my time like your Spartan; 'That may be,' answered the bard, with a very grave face, 'but give me leave to tell you, sir, you are no hero.'

No. 46.]

Monday, May 4, 1713.

Sola est cœlesti digna reperta toro.

*Ovid*, Lib. 3. Ep. i. 118.

Alone found worthy a celestial bed.

YESTERDAY, at my lady Lizard's tea-table, the discourse happened to turn upon women of renown; such as have distinguished themselves in the world by surprising actions, or by any great and shining qualities, so as to draw upon themselves the envy of their own sex, and the admiration of ours. My lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the most famous, of which she has a considerable number both in print and manuscript. This naturally led me to speak of madam Maintenon: and, at the request of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together such circumstances of her life, as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from conversation in my travels.

Madam Maintenon was born a gentlewoman, her name is Frances Daubigné. Monsieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a person of condition, but likewise of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, the eightieth year of his age. A little before his death he writ his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb-stone in the cloister of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be seen in Spon's history of that republic. He was a leading man among the protestants in France, and much courted to come over to the opposite party. When he perceived there was no safety for him any longer in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magistrates and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and distinction: and he passed the remaining part of his life amongst them in great esteem. Mezeray (the French historian) says, that he was a man of great courage and boldness, of a ready wit, and of a fine taste in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

The son of this Daubigné was father to the present madam Maintenon. This gentleman

was thrown into prison when he was but a youth, for what reason I cannot learn; but his life it seems, was in question, if the keeper of the prison's daughter (touched with his misfortunes and his merit) had not determined with herself to set him at liberty. Accordingly, a favourable opportunity presenting itself, she set the prisoner at large, and accompanied him herself in his flight. The lovers finding themselves now in no danger of being apprehended, monsieur Daubigné acquitted himself of the promise he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide against their immediate want in a strange place, she had taken with her what she found at home most valuable and easy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treasure lasted, our new-married couple thought themselves the happiest persons living. But their provisions now began to fail, and monsieur Daubigné, who plainly saw the straits to which they must be in a little time reduced, notwithstanding all his love and tenderness, thought he should soon be in a far worse condition, than that from which he had so lately escaped. But what most afflicted him was to see that his wife, whom he loved so tenderly, must be reduced to the utmost necessity, and that too at a time when she was big with child.

Monsieur Daubigné, pressed with these difficulties, formed to himself a very hazardous resolution; and since the danger he saw in it was only to his person, he put it in execution without ever consulting his wife. The purpose he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up some of his effects, and in a short time to have the pleasure of returning to his wife with some little means of subsistence. He flattered himself, that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for some time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwise, for he was betrayed by those in whom he confided; so that he was a second time cast into prison. I should have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave: and that the first notice she had of his design was by a letter, which he sent her from the place where he lay the first night. Upon the reading of it, she was immediately alarmed for the life of a husband so very dear to her; but she fell into the last affliction when she received the news of his being imprisoned again, of which she had been apprehensive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, she considered that the afflicting of herself could give him no relief; and despairing ever to be able a second time to bring about the delivery of her husband, and likewise finding it impossible for her to live long separated from him, she resolved to share in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his prison. Therefore, without the least regard to the danger of a woman's travelling in her condition (for she was now far gone with child) she entered upon her journey, and having found out her husband, voluntarily gave herself up to remain a prisoner with him. And here it was that she was delivered of that daughter, who has since proved the wonder of her age.



The relations of monsieur Daubigné, dissatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting madam Vilette, his sister, who used to visit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which she found him, entirely destitute of all the conveniences, and almost the very necessities of life. But that which most moved her compassion was, to see in the arms of a disconsolate mother, the poor helpless infant exposed amidst her cries, to cold, to nakedness, and hunger. In this extremity madam Vilette took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurse, with whom she was bred up for some time, as a foster-sister. Besides this, she sent the two prisoners several necessities. Some time after, monsieur Daubigné found means, by changing his religion, to get out of prison, upon condition he would quit the kingdom; to which he consented.

Monsieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to see France more, got together what little substance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and so, with a small family, he embarked for America; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children (a son and a daughter) good education.

These unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter who was elder than her brother, as she grew up began to be very desirous of seeing her native country; this, together with the hopes she had of recovering something of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the first opportunity of returning into France. Finding therefore a ship that was ready to sail thither, she went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence she proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her business first, to inquire out madam Vilette, her aunt, who she knew very well was the person to whom she owed her life. Madam Vilette received her with great marks of affection; and after informing her, that she must not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, since that was all irreparably lost and dissipated by his banishment, and the proceedings against him, she added, that she should be welcome, if she thought fit, to live with her, where at least she should never be reduced to want a subsistence.

Mademoiselle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and studied by all means imaginable to render herself necessary and agreeable to a person upon whom she saw that she must entirely depend for every thing. More especially she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse. And, to omit nothing that might please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors; she was impatient to have some conversation with ministers, and to frequent their sermons; so that in a short time she began to take a great liking to the protestant religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that she would have openly professed this way of worship, if some of her father's relations that were papists, and who forsook him in his

adversity, had not, to make their own court, been busy in advertising some great men of the danger mademoiselle Daubigné was in as to her salvation, and in demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party, and orders were immediately given that she should be taken from her aunt Vilette, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was soon executed; and mademoiselle Daubigné was in a manner forced by violence from madam Vilette, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She shed abundance of tears at parting, and assured her aunt, and her cousin (who was now married to monsieur Saint Hermine) that she should always preserve, with the remembrance of their kindness, the good impressions she had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when she found a time and occasion proper for it.

No. 47.]

Tuesday, May 5, 1713.

MADMOISELLE DAUBIGNÉ was conducted from madam Vilette's to a relation, who had a lawsuit then depending at Paris; and being for that reason obliged to go thither, she carried mademoiselle Daubigné with her. This lady hired apartments in the same house where the famous Scaron was lodged. She made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a visit, she desired he would give her cousin leave, in the mean time, to come and sit with him; knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from such a person, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monsieur Scaron was, of all men living, the most unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewise very infirm. In consideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly pension from the court of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the conversation of mademoiselle Daubigné; and her kinswoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scaron occasion to discover still new beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the story of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born; all which she knew how to describe in so expressive and moving a manner, that he found himself touched with a strong compassion towards her; and resolved with himself, if not to make her happy, at least to set her at ease, by placing her in a nunnery at his own expense. But upon further deliberation he found himself very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which, in all likelihood, she never expected. One day, therefore, when she was left alone with him, as usual, he opened his intentions to her (as it is said) much after the following manner: 'I am, mademoiselle,' says he, 'not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great sufferings you have undergone. I am likewise very sensible of the uneasy circumstances under which you labour at present; and I have now for some

days been contriving with myself how to extricate you out of all your difficulties. At last I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I so much desire; I leave you to determine according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one or the other: or, if neither of them please you, to refuse them both. My fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a joint partaker with myself of the little I have, or to place you, at my own expense, in any convent you shall choose. I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know I make but an ungainly figure; but I am not able to new-mould it; I offer myself to you such as I am; and yet, such as you see me, I do assure you that I would not bestow myself upon another; and that I must have a very great esteem for you, ever to propose a marriage, which, of all things in the world, I have had the least in my thoughts hitherto. Consider, therefore, and take your final resolutions, either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your present condition, without repining, since these do all of them depend upon your own choice.

Mademoiselle Daubigné returned monsieur Scaron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependant state, not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want. Finding, therefore, in herself no call towards a nunnery, she answered monsieur Scaron without hesitation, that, 'she had too great a sense of her obligations to him not to be desirous of that way of life that would give her the most frequent occasions of showing her gratitude to him.' Scaron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person he liked so well, was charmed with her answer. They both came to a resolution, that he should ask her relation's consent that very evening. She gave it very frankly; and this marriage, so soon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of madam Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniences during his life; but losing him, she lost all: his pension ceased upon his death; and she found herself again reduced to the same indigent condition in which she had been before her marriage.

Upon this she retired into the convent in the Place Royale, founded for the relief of necessitous persons; where the friends of her deceased husband took care of her. It was here the friendship between her and madam Saint Basile (a nun) had its beginning, which has continued ever since, for she still goes to visit her frequently in the convent de la Raquette, where she now lives. And, to the honour of madam Maintenon, it must be allowed, that she has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful, in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom she had formerly been obliged.

Her husband's friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the

pension which monsieur Scaron had enjoyed. In order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, 'The widow Scaron most humbly prays your majesty,' &c. But all these petitions signified nothing; and the king was so weary of them that he has been heard to say, 'Must I always be pestered with the widow Scaron?' Notwithstanding which, her friends were resolved not to be discouraged in their endeavours to serve her.

After this, she quitted the convent, and went to live in the hotel d'Albert, where her husband had always been very much esteemed. Here (it is said) something very remarkable happened to her, which I shall relate, because I find it so confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were masons at work in the hotel d'Albert, not far from the apartment of madam Scaron. One of them came into her chamber, and, finding two or three visitants of her own sex, desired he might speak with her in private; she carried him into her closet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. But whence he drew this knowledge (continues my author,) which time has so wonderfully verified, is a mystery still to me. As to madam Scaron, she saw then so little appearance of probability in his predictions, that she hardly gave the least heed to them. Nevertheless, the company, upon her return, remarked some alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies said, 'Surely this man has brought you some very pleasing news, for you look with a more cheerful air than you did before he came in.' 'There would be sufficient reason for my doing so,' replied she, 'if I could give any credit to what this fellow has promised me. And I can tell you,' says she, smiling, 'that if there should be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your court to me beforehand.' These ladies could not prevail upon her to satisfy their curiosity any farther; but she communicated the whole secret to a bosom friend after they were gone; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold were come to pass, and so scrupulous a secrecy in that point did no longer seem necessary.

Some time after this, she was advised to seek all occasions of insinuating herself into the favour of madam Mountspan, who was the king's mistress, and had an absolute influence over him. Madam Scaron, therefore, found the means of being presented to madam Mountspan, and at that time spoke to her with so good a grace, that madam Mountspan, pitying her circumstances, and resolving to make them more easy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her presenting it to him, said, 'What! the widow Scaron again? Shall I never see any thing else?' 'Indeed, sir,' says madam Mountspan, 'it is now a long time since you ought not to have had her name mentioned to you any more; and it is something extraordinary that your majesty has done nothing all this while for a poor woman, who, without exception, deserves a much better condition, as well upon the account of her own merit, as of the reputation of her late husband.'



The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to please madam Mountespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madam Scaron came to thank her patroness; and madam Mountespan took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the king, and, after that, proposed to him, that she might be made governeante to their children. His majesty consented to it; and madam Scaron, by her address and good conduct, won so much upon the affections and esteem of madam Mountespan, that in a little time she became her favourite and confidant.

It happened one night that madam Mountespan sent for her, to tell her, that she was in great perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a billet from the king, which required an immediate answer; and though she did by no means want wit, yet in that instant she found herself incapable of writing any thing with spirit. In the mean time the messenger waited for an answer, while she racked her invention to no purpose. Had there been nothing more requisite, but to say a few tender things, she needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but she had, over and above, the reputation of her style and manner of writing to maintain, and her invention played her false in so critical a juncture. This reduced her to the necessity of desiring madam Scaron to help her out; and giving her the king's billet, she bid her make an answer to it immediately. Madam Scaron would, out of modesty, have excused herself; but madam Mountespan laid her absolute commands upon her: so that she obeyed, and writ a most agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderness. Madam Mountespan was very much pleased with it, she copied it, and sent it. The king was infinitely delighted with it. He thought madam Mountespan had surpassed herself; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occasion to an increase of tenderness. The principal part of his amusement that night, was to read over and over again this letter, in which he discovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himself the happiest and the most extraordinary man living, to be able to inspire his mistress with such surprising sentiments and turns of wit.

Next morning, as soon as he was drest, he went directly to make a visit to madam Mountespan. 'What happy genius, madam,' says he, upon his first coming into her chamber, 'influenced your thoughts last night? Never certainly was there any thing so charming, and so finely writ, as the billet you sent me! and if you truly feel the tenderness you have so well described, my happiness is complete.' Madam Mountespan was in confusion with these praises, which properly belonged to another; and she could not help betraying something of it by her blushes. The king perceived the disorder she was in, and was earnest to know the cause of it. She would fain have put it off; but the king's curiosity still increasing, in proportion to the excuses she made, she was forced to tell him all that had passed, lest he should of himself imagine something worse. The king was extremely surprised, though in civility he dissembled his thoughts at that time, neverthe-

less he could not help desiring to see the author of the letter that had pleased him so much; to satisfy himself whether her wit in conversation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madam Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the mason; and from the desire the king had to see her, conceived no small hopes. Notwithstanding she now had passed the flower of her age, yet she flattered herself that her destiny had reserved this one conquest in store for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh ruddy lips. She has, besides, the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of adjusting her looks to her thoughts in such a manner, that all she says goes directly to the heart. The king was already prepossessed in her favour; and, after three or four times conversing with her, began visibly to cool in his affections towards madam Mountespan.

The king in a little time purchased for madam Scaron those lands which carry the name of Maintenon, a title which she from that time has taken. Never was there an instance of any favourite having so great a power over a prince, as what she has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the least favour but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion that she has been the occasion of all the ill treatment which the protestants have met with, and consequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from those proceedings. But it is more reasonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jesuits; and she has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues. Besides, it is not natural to think that she, who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well instructed in the protestant faith and way of worship, should ever be the author of a persecution against those innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her.

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No. 48.]

Wednesday, May 6, 1713.

It is the general opinion, that madam Maintenon has of late years influenced all the measures of the court of France. The king, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to sit with her till about ten o'clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his supper. The comptroller general of the finances likewise comes to her apartments to meet the king. While they are in discourse madam Maintenon sits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not seeming to give the least attention to what is said. Nevertheless, the minister never makes a proposition to the king, but his majesty turns towards her, and says, 'What think you, madam, of this?' She expresses her opinion after a modest manner; and whatsoever she says is done. Madam Maintenon never appears in public except when she goes with the king to take the air; and then she sits on the same seat with the king, with her spectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not

seem to be so much as sensible of the great fortunes and honours to which she has raised herself. She is always very modestly drest, and never appears with any train of servants. Every morning she goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there, it being a kind of a nursery founded by herself for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king rises, who never fails to pay her a morning visit. She goes to mass always by break of day, to avoid the concourse of people. She is rarely seen by any, and almost inaccessible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own sex. Whether it be, that she would by this conduct avoid envy, as some think; or, as others would have it, that she is afraid the rank which she thinks due to her should be disputed in all visits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occasions she declines the taking of any rank; and the title of marquise (which belongs to the lands the king purchased for her) is suppressed before her name; neither will she accept of the title of a duchess, aspiring in all probability at something still higher, as will appear by what follows.

From several particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of madam Maintenon, it has for some years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are married. And it is said, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at last; and that she was resolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for some time resisted all her solicitations upon that head, but at length, in a fit of tenderness and good nature, he promised her, that he would consult his confessor upon that point. Madam Maintenon was pleased with this, not doubting but that father La Chaise would be glad of this occasion of making his court to her; but he was too subtle a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in so nice an affair; and for that reason evaded it, by telling the king, that he did not think himself a casuist able enough to decide a question of so great importance, and for that reason desired he might consult with some man of skill and learning, for whose secrecy he would be responsible. The king was apprehensive lest this might make the matter too public; but as soon as father La Chaise named monsieur Fénélon, the archbishop of Cambray, his fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As soon as the confessor had communicated the business he came upon to the bishop, he said, 'What have I done, father, that you should ruin me! But 'tis no matter; let us go to the king.' His majesty was in his closet expecting them. The bishop was no sooner entered, but he threw himself at the king's feet, and begged of him not to sacrifice him. The king promised him that he would not; and then proposed the case to him. The bishop, with his usual sincerity, represented to him the great prejudice he would do himself by declaring his marriage, together with the ill consequences that might attend such a proceeding. The king very much approved his reasons, and resolved to go no farther in this affair. Madam Maintenon still pressed him to comply with her, but it was now all to

no purpose; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She asked him, if it was father La Chaise who dissuaded him from it. He for some time refused to give her any answer, but at last overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had passed. She upon this dissembled her resentment, that she might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jesuit was to be forgiven; but the first marks of her vengeance fell upon the archbishop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his bishopric; and there have no endeavours been spared to deprive him even of that. As a farther instance of the uncontrollable power of this great favourite, and of her resenting even the most trivial matters that she thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called *La Fausse Prude*, which was supposed to reflect upon madam Maintenon in particular.

It is something very extraordinary, that she has been able to keep entire the affections of the king so many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the least disgrace; notwithstanding the number of enemies she has had, and the intrigues that have been formed against her from time to time. This brings into my memory a saying of king William's, that I have heard on this occasion;

That the king of France was in his conduct quite opposite to other princes; since he made choice of young ministers, and an old mistress. But this lady's charms have not lain so much in her person, as in her wit and good sense. She has always had the address to flatter the vanity of the king, and to mix always something solid and useful with the more agreeable parts of her conversation. She has known how to introduce the most serious affairs of state into their hours of pleasure; by telling his majesty, that a monarch should not love, nor do any thing, like other men; and that he, of all men living, knew best how to be always a king and always like himself, even in the midst of his diversions. The king now converses with her as a friend, and advises with her upon his most secret affairs. He has a true love and esteem for her; and has taken care, in case he should die before her, that she may pass the remainder of her life with honour, in the abbey of St. Cyr. There are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place; she and all her domestics are to be maintained out of the rents of the house, and she is to receive all the honours due to a foundress. This abbey stands in the park of Versailles; it is a fine piece of building, and the king has endowed it with large revenues. The design of it, (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young ladies, whose fortunes do not answer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place but such as can give sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's side for a hundred and forty years; besides which, they must have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of their bishop. The age at which persons are



capable of being admitted here is from seven years old till twelve. Lastly, it is required, that they should have no defect or blemish of body or mind; and for this reason there are persons appointed to visit and examine them before they are received into the college. When these young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themselves to any farther expense or trouble about them. They are provided with all necessaries for maintenance and education. They style themselves of the order of St. Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to choose a state of life for themselves, they may either be placed as nuns in some convent at the king's expense, or be married to some gentleman, whom madam Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives besides, a portion of four hundred pistoles. Most of these marriages have proved very successful; and several gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very considerable employments.

I must conclude this short account of madam Maintenon with advertising my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the several particulars that I have related. All I can say is, that a great many of them are attested by several writers; and that I thought this sketch of a woman so remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, till such a time as some pen, more fully instructed in her whole life and character, shall undertake to give it to the public.

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No. 49.]

Thursday, May 7, 1713.

—— quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. vi. 2.*

To make men happy and to keep them so.

*Creech.*

It is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those, which, not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which, having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those

pleasures are which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap, or easy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, 'that nothing is made in vain,' much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money is fantastical; so is the desire of outward distinctions, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts are driven to such pursuits as these from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on these truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius, or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses, and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to

certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business choose to live near the court.

In some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim (viz. That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it,) to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many parquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library, that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private economy. As I cannot go to the price of history-painting, I have purchased at easy rates several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters; my couches, beds, and window-curtains are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of riband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees

I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who in their race through life overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid and with it the lowest is a paradise. What un natural wretches then are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss? But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them till I see some symptoms of amendment.

No. 50.]

Friday, May 8, 1713.

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam?—

Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. vi. 60.

O! when shall I enjoy my country seat?

Creech.

THE perplexities and diversions, recounted in the following letter, are represented with some pleasantry; I shall, therefore, make this epistle the entertainment of the day.

‘To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

‘SIR,—The time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happiness when I was last there. In the recounting of which, I shall not dwell so much upon the verdure of the fields, the shade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon some particular satisfactions, which, though not merely rural, must naturally create a desire of seeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my passage I shall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleasure of being whirled along with six horses, the easy grandeur of lolling in a handsome chariot, the reciprocal satisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, passengers of such distinction. The gentleman’s seat (with whom, among others, I had the honour to go down) is the remains of an ancient castle which has suffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the several turrets and strong holds gave my imagination more pleasant exercise than the most magnificent structure could, as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced soldier with more veneration than the most exact proportion



of a beautiful woman. As this desolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow desirous to know the history of the particular scene of action in this place of my abode. I here must beseech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who, for his general knowledge of things and persons, may be had in equal estimation with any of that order among the Romans. This person was allowed to be the best historian upon the spot; and the sequel of my tale will discover that I did not choose him so much for the soft touch of his hand, as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it, the most authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town, are derived from this person. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous speaker could be. The first time he came to shave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave a flourish with it, very like the salutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend incision would as certainly ensue. The dexterity of this overture consists in playing the razor, with a nimble wrist, mighty near the nose without touching it: convincing him, therefore, of the dangerous consequence of such an unnecessary agility, with much persuasion I suppressed it. During the perusal of my face he gives me such accounts of the families in the neighbourhood, as tradition and his own observation have furnished him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right hand corresponds, and the razor discovers on my face, at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody incidents of his narrative. But I had long before learned to expose my person to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I found, was very pestilential, and being obliged to utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his narrations, I beseeched him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with a breakfast. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dressed my wounds in the capacity of a barber-surgeon, we traversed the outworks about the castle, where I received particular information in what places any of note among the besiegers, or the besieged, received any wound, and I was carried always to the very spot where the fact was done, howsoever dangerous (scaling part of the walls, or stumbling over loose stones) my approach to such a place might be; it being conceived impossible to arrive at a true knowledge of those matters without this hazardous explanation upon them; inasmuch that I received more contusions from these speculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the most bold adventurer at the demolition of this castle. This, as all other his informations, the barber so lengthened and husbanded with digressions, that he had always something new to offer, wisely concluding that when he had finished the part of a historian, I should have no occasion for him as a barber.

‘Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly resembled any

of those castles, which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where several unfortunate knights and ladies, were, by certain giants, made prisoners irrecoverably, till “the knight of the burning pestle,” or any other of equal hardness, should deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleasant beyond the most poetical description, one part of which is particularly private by being inaccessible to those that have not great resolution. This I have made sacred to love and poetry, and after having regularly invoked the goddess I adore, I here compose a tender couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to show my particular friends, who love me so well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry sinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuscript with my pen-knife; while, with Rochester,

“Here on a beech, like amorous sot,  
I sometime carve a true-love’s knot;  
There a tall oak her name does bear,  
In a large spreading character.”

‘I confess once whilst I was engraving one of my most curious conceits upon a delicate, smooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much skill, deserted me; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river; I did not recover the true spirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myself to some of the softest passages in Cassandra and Cleopatra.

‘These are the pleasures I met without doors; those within were as follow. I had the happiness to lie in a room that had a large hole opening from it, which, by unquestionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the castle, for a communication betwixt the austere creatures of that place, with others not altogether so contemplative. And the keeper’s brother assures me, that when he formerly lay in this room, he had seen some of the spirits of this departed brotherhood, enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued with the utmost civility to flesh and blood, till they were oppressed by the morning air. And if I do not receive his account with a very serious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a most ridiculous infidel. The most unaccountable pleasure I take is with a fine white young owl, which strayed one night in at my window, and which I was resolved to make a prisoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its confinement could possibly admit of. I so far insinuated myself into his favour, by presents of fresh provisions, that we could be very good company together. There is something in the eye of that creature, of such merry lustre, something of such human cunning in the turn of his visage, that I found vast delight in the survey of it. One objection indeed I at first saw, that this bird being the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of railery to the ingenious, especially when it shall be known, that I am as much delighted with a cat as ever Montaigne was. But, notwithstanding this, I am so far from being ashamed of this particular humour, that I esteem myself very happy in having my odd taste

of pleasure provided for upon such reasonable terms. What heightened all the pleasures I have spoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the house entertained us; and every one of us came into, or left the company as he thought fit; dined in his chamber, or the parlour, as a fit of spleen or study directed him; nay, sometimes every man rode or walked a different way, so that we never were together but when we were perfectly pleased with ourselves and each other. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

‘R. B.’

P. S. I had just given my orders for the press, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a visit. She came to desire I would show her the wardrobe of the Lizards, (where the various habits of the ancestors of that illustrious family are preserved,) in order to furnish her with a proper dress for the Wife of Bath. Upon sight of the little ruffs, she snatched one of them from the pin, clapt it round her neck, and, turning briskly towards me, repeated a speech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the rest of the actors enter into their several parts with the same spirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre: for very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact observation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 51.]

Saturday, May 9, 1713.

—Res antiquæ laudis et artis  
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.  
*Virg. Georg. ii. 174.*

Of arts disclos'd in ancient days, I sing,  
And venture to unlock the sacred spring.

It is probable the first poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worship of their gods: the spirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other, devotion inspired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion; the most sublime capacities were put to the most noble use; purity of will, and fineness of understanding, were not such strangers as they have been in latter ages, but were most frequently lodged in the same breast, and went, as it were, hand in hand to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worthy a far greater character than the Guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the conversion of the muses from sensuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modest, I should profess myself a great admirer of poesy, but that profession is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can swell with the joys, or be depressed with the misfortunes of others, nay, more, even of imaginary persons; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate

enough to relish the most beautiful; it is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed.

All kinds of poesy are amiable; but sacred poesy should be our most especial delight. Other poetry leads us through flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, soothes us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel; but sacred numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple, they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine, they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel from other lays, an awe and reverence that exalts, while it chastises: its sweet authority restrains each undue liberty of thought, word, and action: it makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a consciousness of the great presence we are in, where saints surround us, and angels are our fellow worshippers:

O let me glory, glory in my choice!  
Whom should I sing, but him who gave me voice!  
This theme shall last, when Homer's shall decay,  
When arts, arms, kings, and kingdoms melt away.  
And can it, powers immortal, can it be,  
That this high province was reserved for me?  
Whate'er the new, the rash adventure cost,  
In wide eternity I dare be lost.  
I dare launch out, and show the muses more  
Than e'er the learned sisters saw before.  
In narrow limits they were wont to sing,  
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king:  
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,  
I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind;  
I sing to men and angels: angels join [mine.\*  
(While such the theme) their sacred hymns with

But besides the greater pleasure which we receive from sacred poesy, it has another vast advantage above all other: when it has placed us in that imaginary temple (of which I just now spoke) methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an invisible hand, secures us in the enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion becomes our safety. Why then should not every heart that is addicted to the muses, cry out in the holy warmth of the best poet that ever lived, 'I will magnify thee, O Lord, my king, and I will praise thy name for ever, and ever.'

That greater benefit may be reaped from sacred poesy than from any other, is indisputable; but is it capable of yielding such exquisite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the serious and aged? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good esteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleasure to those who are conversant with beauty, and have their palates set high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which affects us most, and that affects us most which is on a subject in which we have the deepest concern; for this reason it is a rule in



epic poetry that the tale should be taken from the history of that country to which it is written, or at farthest from their distant ancestors. Thus Homer sung Achilles to the descendants of Achilles; and Virgil to Augustus that hero's voyage,

—Genus unde Latinum  
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.  
Æn. i. 6.  
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,  
And the long glories of majestic Rome. *Dryden.*

Had they changed subjects, they had certainly been worse poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of mankind; and in what subjects have we the greatest concern, but in those at the very thought of which 'This world grows less and less, and all its glories fade away?'

All other poesy must be dropt at the gate of death, this alone can enter with us into immortality; it will admit of an improvement only, not (strictly speaking) an entire alteration, from the converse of cherubim and seraphim. It shall not be forgotten when the sun and moon are remembered no more; it shall never die, but (if I may so express myself) be the measure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of heaven.

How then can any other poesy come in competition with it?

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,  
Within the view of conscious stars or sun,  
Is far beneath my daring! I look down  
On all the splendours of the British crown;  
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound:  
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around;  
Oh all ye spirits, howsoever disjoin'd,  
Of every various order, place, and kind,  
Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays:  
'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

These verses, and those quoted above, are taken out of a manuscript poem on the Last Day, which will shortly appear in public.

'To the Guardian.

'SIR,—When you speak of the good which would arise from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts upon the sublime subjects of religion, it should, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would please to lay before them, that noble ideas aggrandise the soul of him who writes with a true taste of virtue. I was just now reading David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, and that divine piece was peculiarly pleasing to me, in that there was such an exquisite sorrow expressed in it without the least allusion to the difficulties from whence David was extricated by the fall of those great men in his way to empire. When he received the tidings of Saul's death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raises his sorrow, instead of giving him consolation.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon: Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

"Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

'How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul's character, represented by a man whom that very Saul pursued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the sublimity ceases, and not able to mention his generous friendship, and the most noble instances ever given by man, he sinks into a fondness that will not admit of high language or allusions to the greater circumstances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converse.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

'In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur majesty, and worldly power were despicable considerations, when he cast his eye upon the merit of him who was so suddenly snatched from them: And when he began to think of the great friendship of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations, and tender expressions of how much they both loved, not how much Jonathan deserved.

'Pray pardon this, which was to hint only that the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the thing principally to be considered by a Guardian. I am, sir, your humble servant,  
'C. F.'

No. 52.]

Monday, May 11, 1713.

—toto solus in orbe  
Cæsar liber erit— *Lucan.*  
Cæsar alone, of all mankind, is free.

I SHALL not assume to myself the merit of every thing in these papers. Whosoever in reading or conversation, I observe any thing that is curious and uncommon, useful or entertaining, I resolve to give it to the public. The greatest part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuscript, which was lent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell. He tells me he has had it about these twenty years in his possession; and he seems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has pursued in the new settlement, I have heretofore spoken of, upon his lands. He has given me full liberty to make what use of it I shall think fit: either to publish it entire, or to retail it out by pennyworths. I have determined to retail it, and for that end I have translated divers passages, rendering the words *livre*, *sous*, and many others of known signification in France, into their equivalent sense, that I may the better be understood by my English readers. The book

contains several memoirs concerning monsieur Colbert, who had the honour to be secretary of state to his most christian majesty, and superintendant or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The passage for to-day is as follows :

'It happened that the king was one day expressing his wonder to this minister, that the United Provinces should give him so much trouble, that so great a monarch as he was, should not be able to reduce so small a state, with half the power of his whole dominions. To which monsieur Colbert is said to have made the following answer :

'Sir, I presume upon your indulgence to speak what I have thought upon this subject, with that freedom which becomes a faithful servant, and one who has nothing more at heart than your majesty's glory and the prosperity of your whole people. Your territories are vastly greater than the United Netherlands; but, sir, it is not land that fights against land, but the strength and riches of one nation, against the strength and riches of another. I should have said only riches, since it is money that feeds and clothes the soldier, furnishes the magazine, provides the train of artillery, and answers the charge of all other military preparations. Now the riches of a prince, or state, are just so much as they can levy upon their subjects, still leaving them sufficient for their subsistence. If this shall not be left, they will desert to other countries for better usage; and I am sorry to say it, that too many of your majesty's subjects are already among your neighbours, in the condition of footmen and valets for their daily bread; many of your artisans too are fled from the severity of your collectors,—they are at this time improving the manufactures of your enemies. France has lost the benefit of their hands for ever, and your majesty all hopes of any future excises by their consumption. For the extraordinary sums of one year, you have parted with an inheritance. I am never able, without the utmost indignation, to think of that minister, who had the confidence to tell your father, his subjects were but too happy, that they were not yet reduced to eat grass: as if starving his people were the only way to free himself from their seditions. But people will not starve in France, as long as bread is to be had in any other country. How much more worthy of a prince was that saying of your grandfather of glorious memory, that he hoped to see that day, when every house-keeper in his dominions should be able to allow his family a capon for their Sunday's supper? I lay down this therefore as my first principle, that your taxes upon your subjects must leave them sufficient for their subsistence, at least as comfortable a subsistence as they will find among your neighbours.

'Upon this principle I shall be able to make some comparison between the revenues of your majesty, and those of the States-general. Your territories are near thirty times as great, your people more than four times as many, yet your revenues are not thirty, no, nor four times as great, nor indeed as great again, as those of the United Netherlands.'

'In what one article are you able to raise twice as much from your subjects as the states can do from theirs? Can you take twice as much from the rents of the lands and houses? What are the yearly rents of your whole kingdom? and how much of these will your majesty be able to take without ruining the landed interest? You have, sir, above a hundred millions of acres, and not above thirteen millions of subjects, eight acres to every subject; how considerable must be the value of land, where so many acres are to provide for a single person! where a single person is the whole market for the product of so much land! And what sort of customers are your subjects to these lands? what clothes is it that they wear? what provisions do they consume? Black bread, onions, and other roots, are the usual diet of the generality of your people; their common drink the pure element; they are dressed in canvass and wooden shoes, I mean such of them as are not bare-foot, and half-naked. How very mean must be the eight acres which will afford no better subsistence to a single person! Yet so many of your people live in this despicable manner, that four pounds will be easily believed to exceed the annual expenses of every one of them at a medium. And how little of this expense will be coming to the land-owner for his rent? or, which is the same thing, for the mere product of his land? Of every thing that is consumed, the greatest part of the value is the price of labour that is bestowed upon it; and it is not a very small part of their price that is paid to your majesty in your excises. Of the four pounds expense of every subject, it can hardly be thought that more than four-and-twenty shillings are paid for the mere product of the land. Then if there are eight acres to every subject, and every subject for his consumption pays no more than four-and-twenty shillings to the land, three shillings at a medium must be the full yearly value of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands, separated from the buildings, cannot be valued higher.

'And what then shall be thought the yearly value of the houses, or, which is the same thing, of the lodgings of your thirteen millions of subjects? What numbers of these are begging their bread throughout your kingdom? If your majesty were to walk incognito through the very streets of your capital, and would give a farthing to every beggar that asks you alms in a walk of one hour, you would have nothing left of a pistole. How miserable must be the lodgings of these wretches! even those that will not ask your charity, are huddled together, four or five families in a house. Such is the lodging in your capital. That of your other towns is yet of less value; but nothing can be more ruinous than the cottages in the villages. Six shillings for the lodging of every one of your thirteen millions of subjects, at a medium, must needs be the full yearly value of all the houses. So that at four shillings for every acre, and six shillings for the lodging of every subject, the rents of your whole kingdom will be less than twenty millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be by the most exact survey that has been taken.



'The next question then is, how much of these rents your majesty will think fit to take to your own use? Six of the twenty millions are in the hands of the clergy; and little enough for the support of three hundred thousand ecclesiastics, with all their necessary attendants; it is no more than twenty pounds a year for every one of the masters. These, sir, are your best guards; they keep your subjects loyal in the midst of all their misery. Your majesty will not think it your interest to take any thing from the church. From that which remains in the hands of your lay subjects, will you be able to take more than five millions to your own use? This is more than seven shillings in the pound; and then, after necessary reparations, together with losses by the failing of tenants, how very little will be left to the owners. These are gentlemen who have never been bred either to trade or manufactures, they have no other way of living than by their rents; and when these shall be taken from them, they must fly to your armies, as to an hospital, for their daily bread.

'Now sir, your majesty will give me leave to examine what are the rents of the United Netherlands, and how great a part of these their governors may take to themselves, without oppression of the owners. There are in those provinces three millions of acres, and as many millions of subjects, a subject for every acre. Why should not then the single acre there, be as valuable as the eight acres in France, since it is to provide for as many mouths? Or if great part of the provisions of the people are fetched in by their trade from the sea or foreign countries, they will end at last in the improvement of their lands. I have often heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty shillings, one with another, is less than the yearly value of every acre in those provinces.

'And how much less than this will be the yearly value of lodging for every one of their subjects? There are no beggars in their streets, scarce a single one in a whole province. Their families in great towns are lodged in palaces, in comparison with those of Paris. Even the houses in their villages are more costly than in many of your cities. If such is the value of their three millions of acres, and of lodging for as many millions of subjects, the yearly rents of lands and houses are nine millions in those provinces.

'Then how much of this may the States take without ruining the land-owners, for the defence of their people? Their lands there, by the custom of descending in equal shares to all the children, are distributed into so many hands, that few or no persons are subsisted by their rents; land-owners, as well as others, are chiefly subsisted by trade and manufactures; and they can therefore with as much ease part with half of their whole rents, as your majesty's subjects can a quarter. The States-general may as well take four millions and a half from their rents, as your majesty can five from those of your subjects.

'It remains now only to compare the excises of both countries. And what excises can your majesty hope to receive by the consumption of

the half-starved, and half-naked beggars in your streets? How great a part of the price of all that is eat, or drunk, or consumed by those wretched creatures? How great a part of the price of canvas cloth and wooden shoes, that are every where worn throughout the country? How great a part of the price of their water, or their black bread and onions, the general diet of your people? If your majesty were to receive the whole price of those things, your exchequer would hardly run over. Yet so much the greatest part of your subjects live in this despicable manner, that the annual expense of every one at a medium, can be no more than I have mentioned. One would almost think they starve themselves to defraud your majesty of your revenues. It is impossible to conceive that more than an eighth part can be excised from the expenses of your subjects, who live so very poorly, and then, for thirteen millions of people, your whole revenue by excises will amount to no more than six millions and a half.

'And how much less than this sum will the States be able to levy by the same tax upon their subjects? There are no beggars in that country. The people of their great towns live at vastly greater charge than yours. And even those in their villages are better fed and clothed than the people of your towns. At a medium, every one of their subjects live at twice the cost of those of France. Trade and manufactures are the things that furnish them with money for this expense. Therefore, if thrice as much shall be excised from the expense of the Hollanders, yet still they will have more left than the subjects of your majesty, though you should take nothing at all from them. I must believe therefore that it will be as easy to levy thrice as much by excises upon the Dutch subject as the French, thirty shillings upon the former, as easily as ten upon the latter, and consequently four millions and a half of pounds upon their three millions of subjects; so that in the whole, by rents and excises, they will be able to raise nine millions within the year. If of this sum, for the maintenance of their clergy, which are not so numerous as in France, the charge of their civil list, and the preservation of their dikes, one million is to be deducted; yet still they will have eight for their defence, a revenue equal to two thirds of your majesty's.

'Your majesty will now no longer wonder that you have not been able to reduce these provinces with half the power of your whole dominions, yet half is as much as you will be ever able to employ against them; Spain and Germany will be always ready to espouse their quarrel, their forces will be sufficient to cut out work for the other half; and I wish too you could be quiet on the side of Italy and England.

'What then is the advice I would presume to give your majesty? To disband the greatest part of your forces, and save so many taxes to your people. Your very dominions make you too powerful to fear any insult from your neighbours. To turn your thoughts from war, and cultivate the arts of peace, the trade and manufactures of your people; this shall make you the most powerful prince, and at the same time your subjects the richest of all other subjects.

In the space of twenty years they will be able to give your majesty greater sums with ease, than you can now draw from them with the greatest difficulty. You have abundant materials in your kingdom to employ your people, and they do not want capacity to be employed. Peace and trade shall carry out their labour to all the parts of Europe, and bring back yearly treasures to your subjects. There will be always fools enough to purchase the manufactures of France, though France should be prohibited to purchase those of other countries. In the mean time your majesty shall never want sufficient sums to buy now and then an important fortress from one or other of your indigent neighbours. But, above all, peace shall ingratiate your majesty with the Spanish nation, during the life of their crazy king; and after his death a few seasonable presents among his courtiers shall purchase the reversion of his crowns, with all the treasures of the Indies, and then the world must be your own.'

This was the substance of what was then said by monsieur Colbert. The king was not at all offended with this liberty of his minister. He knew the value of the man, and soon after made him the chief director of the trade and manufactures of his people.

No. 53.]

Tuesday, May 12, 1713.

— Desinant  
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.  
Ter. Prol. ad. Andr.

Let them cease to speak ill of others, lest they hear of their own misdeeds.

It happens that the letter, which was in one of my papers concerning a lady ill treated by the Examiner, and to which he replies by taxing the Tatler with the like practice, was written by one Steele, who put his name to the collection of papers called lucubrations. It was a wrong thing in the Examiner to go any farther than the Guardian for what is said in the Guardian; but since Steele owns the letter, it is the same thing. I apprehend, by reading the Examiner over a second time, that he insinuates, by the words close to the royal stamp, he would have the man turned out of his office. Considering he is so malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very mercifully in his answer, which follows. This Steele is certainly a very good sort of a man, and it is a thousand pities he does not understand politics; but if he is turned out, my lady Lizard will invite him down to our country-house. I shall be very glad of his company, and I'll certainly leave something to one of his children.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

'SIR,—I am obliged to fly to you for refuge from severe usage, which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleased to give me for what you have lately published in defence of a young lady.\* He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect

upon the characters of those who publicly answer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have disputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third person, or making any allusions to matters foreign to the subject before them. But since he has thought fit, in his paper of May the eighth, to defend himself by my example, I shall beg leave to say to the town (by your favour to me, Mr. Ironside) that our conduct would still be very widely different though I should allow that there were particular persons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the Tatlers. When a satirist feigns a name, it must be the guilt of the person attacked, or his being notoriously understood guilty before the satire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the licence of printing letters of people's real names is used, things may be affixed to men's characters which are in the utmost degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the case of the earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman asserts to have left the church; though nothing is more evident than that he deserves better of all men in holy orders, or those who have any respect for them or religion itself, than any man in England can pretend to. But as to the instances he gives against me: Old Downes is a fine piece of railery, of which I wish I had been author. All I had to do in it, was to strike out what related to a gentlewoman about the queen, whom I thought a woman free from ambition, and I did it out of regard to innocence. Powel of the Bath is reconciled to me, and has made me free of his show. Tun, Gun, and Pistol from Wapping, laughed at the representation which was made of them, and were observed to be more regular in their conduct afterwards. The character of lord Timon is no odious one; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Ironside, when I writ it, I thought it more like me myself, than any other man; and if I had in my eye any illustrious person who had the same faults with myself, it is no new, nor very criminal self-love to flatter ourselves, that what weaknesses we have, we have in common with great men. For the exaltation of style, and embellishing the character, I made Timon a lord, and he may be a very worthy one for all that I have said of him. I do not remember the mention of don Diego; nor do I remember that ever I thought of lord N——m, in any character drawn in any one paper of Bickerstaff. Now as to Polypragmon, I drew it as the most odious image I could paint of ambition; and Polypragmon is to men of business what sir Fopling Flutter is to men of fashion. "He's knight of the shire and represents you, all." Whosoever seeks employment for his own private interest, vanity, or pride, and not for the good of his prince and country, has his share in the picture of Polypragmon; and let this be the rule in examining that description, and I believe the Examiner will find others to whom he would rather give a part of it, than to the person on whom I believe he bestows it, because he thinks he is the most capable of having his vengeance on me. But I say not this from terrors of what any man living can do to me: I

\* See Guardian, No. 41.



speak it only to show, that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on persons, but on vices. Alas, what occasion have I to draw people whom I think ill of, under feigned names? I have wanted and abounded, and I neither fear poverty nor desire riches; if that be true, why should I be afraid, whenever I see occasion to examine the conduct of any of my fellow-subjects? I should scorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my own peril, and from instances as clear as the day. Thus would I, and I will (whenever I think it my duty) inquire into the behaviour of any man in England, if he is so posted, as that his errors may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will expose him who is prompted by it to a great deal of ill-will; and I could carry any points I aim at for the improvement of my own little affairs, without making myself obnoxious to the resentment of any person or party. But, alas! what is there in all the gratifications of sense, the accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can give to please a human soul, when they are put in competition with the interests of truth and liberty? Mr. Ironside, I confess I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality, and am glad that my awkward apology (as the Examiner calls it) has produced in him so much remorse as to make "any reparation to offended beauty." Though, by the way, the phrase of "offended beauty" is romantic, and has little of the compunction which should arise in a man that is begging pardon of a woman for saying of her unjustly, that she had affronted "her God and her sovereign." However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition; but am now heartily sorry I called him a miscreant, that word I think signifies an unbeliever. *Mescroyant*, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say him: for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and rescued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me, whether the Examiner writes against me in the character of an estranged friend\* or an exasperated mistress.†

He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleases: but as you have begun to oppose him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him. In particular, I beg of you, never let the glory of our nation,‡ who made France tremble, and yet has that gentleness to be able to bear opposition from the meanest of his own countrymen, be calumniated in so impudent a manner, as in the insinuation that he affected a perpetual dictatorship. Let not a set of brave, wise, and honest men, who did all that has been done to place their queen in so great a figure, as to show mercy to the highest potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous men as traitors and betrayers. To prevent such evils is a care worthy a Guardian. These are

exercises worthy the spirit of a man, and you ought to condemn all the wit in the world against you, when you have the consolation that you act upon these honest motives. If you ever shrink from them, get Bat Pigeon to comb your noddle, and write sonnets on the smiles of the Sparkler; but never call yourself Guardian more, in a nation full of the sentiments of honour and liberty. I am, sir, your most humble servant.

RICHARD STEELE.

'P. S. I know nothing of the letter at Morpew's.'

No. 54.] Wednesday, May 13, 1713.

*Neque ita porro aut adulatatus aut admiratus sum fortunam alterius, ut me meæ peniteret.* Tull.

I never flattered, or admired, another man's fortune, so as to be dissatisfied with my own.

It has been observed very often, in authors divine and profane, that we are all equal after death, and this by way of consolation for that deplorable superiority which some among us seem to have over others; but it would be a doctrine of much more comfortable import, to establish an equality among the living; for the propagation of which paradox I shall hazard the following conceits.

I must here lay it down, that I do not pretend to satisfy every barren reader, that all persons that have hitherto apprehended themselves extremely miserable shall have immediate succour from the publication of this paper; but shall endeavour to show that the discerning shall be fully convinced of the truth of this assertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accusations of Providence for the unequal distribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be sensible of this equality of happiness; if they were not made uneasy by appearances of superiority; there would be none of that subordination and subjection, of those that think themselves less happy, to those they think more so, which is so very necessary for the support of business and pleasure.

The common turn of human application may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice, and whatever victories we gain in these our particular pursuits, there will always be some one or other in the paths we tread, whose superior happiness will create new uneasiness, and employ us in new contrivances; and so through all degrees there will still remain the insatiable desire of some seeming unacquired good, to embitter the possession of whatever others we are accommodated with. And if we suppose a man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the gradations betwixt necessity and superfluity, we shall find that the slavery which occasioned his first activity, is not abated, but only diversified.

Those that are distressed upon such causes as the world allows to warrant the keenest affliction, are too apt, in the comparison of themselves with others, to conclude, that where there is not a similitude of causes, there cannot be of affliction, and forget to relieve themselves with

\* Mr. Swift.

† Mrs. Manley.

‡ The duke of Marlborough.

this consideration, that the little disappointments in a life of pleasure are as terrible as those in a life of business; and if the end of one man is to spend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to save both, an interruption in either of these pursuits is of equal consequence to the pursuers. Besides, as every trifle raiseth the mirth and gayety of the men of good circumstances, so do others as inconsiderable expose them to spleen and passion, and as Solomon says, 'according to their riches, their anger riseth.'

One of the most bitter circumstances of poverty has been observed to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous; but I believe this affirmation may with more justice be appropriated to riches, since more qualifications are required to become a great fortune, than even to make one; and there are several pretty persons about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate, than they possibly could have been with the want of it.

I confess, having a mind to pay my court to fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries; in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occasion to envy some of those that did; comforting myself with this contemplation, that nature and education having disappointed all the favours fortune could bestow upon them, they had gained no superiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present miserable state, we cannot name the person whose condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial inquiry into the pride, ill-nature, ill-health, guilt, spleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear selves.

This my way of thinking is warranted by Shakspeare, in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposed and imprisoned, debating a matter, which would soon have been discussed by a common capacity, whether his prison or palace was most eligible, and with very philosophical hesitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines,

—Sometimes am I a king,  
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
And so indeed I am. Then crushing penny  
Persuades me I was better when a king,  
Then am I king'd again.——

Prior says very prettily:

Against our peace we arm our will:  
Amidst our plenty *something* still  
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,  
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.  
That cruel *something* unposset  
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.  
That *something* if we could obtain,  
Would soon create a future pain.

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader with another bit of wisdom from Juvenal, by Dryden:

Look round the habitable world, how few  
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!  
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!  
What in the conduct of our life appears  
So well designed, so luckily begun  
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone!

L

Even the men that are distinguished by, and envied for, their superior good sense and delicacy of taste, are subject to several uneasinesses upon this account, that the men of less penetration are utter strangers to; and every little absurdity ruffles these fine judgments, which would never disturb the peaceful state of the less discerning.

I shall end this essay with the following story. There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a fortune which may not only be called easy, but superfluous; yet this person has, by a great deal of reflection, found out a method to be as uneasy as the worst circumstances could have made him. By a free life he had swelled himself above his natural proportion, and by a restrained life had shrunk below it, and being by nature splenetic, and by leisure more so, he began to bewail this his loss of flesh (though otherwise in perfect health) as a very melancholy diminution. He became, therefore, the reverse of Cæsar, and as a lean, hungry-looking rascal was the delight of his eyes, a fat, sleek-headed fellow was his abomination. To support himself as well as he could, he took a servant, for the very reason every one else would have refused him, for being in a deep consumption; and whilst he has compared himself to this creature, and with a face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of his body, I have seen the master's features proportionably rise into a boldness, as those of his slave sunk and grew languid. It was his interest, therefore, not to suffer the too hasty dissolution of a being, upon which his own, in some measure depended. In short, the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his master, who, according to Horace,

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.

Lib. I. Ep. ii. 57.

Sickens thro' envy at another's good:

and as he took him only for being in a consumption, by the same way of thinking, he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss him for not being in one; and has told me since, that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter, to furnish himself with a footman that is not altogether as happy as himself.

No. 55.]

Thursday, May 14, 1713.

—quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,  
Præmia si tollas? Juv. Sat. x. 141.  
For who would virtue for herself regard,  
Or wed, without the portion of reward? Dryden.

It is usual with polemical writers to object ill designs to their adversaries. This turns their argument into satire, which, instead of showing an error in the understanding, tends only to expose the morals of those they write against. I shall not act after this manner with respect to the free-thinkers. Virtue and the happiness of society, are the great ends which all men ought to promote; and some of that sect would be thought to have a heart above the rest of mankind. But supposing those who make that profession, to carry on a good design in the simplicity of their hearts, and according



to their best knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, those well-meaning souls, while they endeavoured to recommend virtue, have in reality been advancing the interests of vice; which, as I take to proceed from their ignorance of human nature, we may hope, when they become sensible of their mistake, they will, in consequence of that beneficent principle they pretend to act upon, reform their practice for the future.

The sages whom I have in my eye, speak of virtue as the most amiable thing in the world; but at the same time that they extol her beauty, they take care to lessen her portion. Such innocent creatures are they, and so great strangers to the world, that they think this a likely method to increase the number of her admirers.

Virtue has in herself the most engaging charms; and Christianity, as it places her in the strongest light, and adorned with all her native attractions, so it kindles a new fire in the soul, by adding to them the unutterable rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal state. Or, if there are men of a saturnine and heavy complexion, who are not easily lifted up by hope, there is the prospect of everlasting punishments to agitate their souls, and frighten them into the practice of virtue, and an aversion from vice.

Whereas, your sober free-thinkers tell you, that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice deformed; the former deserves your love, and the latter your abhorrence; but then it is for their own sake, or on account of the good and evil which immediately attend them, and are inseparable from their respective natures. As for the immortality of the soul, or eternal punishments and rewards, those are openly ridiculed, or rendered suspicious by the most sly and labour'd artifice.

I will not say these men act treacherously in the cause of virtue; but will any one deny, that they act foolishly, who pretend to advance the interest of it by destroying or weakening the strongest motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and fitted to work on all dispositions, and enforcing those alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind!

Surely they must be destitute of passion themselves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance, and justice, is sufficient to sustain the mind of man in a severe course of self-denial against all the temptations of present profit and sensuality.

It is my opinion that free-thinkers should be treated as a set of poor ignorant creatures, that have not sense to discover the excellency of religion; it being evident those men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep design, who proclaim aloud to the world, that they have less motives to honesty than the rest of their fellow-subjects, who have all the inducements to the exercise of any virtue which a free-thinker can possibly have, and besides, the expectation of never-ending happiness or misery, as the consequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their passions? and are not hope and fear the most powerful of our passions? and are there any objects which can

rouse and awaken our hopes and fears, like those prospects that warm and penetrate the heart of a christian, but are not regarded by a free-thinker?

It is not only a clear point, that a christian breaks through stronger engagements whenever he surrenders himself to commit a criminal action, and is stung with a sharper remorse after it than a free-thinker; but it should even seem that a man who believes no future state, would act a foolish part in being thoroughly honest. For what reason is there why such a one should postpone his own private interest, or pleasure, to the doing his duty? If a christian foregoes some present advantage for the sake of his conscience, he acts accountably, because it is with the view of gaining some greater future good: but he that, having no such view, should yet conscientiously deny himself a present good in any incident where he may save appearances, is altogether as stupid as he that would trust him at such a juncture.

It will, perhaps, be said, that virtue is her own reward, that a natural gratification attends good actions, which is alone sufficient to excite men to the performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than virtue, and the practice of it is the surest way to solid natural happiness, even in this life; yet titles, estates, and fantastical pleasures, are more ardently sought after by most men, than the natural gratifications of a reasonable mind; and it cannot be denied, that virtue and innocence are not always the readiest methods to attain that sort of happiness. Besides, the fumes of passion must be allayed, and reason must burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to see and relish all the native beauties and delights of a virtuous life. And though we should grant our free-thinkers to be a set of refined spirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue, yet what would become of the bulk of mankind who have gross understandings, but lively senses, and strong passions? What a deluge of lust, and fraud, and violence, would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if these wise advocates for morality were universally hearkened to! Lastly, opportunities do sometimes offer, in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleasure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health, or fortune. In such cases what restraint do they lie under who have no regards beyond the grave; the inward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind being grafted on the sense of another state?

The thought, 'that our existence terminates with this life,' doth naturally check the soul in any generous pursuit, contract her views, and fix them on temporary and selfish ends. It de-thrones the reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind to the slavery of every present passion. The wise heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this: hence they endeavoured by fables, and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to possess the minds of men with the belief of a future state, which has been since brought to light by the gospel, and is now most inconsistently decried by a few weak men, who would have us

believe that they promote virtue, by turning religion into ridicule.

No. 56.]

Friday, May 15, 1713.

Quid mentum traxisse polo, quid profuit altum  
Exerxisse caput? pecudum si more pererrant.

Claud.

What profits us, that we from heaven derive  
A soul immortal, and with looks erect  
Survey the stars; if, like the brutal kind,  
We follow where our passions lead the way?

I was considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I felt to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the grovelling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions, that cast him from the degree in which Providence had placed him; the debasing himself with qualifications not his own; and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action. This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which, however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

Here, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to get rid of the company I despised; when two men who had overheard me, made up on either hand. These I observed had many features in common which might occasion the mistake of one for the other in those to whom they appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that though there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other.

I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly; when he, whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion: Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a tiger. This struck me with horror, which the other perceived, and, pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage, for though I had been savage in my treatment of mankind, (whom I should rather reform than rail against) he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more cheerful, and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother fling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which had so affrighted me.

As we went along, 'To inform you,' says he, 'with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother; but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her, and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but, a while

after, Enmity lying in ambush for her, became the father of him whom you saw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind which engages me with friends; and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies.'

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which lay aside of one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain straight regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs over head as to exclude the light from it. Here, as we walked, I was made to observe, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy wretches: the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed, and at the end of every grassy walk the enchantress Flattery was weaving bowers to lull souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, till we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence she took a view of the earth, and, as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and presently called to mind that this was the ancients' emblem of sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow agents in the same family. Before I ascended the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me see extremely clear; and I think they said it sprung in a pit, from whence (as Democritus had reported) they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which was called the Knowledge of Mankind: here the window was no sooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.

But how different was mankind in this view from what it used to appear! Methought the very shape of most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots, and, in short, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance. The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out into the form of a horse's; his eyes became prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig untying, flowed down on one side of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill-nature of conversation made them turn into assemblies of geese, their lips hardened to bills by eternal using, they gabbled for diversion, they hissed in scandal, and their ruffles falling back on their



arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different sorts of serpents; and not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled their trains unperceptibly beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the face of crocodiles: their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they were converted to the claws of harpies, and these they still were stretching out for more, yet still seemed unsatisfied with their acquisitions. The sharpers had the looks of camelions; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on swarms of flies which fell as so many cullies amongst them. The bully seemed a dunghill cock: he crested well, and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten by almost every one, yet still sung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Critics were turned into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear, the lechers were goats, and the gluttons swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of its professors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for these two reasons:—because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower rank of beings is guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of these representations of things without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I perceived a concern within me for what I saw! My eyes began to moisten, as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from a passion. The clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect.

I then turned towards my guide, who addressed himself to me after this manner: ‘You have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from its dignity; now, therefore, guard yourself from that degeneracy by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and a conscious shame on the other. Endeavour also with a generosity of goodness to make your friends aware of it; let them know what defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the matter as you see reason, either with the airs of severe or humorous affection; sometimes plainly describing the degeneracy in its full proper colours, or at other times letting them know, that, if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a day, or so many months, to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither neglect your more remote acquaintance, where you see any worthy

and susceptible of admonition. Expose the beasts whose qualities you see them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their persons. The possibility of their applying this is very obvious. The Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another instead of writing; and, indeed, it is hardly to be missed, since Æsop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the actions of mankind.’

My guide had thus concluded, and I was promising to write down what was shown me for the service of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous old servant of mine, who brought me the Examiner, and told me, with looks full of concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

No. 57.]

Saturday, May 16, 1713.

Quam multa injusta ac prava fiunt moribus!  
Ter. Heaut. Act iv. Sc. 6.

How many unjust and wrong things are authorised by custom!

It is of no small concern to me that the interests of virtue are supplanted by common custom and regard for indifferent things. Thus mode and fashion defend the most absurd and unjust proceedings, and nobody is out of countenance for doing what every body practices, though at the same time there is no one who is not convinced in his own judgment of the errors in which he goes on with the multitude. My correspondent, who writes me the following letter, has put together a great many points which would deserve serious consideration, as much as things which at first appearance bear a weightier aspect. He recites almost all the little arts that are used in the way to matrimony, by the parents of young women. There is nothing more common than for people, who have good and worthy characters, to run without respect to the laws of gratitude, into the most exorbitant demands for their children, upon no other foundation than that which should incline them to the quite contrary, the unreserved affection of the lover. I shall at this time, by inserting my correspondent's letter, lay such offences before all parents and daughters respectively, and reserve the particular instances to be considered in future precautions.

‘To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

‘SIR,—I have for some time retired myself from the town and business to a little seat, where a pleasant campaign country, good roads, and healthful air, tempt me often abroad; and being a single man, have contracted more acquaintance than is suitable to my years, or agreeable to the intentions of retirement I brought down with me hither. Among others I have a young neighbour, who yesterday, imparted to me the history of an honourable amour, which has been carried on a considerable time with a great deal of love on his side, and (as he says he has been made to believe) with some-thing very unlike aversion on the young lady's.

But so matters have been contrived, that he could never get to know her mind thoroughly. When he was first acquainted with her, he might be as intimate with her as other people; but since he first declared his passion, he has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to see her, other than in public. If he went to her father's house, and desired to visit her, she was either to be sick or out of the way, and nobody would come near him in two hours, and then he should be received as if he had committed some strange offence. If he asked her father's leave to visit her, the old gentleman was mute. If he put it negatively, and asked if he refused it, the father would answer with a smile, "No, I don't say so, neither." If they talked of the fortune, he had considered his circumstances, and it every day diminished. If the settlements came into debate, he had considered the young gentleman's estate, and daily increased his expectations. If the mother was consulted, she was mightily for the match, but affected strangely the showing her cunning in perplexing matters. It went off seemingly several times, but my young neighbour's passion was such that it easily revived upon the least encouragement given him; but tired out with writing, (the only liberty allowed him,) and receiving answers at cross purposes, destitute of all hopes, he at length wrote a formal adieu; but it was very unfortunately timed, for soon after he had the long wished-for opportunity of finding her at a distance from her parents. Struck with the joyful news, in heat of passion, resolute to do any thing rather than leave her, down he comes post, directly to the house where she was, without any preparatory intercession after the provocation of an adieu. She, in a premeditated anger to show her resentment, refused to see him. He in a kind of fond frenzy, absent from himself, and exasperated into rage, cursed her heartily; but returning to himself, was all confusion, repentance, and submission. But in vain; the lady continued inexorable, and so the affair ended in a manner that renders them very unlikely ever to meet again. Through the pursuit of the whole story (whereof I give but a short abstract) my young neighbour appeared so touched, and discovered such certain marks of unfeigned love, that I cannot but be heartily sorry for them both. When he was gone, I sat down immediately to my seruaire, to give you the account, whose business, as a Guardian, it is to tell your wards what is to be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done. And I humbly propose, that you will, upon this occasion, extend your instructions to all sorts of people concerned in treaties of this nature, (which of all others do most nearly concern human life) such as parents, daughters, lovers, and confidants of both sexes. I desire leave to observe, that the mistakes in this courtship (which might otherwise probably have succeeded happily) seem chiefly these four, viz.

'1. The father's close equivocal management, so as always to keep a reservation to use upon occasion, when he found himself pressed.

'2. The mother's affecting to appear extremely artful.

'3. A notion in the daughter (who is a lady of singular good sense and virtue) that no man

can love her as he ought, who can deny any thing her parents demand.

'4. Carrying on the affair by letters and confidants, without sufficient interviews.

'I think you cannot fail obliging many in the world, besides my young neighbour and me, if you please to give your thoughts upon treaties of this nature, wherein all the nobility and gentry of this nation (in the unfortunate methods marriages are at present in) come at one time or other unavoidably to be engaged; especially it is my humble request, you will be particular in speaking to the following points, to wit,

'1. Whether honourable love ought to be mentioned first to the young lady, or her parents?

'2. If to the young lady first, whether a man is obliged to comply with all the parents demand afterwards, under pain of breaking off dishonourably?

'3. If to the parents first, whether the lover may insist upon what the father pretends to give, and refuse to make such settlement as must incapacitate him for any thing afterwards, without just imputation of being mercenary, or putting a slight upon the lady, by entertaining views upon the contingency of her death?

'4. What instructions a mother ought to give her daughter upon such occasions, and what the old lady's part properly is in such treaties, her husband being alive?

'5. How far a young lady is in duty obliged to observe her mother's directions, and not to receive any letters or messages without her knowledge?

'6. How far a daughter is obliged to exert the power she has over her lover, for the ease and advantage of her father and his family; and how far she may consult and endeavour the interest of the family she is to marry into?

'7. How far letters and confidants of both sexes may regularly be employed, and wherein they are improper?

'8. When a young lady's pen is employed about settlements, fortunes, or the like, whether it be an affront to give the same answers as if it had been in the hand-writing of those that instructed her?

'Lastly, be pleased at your leisure to correct that too common way among fathers, of publishing in the world, that they will give their daughters twice the fortune they really intend, and thereby draw young gentlemen, whose estates are often in debt, into a dilemma, either of crossing a fixed inclination, contracted by a long habit of thinking upon the same person, and so being miserable that way; or else beginning the world under a burden they can never get quit of.

'Thus, sage sir, have I laid before you all that does at present occur to me on the important subject of marriage; but before I seal up my epistle, I must desire you farther to consider, how far treaties of this sort come under the head of bargain and sale; whether you cannot find out measures to have the whole transacted in fairer and more open market than at present. How would it become you to put the laws in execution against forestallers, who take up the young things of each sex before they are ex



posed to an honest sale, or the worth or imperfection of the purchase is thoroughly considered?

'We mightily want a demand for women in these parts. I am, sagacious sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,  
T. L.'

No. 58.]

Monday, May 18, 1713.

Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.

*Lucan.*

Not for himself, but for the world, he lives.

A PUBLIC spirit is so great and amiable a character, that most people pretend to it, and perhaps think they have it in the most ordinary occurrences of life. Mrs. Cornelia Lizard buys abundance of romances for the encouragement of learning; and Mrs. Annabella squanders away her money in buying fine clothes, because it sets a great many poor people at work. I know a gentleman, who drinks vast quantities of ale and October to encourage our own manufactures; and another who takes his three bottles of French claret every night, because it brings a great custom to the crown.

I have been led into this chat, by reading some letters upon my paper of Thursday was se'n night. Having there acquainted the world, that I have, by long contemplation and philosophy, attained to so great a strength of fancy, as to believe every thing to be my own, which other people possess only for ostentation; it seems that some persons have taken it in their heads, that they are public benefactors to the world, while they are only indulging their own ambition, or infirmities. My first letter is from an ingenious author, who is a great friend to his country, because he can get neither victuals nor clothes any other way.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

'SIR,—Of all the precautions with which you have instructed the world, I like that best, which is upon natural and fantastical pleasure, because it falls in very much with my own way of thinking. As you receive real delight from what creates only imaginary satisfactions in others; so do I raise to myself all the conveniences of life by amusing the fancy of the world. I am, in a word, a member of that numerous tribe, who write for their daily bread. I flourish in a dearth of foreign news; and though I do not pretend to the spleen, I am never so well as in the time of a westerly wind. When it blows from that auspicious point, I raise to myself contributions from the British isle, by affrighting my superstitious countrymen with printed relations of murders, spirits, prodigies, or monsters. According as my necessities suggest to me, I hereby provide for my being. The last summer I paid a large debt for brandy and tobacco, by a wonderful description of a fiery dragon, and lived for ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid. When winter draws near, I generally conjure up my spirits, and have my apparitions ready against long dark evenings. From November last to January, I lived solely upon murders; and have, since that

time, had a comfortable subsistence from a plague and a famine. I made the pope pay for my beef and mutton last Lent, out of pure spite to the Romish religion; and at present my good friend the king of Sweden finds me in clean linen, and the mufti gets me credit at the tavern.

'The astonishing accounts that I record, I usually enliven with wooden cuts, and the like paltry embellishments. They administer to the curiosity of my fellow-subjects, and not only advance religion and virtue, but take restless spirits off from meddling with the public affairs. I therefore cannot think myself a useless burden upon earth; and that I may still do the more good in my generation, I shall give the world, in a short time, a history of my life, studies, maxims, and achievements, provided my bookseller advances a round sum for my copy. I am, sir, yours.'

The second is from an old friend of mine in the country, who fancies that he is perpetually doing good, because he cannot live without drinking.

'OLD IRON,—We take thy papers in at the bowling-green, where the country gentlemen meet every Tuesday, and we look upon thee as a comical dog. Sir Harry was hugely pleased at thy fancy of growing rich at other folks' cost; and for my own part I like my own way of life the better since I find I do my neighbours as much good as myself. I now smoke my pipe with the greater pleasure, because my wife says she likes it well enough at second hand? and drink stale beer the more hardly, because, unless I will, nobody else does. I design to stand for our borough the next election, on purpose to make the squire on t'other side, tap lustily for the good of our town; and have some thoughts of trying to get knighted, because our neighbours take a pride in saying, they have been with sir Such-a-one.

'I have a pack of pure slow hounds against thou comest into the country, and Nanny, my fat dog, shall bleed when we have thee at Hawthorn-hall. Pr'ythee do not keep staring at gilt coaches, and stealing necklaces and trinkets from people with thy looks. Take my word for it, a gallon of my October will do thee more good than all thou canst get by fine sights at London, which I'll engage, thou may'st put in the shine of thine eye.—I am, old Iron, thine to command,

'NIC. HAWTHORN.'

The third is from a lady who is going to ruin her family by coaches and liveries, purely out of compassion to us poor people that cannot go to the price of them.

'SIR,—I am a lady of birth and fortune, but never knew, till last Thursday, that the splendour of my equipage was so beneficial to my country. I will not deny that I have drest for some years out of the pride of my heart; but am very glad that you have so far settled my conscience in that particular, that I can now look upon my vanities as so many virtues. Since I am satisfied that my person and garb give pleasure to my fellow-creatures, I shall not think the

three hours business I usually attend at my toilette, below the dignity of a rational soul. I am content to suffer great torment from my stays, that my shape may appear graceful to the eyes of others; and often mortify myself with fasting, rather than my fatness should give distaste to any man in England.

'I am making up a rich brocade for the benefit of mankind, and design, in a little time, to treat the town with a thousand pounds worth of jewels. I have ordered my chariot to be new painted for your use, and the world's; and have prevailed upon my husband to present you with a pair of fine Flanders mares, by driving them every evening round the ring. Gay pendants for my ears, a costly cross for my neck, a diamond of the best water for my finger, shall be purchased at any rate to enrich you; and I am resolved to be a patriot in every limb. My husband will not scruple to oblige me in these trifles, since I have persuaded him from your scheme, that pin money is only so much set apart for charitable uses. You see, sir, how expensive you are to me, and I hope you will esteem me accordingly; especially when I assure you that I am, as far as you can see me, entirely yours,

CLEORA.'

No. 59.]

Tuesday, May 19, 1713.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque  
Carminibus venit—

*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 400.*

So ancient is the pedigree of verse,  
And so divine a poet's function.

*Roscommon.*

THE tragedy of Cato has increased the number of my correspondents, but none of them can take it ill, that I give the preference to the letters which come from a learned body, and which on this occasion may not improperly be termed the *Planus Academici*. The first is from my lady Lizard's youngest son, who, (as I mentioned in a former precaution) is fellow of All-souls, and applies himself to the study of divinity.

SIR,—I return you thanks for your present of Cato: I have read it over several times with the greatest attention and pleasure imaginable. You desire to know my thoughts of it, and at the same time compliment me upon my knowledge of the ancient poets. Perhaps you may not allow me to be a good judge of them, when I tell you, that the tragedy of Cato exceeds, in my opinion, any of the dramatic pieces of the ancients. But these are books I have some time since laid by; being, as you know, engaged in the reading of divinity, and conversant chiefly in the poetry "of the truly inspired writers." I scarce thought any modern tragedy could have mixed suitably with such serious studies, and little imagined to have found such exquisite poetry, much less such exalted sentiments of virtue, in the dramatic performance of a contemporary.

'How elegant, just, and virtuous is that reflection of Portius?

"The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,  
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;  
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,  
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;  
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,  
Nor where the regular confusion ends."

'Cato's soliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act is inimitable, as indeed is almost every thing in the whole play: but what I would observe, by particularly pointing at these places is, that such virtuous and moral sentiments were never before put into the mouth of a British actor; and I congratulate my countrymen on the virtue they have shown in giving them (as you tell me) such loud and repeated applauses. They have now cleared themselves of the imputation which a late writer had thrown upon them in his 502d speculation. Give me leave to transcribe his words:—

"In the first scene of Terence's play, the Self-Tormentor, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, 'I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man.' It is said this sentence was received with universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it.

"If it were spoken with never so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, nay people elegant and skillful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour, that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage a player in Covent-garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded." 'These observations in favour of the Roman people, may now be very justly applied to our own nation.

"Here will I hold. If there's a power above us  
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
Through all her works) He must delight in virtue;  
And that which He delights in must be happy."

'This will be allowed, I hope, to be as virtuous a sentiment as that which he quotes out of Terence; and the general applause with which (you say) it was received, must certainly make this writer (notwithstanding his great assurance in pronouncing upon our ill taste) alter his opinion of his countrymen.

'Our poetry, I believe, and not our morals, has been generally worse than that of the Romans; for it is plain, when we can equal the best dramatic performance of that polite age, a British audience may vie with the Roman theatre in the virtue of their applauses.

'However different in other things our opinions may be, all parties agree in doing honour to a man, who is an honour to our country. How are our hearts warmed by this excellent tragedy, with the love of liberty, and our constitution! How irresistible is virtue in the character of Cato! Who would not say with the Numidian prince to Marcia,



"I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,  
Transplanting, one by one, into my life  
His bright perfections, till I shine like him."

Rome herself received not so great advantages from her patriot, as Britain will from this admirable representation of him. Our British Cato improves our language, as well as our morals, nor will it be in the power of tyrants to rob us of him, (or to use the last line of an epigram to the author)

"In vain your Cato stabs, he cannot die."

'I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant,  
' WILLIAM LIZARD.

'Oxon. All-souls Col. May 6.'

'Oxon. Christ Church, May 7.

'MR. IRONSIDE,—You are, I perceive, a very wary old fellow, more cautious than a late brother-writer of yours, who at the rehearsal of a new play, would at the hazard of his judgment, endeavour to prepossess the town in its favour: whereas you very prudently waited till the tragedy of Cato had gained a universal and irresistible applause, and then with great boldness venture to pronounce your opinion of it to be the same with that of all mankind. I will leave you to consider whether such a conduct becomes a Guardian, who ought to point out to us proper entertainments, and instruct us when to bestow our applause. However, in so plain a case we did not wait for your directions; and I must tell you, that none here were earlier or louder in their praises of Cato, than we at Christ-church. This may, I hope, convince you, that, we don't deserve the character (which envious dull fellows give us) of allowing nobody to have wit or parts but those of our own body, especially when I let you know that we are many of us, your affectionate humble servants.'

'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

'Oxon. Wad. Coll. May 7.

'MR. IRONSIDE,—Were the seat of the muses silent while London is so loud in their applause of Cato, the university's title to that name might very well be suspected;—in justice therefore to your *alma mater*, let the world know our opinion of that tragedy here.

'The author's other works had raised our expectation of it to a very great height, yet it exceeds whatever we could promise ourselves from so great a genius.

'Cæsar will no longer be a hero in our declamations. This tragedy has at once stripped him of all the flattery and false colours, which historians and the classic authors had thrown upon him, and we shall for the future treat him as a murderer of the best patriot of his age, and a destroyer of the liberties of his country. Cato, as represented in these scenes, will cast a blacker shade on the memory of that usurper, than the picture of him did upon his triumph. Had this finished dramatic piece appeared some hundred years ago, Cæsar would have lost so many centuries of fame, and monarchs had disdained to let themselves be called by his name. However, it will be an honour to the times we live in, to have had such a work produced in them, and a pretty speculation for posterity to

observe, that the tragedy of Cato was acted with general applause in 1713. I am, sir, your most humble servant, &c. A. B.

'P. S. The French translation of Cato now in the press, will, I hope, be *in usum Delphini*.'

No. 60.] Wednesday, May 20, 1713.

Nihil legebat quod non excerperet. *Plin. Epist.*  
He pick'd something out of every thing he read.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

'SIR,—There is nothing in which men deceive themselves more ridiculously than in the point of reading, and which, as it is commonly practised under the notion of improvement, has less advantage. The generality of readers who are pleased with wandering over a number of books, almost at the same instant, or if confined to one, who pursue the author with much hurry and impatience to his last page, must, without doubt, be allowed to be notable digesters. This unsettled way of reading naturally seduces us into as undetermined a manner of thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the imagination, when a continued chain of thought would probably produce inestimable conclusions. All authors are eligible either for their matter, or style; if for the first, the elucidation and disposition of it into proper lights ought to employ a judicious reader: if for the last, he ought to observe how some common words are started into a new signification, how such epithets are beautifully reconciled to things that seemed incompatible, and must often remember the whole structure of a period, because, by the least transposition, that assemblage of words which is called a style becomes utterly annihilated. The swift despatch of common readers not only eludes their memory, but betrays their apprehension, when the turn of thought and expression would insensibly grow natural to them, would they but give themselves time to receive the impression. Suppose we fix one of these readers in his easy chair, and observe him passing through a book with a grave ruminating face, how ridiculously must he look, if we desire him to give an account of an author he has just read over! and how unheeded must the general character of it be, when given by one of these serene unobservers! The common defence of these people is, that they have no design in reading but for pleasure, which I think should rather arise from the reflection and remembrance of what one has read, than from the transient satisfaction of what one does, and we should be pleased proportionably as we are profited. It is prodigious arrogance in any one to imagine, that by one hasty course through a book he can fully enter into the soul and secrets of a writer, whose life perhaps has been busied in the birth of such production. Books that do not immediately concern some profession or science, are generally run over as mere empty entertainments, rather than as matter of improvement; though, in my opinion, a refined speculation upon morality, or history, requires as much

time and capacity to collect and digest, as the most abstruse treatise of any profession; and I think, besides, there can be no book well written, but what must necessarily improve the understanding of the reader, even in the very profession to which he applies himself. For to reason with strength, and express himself with propriety, must equally concern the divine, the physician, and the lawyer. My own course of looking into books has occasioned these reflections, and the following account may suggest more.

‘Having been bred up under a relation that had a pretty large study of books, it became my province once a-week to dust them. In the performance of this my duty, as I was obliged to take down every particular book, I thought there was no way to deceive the toil of my journey through the different abodes and habitations of these authors but by reading something in every one of them; and in this manner to make my passage easy from the comely folio in the upper shelf or region, even through the crowd of duodecimos in the lower. By frequent exercise I became so great a proficient in this transitory application to books, that I could hold open half a dozen small authors in a hand, grasping them with as secure a dexterity as a drawer doth his glasses, and feasting my curious eye with all of them at the same instant. Through these methods the natural irresolution of my youth was much strengthened, and having no leisure, if I had had inclination, to make pertinent observations in writing, I was thus confirmed a very early wanderer. When I was sent to Oxford, my chiefest expense run upon books, and my only consideration in such expense upon numbers, so that you may be sure I had what they call a choice collection, sometimes buying by the pound, sometimes by the dozen, at other times by the hundred. For the more pleasant use of a multitude of books, I had by frequent conferences with an ingenious joiner, contrived a machine of an orbicular structure, that had its particular receptions for a dozen authors, and which, with the least touch of the finger, would whirl round, and present the reader at once with a delicious view of its full furniture. Thrice a day did I change, not only the books, but the languages; and had used my eye to such a quick succession of objects, that in the most precipitate twirl I could catch a sentence out of each author, as it passed fleeting by me. Thus my hours, days, and years, flew unprofitably away, but yet were agreeably lengthened by being distinguished with this endearing variety; and I cannot but think myself very fortunate in my contrivance of this engine, with its several new editions and amendments, which have contributed so much to the delight of all studious vagabonds. When I had been resident the usual time at Oxford that gains one admission into the public library, I was the happiest creature on earth, promising to myself most delightful travels through this new world of literature. Sometimes you might see me mounted upon a ladder, in search of some Arabian manuscripts, which had slept in a certain corner undisturbed for many years. Once I

M

had the misfortune to fall from this eminence, and catching at the chains of the books, was seen hanging in a very merry posture, with two or three large folios rattling about my neck, till the humanity of Mr. Crab\* the librarian disentangled us.

‘As I always held it necessary to read in public places, by way of ostentation, but could not possibly travel with a library in my pockets, I took the following method to gratify this errantry of mine. I contrived a little pocket-book, each leaf of which was a different author, so that my wandering was indulged and concealed within the same inclosure.

‘This extravagant humour, which should seem to pronounce me irrecoverable, had the contrary effect; and my hand and eye being thus confined to a single book, in a little time reconciled me to the perusal of a single author. However, I chose such a one as had as little connexion as possible, turning to the Proverbs of Solomon, where the best instructions are thrown together in the most beautiful range imaginable, and where I found all that variety which I had before sought in so many different authors, and which was so necessary to beguile my attention. By these proper degrees, I have made so glorious a reformation in my studies, that I can keep company with Tully in his most extended periods, and work through the continued narrations of the most prolix historian. I now read nothing without making exact collections, and shall shortly give the world an instance of this in the publication of the following discourses. The first is a learned controversy about the existence of griffins, in which I hope to convince the world, that notwithstanding such a mixt creature has been allowed by Ælian, Solinus, Mela, and Herodotus, that they have been perfectly mistaken in that matter, and shall support myself by the authority of Albertus, Pliny, Aldrovandus, and Matthias Michovius, which two last have clearly argued that animal out of the creation.

‘The second is a treatise of sternutation or sneezing, with the original custom of saluting or blessing upon that motion; as also with a problem from Aristotle, showing why sneezing from noon to night was innocent enough, from night to noon, extremely unfortunate.

‘The third and most curious is my discourse upon the nature of the lake Asphaltites, or the lake of Sodom, being a very careful inquiry whether brickbats and iron will swim in that lake, and feathers sink; as Pliny and Mandeville have averred.

‘The discussing these difficulties without perplexity or prejudice, the labour in collecting and collating matters of this nature, will, I hope, in a great measure atone for the idle hours I have trifled away in matters of less importance. I am, sir, your humble servant.’

No. 61.]

Thursday, May 21, 1713.

— Primaque e cæde ferarum  
Incaluisse putem maculaturn sanguine ferrum.  
Ovid. Met. Lib. xv. 106.

\* This is supposed to be an oblique stroke at Dr. Bentley.



Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,  
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.

*Dryden.*

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less in proportion accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompense in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them is the license of inflicting pain upon poor animals; almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows or martins; this opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for robin-redbreasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I do not know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them. Scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point

outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives.—Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls, (who are a sort of feathered cats,) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine, though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs, is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity. But I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

‘————— Questuque cruentus,

Atque imploranti similis.’—

‘————— That lies beneath the knife,

Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.’

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipt to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect, “That it is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears.” ‘Yet if,’ says he, ‘we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of

compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception.'—In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner: 'It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest. Such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service.'

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the senate, for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to show, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion:

Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos  
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?  
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas  
Præbetis; vitæque magis quam morte juvatis.  
Quid merere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,  
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?  
Inmemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,  
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,  
Ruricolam mactare suum———*Met. Lib. xv. 116.*

Quam male consuevit, quam se parat ille cruari  
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro  
Rumpit, et inmotas præbet mugitibus aures!  
Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hædum  
Edentem jugulare potest!——— *Id. ver. 463.*

The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,  
But meek and unresisting innocence.  
A patient, useful creature, born to bear [er;  
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murder-  
And daily to give down the milk she bred,  
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.  
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,  
And is of least advantage when she dies.  
How did the toiling ox his death deserve;  
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?  
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope  
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;  
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd,  
And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful field!  
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,  
That neck, with which the surly clods he broke:

And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,  
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began?

What more advance can mortals make in sin  
So near perfection, who with blood begin?  
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,  
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:  
Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies,  
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,  
And imitates in vain the children's cries. *Dryden*

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where methinks that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness.———'Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons——— and also much cattle?' And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it, in those words: 'If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy days.'

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us. As for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder entreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, 'I shall do no more,' said the adder, 'than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet.' The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? 'If you mean according to the usage of men,' replied the tree, 'by its contrary: I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks.' Upon this, the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately



they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so. 'I know it,' said the cow, 'by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me.' The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired, of courtesy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to enter in so narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; when the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

No. 62.]

Friday, May 22, 1713.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!  
*Virg. Georg. ii. 453.*

Too happy, if they knew their happy state.

UPON the late election of king's scholars, my curiosity drew me to Westminster school. The sight of a place where I had not been for many years, revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a softness that rendered them inexpressibly agreeable. As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite style, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets, which corrupt our taste, and infest the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their

minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called beaux, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood; who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age, after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connexion, and symmetry of things, and fills the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universities, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest geni that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. There, a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the stock of learning transmitted down from the ancients, is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is thence propagated by men, who, having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities, so it cannot be denied that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges, and

assigned liberal endowments to students and professors. Upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive traditions of Christianity preserved and understood. And it is well known, that after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages, and of antiquity.

Or, if a free-thinker is ignorant of these facts, he may be convinced from the manifest reason of the thing. Is it not plain that our skill in literature is owing to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which, that they are still preserved among us, can be ascribed only to a religious regard? What else should be the cause why the youth of Christendom, above the rest of mankind, are educated in the painful study of those dead languages; and that religious societies should peculiarly be employed in acquiring that sort of knowledge, and teaching it to others?

And it is more than probable, that in case our free-thinkers could once achieve their glorious design of sinking the credit of the Christian religion, and causing those revenues to be withdrawn which their wiser forefathers had appointed to the support and encouragement of its teachers, in a little time the Shaster would be as intelligible as the Greek Testament; and we, who want that spirit and curiosity which distinguished the ancient Grecians, would by degrees relapse into the same state of barbarism which overspread the northern nations, before they were enlightened by Christianity.

Some perhaps, from the ill-tendency and vile taste which appear in their writings, may suspect that the free-thinkers are carrying on a malicious design against the belles lettres: for my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking wretches, of short views and narrow capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the causes or consequences of things.

reflections upon the letter I writ to you, published in yours of the twelfth instant. The sentence upon which he spends most of his invectives, is this, "I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say *him*, for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner: others who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner."

'Now, Mr. Ironside, what was there in all this but saying, "I cannot tell what to do in this case. There has been named for this paper, one for whom I have a value, and another whom I cannot but neglect?" I have named no man, but if there be any gentleman who wrongfully lies under the imputation of being or assisting the Examiner, he would do well to do himself justice, under his own hand, in the eye of the world. As to the exasperated mistress, the Examiner demands in her behalf, a "reparation for offended innocence." This is pleasant language, when spoken of this person; he wants to have me unsay what he makes me to have said before. I declare then it was a false report, which was spread concerning me and a lady, sometimes reputed the author of the Examiner; and I can now make her no reparation, but in begging her pardon, that I never lay with her.

'I speak all this only in regard to the Examiner's offended innocence, and will make no reply as to what relates merely to myself. I have said before, "he is welcome from henceforward, to treat me as he pleases." But the bit of Greek, which I entreat you to put at the front of to-morrow's paper, speaks all my sense on this occasion. It is a speech put in the mouth of Ajax, who is engaged in the dark: He cries out to Jupiter, "Give me but daylight, let me but see my foe, and let him destroy me if he can."

'But when he repeats his story of the "general for life," I cannot hear him with so much patience. He may insinuate what he pleases to the ministry of me; but I am sure I could not, if I would, by detraction, do them more injury than he does by his ill-placed, ignorant, nauseous flattery. One of them, whose talent is address, and skill in the world, he calls Cato; another, whose praise is conversation-wit and a taste of pleasures, is also Cato. Can any thing in nature be more out of character, or more expose those whom he would recommend to the railery of his adversaries, than comparing these to Cato? But gentlemen of their eminence are to be treated with respect, and not to suffer because a sycophant has applauded them in a wrong place.

'As much as he says I am in defiance with those in present power, I will lay before them one point that would do them more honour than any one circumstance in their whole administration; which is, to show their resentment of the Examiner's nauseous applause of themselves, and licentious calumny of their predecessors. Till they do themselves that justice, men of sense will believe they are pleased with the adulation of a prostitute, who heaps upon

No. 63.]

Saturday, May 23, 1713.

Ζευ πατερ, αλλα συ ευσαις υπ' ημερος υιας Αχαιων,  
Ποιστον, δ' κερην, δος δ' οφθαλμοισιν ιδεσθαι,  
'Εν δε φωνη και ολεσσαν. Hom. II. xvii. 645.

O King! O Father! hear my humble prayer:  
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,  
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:  
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,  
But let us perish in the face of day!

Pope.

I AM obliged, for many reasons, to insert this first letter, though it takes me out of my way, especially on a Saturday; but the ribaldry of some part of that will be abundantly made up by the quotation in the second.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

'Friday, May 22, 1713.

'SIR,—The Examiner of this day consists of



them injudicious applauses, for which he makes way by random abuses upon those who are in present possession of all that is laudable. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

‘RICHARD STEELE.’

‘To Mr. Ironside.

‘SIR,—A mind so well qualified as your’s, must receive every day large improvements, when exercised upon such truths which are the glory of our natures; such as those which lead us to an endless happiness in our life succeeding this. I herewith send you Dr. Lucas’s Practical Christianity, for your serious perusal. If you have already read it, I desire you would give it to one of your friends who has not. I think you cannot recommend it better than in inserting by way of specimen these passages which I point to you, as follows:—

“That I have, in this state I am now in, a soul as well as a body, whose interest concerns me, is a truth my sense sufficiently discovers: For I feel joys and sorrows, which do not make their abode in the organs of the body, but in the inmost recesses of the mind; pains and pleasures which sense is too gross and heavy to partake of, as the peace or trouble of conscience in the reflection upon good or evil actions, the delight or vexation of the mind, in the contemplation of, or a fruitless inquiry after, excellent and important truths.

“And since I have such a soul capable of happiness or misery, it naturally follows, that it were sottish and unreasonable to lose this soul for the gain of the whole world. For my soul is I myself, and if that be miserable, I must needs be so. Outward circumstances of fortune may give the world occasion to think me happy, but they can never make me so. Shall I call myself happy, if discontent and sorrow eat out the life and spirit of my soul? if lusts and passions riot and mutiny in my bosom? if my sins scatter an uneasy shame all over me, and my guilt appals and frights me? What avails it me, that my rooms are stately, my tables full, my attendants numerous, and my attire gaudy, if all this while my very being pines and languishes away? These indeed are rich and pleasant things, but I nevertheless am a poor and miserable man. Therefore I conclude, that whatever this thing be I call a soul, though it were a perishing, dying thing, and would not outlive the body, yet it were my wisdom and interest to prefer its content and satisfaction before all the world, unless I could choose to be miserable, and delight to be unhappy.

“This very consideration, supposing the uncertainty of another world, would yet strongly engage me to the service of religion; for all it aims at, is to banish sin out of the world, which is the source and original of all the troubles that disquiet the mind; 1st. Sin in its very essence, is nothing else but disordered, distempered passions, affections foolish and preposterous in their choice, or wild and extravagant in their proportion, which our own experience sufficiently convinces us to be painful and uneasy. 2d. It engages us in desperate hazards, wearies us with daily toils, and often buries us in the

ruins we bring upon ourselves; and lastly, it fills our hearts with distrust, and fear, and shame; for we shall never be able to persuade ourselves fully, that there is no difference between good and evil; that there is no God, or none that concerns himself at the actions of this life: and if we cannot, we can never rid ourselves of the pangs and stings of a troubled conscience; we shall never be able to establish a peace and calm in our bosoms; and so enjoy our pleasure with a clear and uninterrupted freedom. But if we could persuade ourselves into the utmost height of atheism, yet still we shall be under these two strange inconveniences: 1st. That a life of sin will be still irregular and disorderly, and therefore troublesome: 2d. That we shall have dismantled our souls of their greatest strength, disarmed them of that faith which only can support them under the afflictions of this present life.”

No. 64.]

Monday, May 25, 1713.

—Levium spectacula rerum.

Virg. Georg. iv. 3.

Trifles set out to show.

I AM told by several persons whom I have taken into my ward, that it is to their great damage I have digressed so much of late from the natural course of my precautions. They have addressed and petitioned me with appellations and titles, which admonish me to be that sort of patron which they want me to be, as follows.

‘To Nestor Ironside, Esq. Patron of the Industrious.

‘The humble petition of John Longbottom, Charles Lilly, Bat. Pidgeon, and J. Norwood, capital artificers, most humbly sheweth,

‘That your petitioners behold with great sorrow, your honour employing your important moments in remedying matters which nothing but time can cure, and which do not so immediately, or at least so professedly, appertain to your office, as do the concerns of us your petitioners, and other handicraft persons, who excel in their different and respective dexterities.

‘That as all mechanics are employed in accommodating the dwellings, clothing the persons, or preparing the diet of mankind, your petitioners ought to be placed first in your guardianship, as being useful in a degree superior to all other workmen, and as being wholly conversant in clearing and adorning the head of man.

‘That the said Longbottom, above all the rest of mankind, is skillful in taking off that horrid excrescence on the chins of all males, and casting, by the touch of his hand, a cheerfulness where that excrescence grew; an art known only to this your artificer.

‘That Charles Lilly prepares snuff and perfumes which refresh the brain in those that have too much for their quiet, and gladdens it in those who have too little to know their want of it.

‘That Bat. Pidgeon cuts the luxuriant locks

growing from the upper part of the head, in so artful a manner, with regard to the visage, that he makes the ringlets, falling by the temples, conspire with the brows and lashes of the eye, to heighten the expressions of modesty and intimations of good-will, which are most infallibly communicated by ocular glances.

'That J. Norwood forms periwigs with respect to particular persons and visages, on the same plan that Bat. Pidgeon corrects natural hair; that he has a strict regard to the climate under which his customer was born, before he pretends to cover his head; that no part of his wig is composed of hair which grew above twenty miles from the buyer's place of nativity; that the very neck-lock grew in the same county, and all the hair to the face in the very parish where he was born.

'That these your cephalic operators humbly entreat your more frequent attention to the mechanic arts, and that you would place your petitioners at the head of the family of the cosmetics, and your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.'

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esq. Guardian of Good Fame.'*

'The memorial of Esau Ringwood, showeth,

'That though nymphs and shepherds, sonnets and complaints, are no more to be seen or heard in the forests and chases of Great Britain, yet are not the huntsmen who now frequent the woods so barbarous as represented in the Guardian of the twenty-first instant; that the knife is not presented to the lady of quality by the huntsman to cut the throat of the deer: but after he is killed, that instrument is given her, as the animal is now become food, in token that all our labour, joy, and exultation in the pursuit, were excited from the sole hope of making the stag an offering to her table; that your honour has detracted from the humanity of sportsmen in this representation; that they demand you would retract your error, and distinguish Britons from Scythians.

'P. S. Repent, and eat venison.'

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire, Avenger of Detraction.'*

'The humble petition of Susan How-d'ye-call, most humbly showeth,

'That your petitioner is mentioned at all visits, with an account of facts done by her, of speeches she has made, and of journeys she has taken, to all which circumstances your petitioner is wholly a stranger; that in every family in Great Britain, glasses and cups are broken, and utensils displaced, and all these faults laid upon Mrs. How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner has applied to counsel, upon these grievances; that your petitioner is advised, that her case is the same with that of John-a-Styles, and that she is abused only by way of form; your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that in behalf of herself, and all others defamed under the term of Mr. or Mrs. How-d'ye-call, you will grant her and them the following concessions: that no reproach shall take place where the person has not an opportunity of defending himself; that the phrase of a "certain person,"

means "no certain person;" that the "How-d'ye-calls," "some people," "a certain set of men," "there are folks row-a-days," and "things are come to that pass," are words that shall concern nobody after the present Monday in Whitsun-week, 1713.

'That it is baseness to offend any person, except the offender exposes himself to that person's examination; that no woman is defamed by any man, without he names her name; that "exasperated mistress," "false fair," and the like, shall from the said Whitsun-Monday, signify no more than Cloc, Corinna, or Mrs. How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner, being an old maid, may be joined in marriage to John-a-Nokes, or, in case of his being resolved upon celibacy, to Tom Long, the carrier, and your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire'*

'The humble petition of Hugh Pounce, of Grubstreet, showeth,

'That in your first paper you have touched upon the affinity between all arts which concern the good of society, and professed that you should promote a good understanding between them.

'That your petitioner is skilful in the art and mystery of writing verses or distichs.

'That your petitioner does not write for vain-glory, but for the use of society.

'That, like the art of painting upon glass, the more durable work of writing upon iron is almost lost.

'That your petitioner is retained as poet to the Ironmongers company.

'Your petitioner therefore humbly desires you would protect him in the sole making of posies for knives, and all manner of learning to be wrought on iron, and your petitioner shall ever pray.'

*'To the Guardian.'*

'SIR,—Though every body has been talking or writing on the subject of Cato, ever since the world was obliged with that tragedy, there has not, methinks, been an examination of it, which sufficiently shows the skill of the author merely as a poet. There are peculiar graces which ordinary readers ought to be instructed how to admire; among others, I am charmed with his artificial expressions in well adapted similes: there is no part of writing in which it is more difficult to succeed, for on sublime occasions it requires at once the utmost strength of the imagination, and the severest correction of the judgment. Thus Syphax, when he is forming to himself the sudden and unexpected destruction which is to befall the man he hates, expresses himself in an image which none but a Numidian could have a lively sense of; but yet, if the author had ranged over all the objects upon the face of the earth, he could not have found a representation of a disaster so great, so sudden, and so dreadful as this:

'So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,  
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,  
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,  
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.



The helpless traveller, with wild surprise, }  
Sees the dry desert all around him rise, }  
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies. }

'When Sempronius promises himself the possession of Marcia by a rape, he triumphs in the prospect, and exults in his villany, by representing it to himself in a manner wonderfully suited to the vanity and impiety of his character.

So Pluto, seized of Proserpine, conveyed  
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid;  
There grimly smil'd, pleased with the beauteous prize,  
Nor envy'd Jove his sunshine and his skies.

'Pray old Nestor, trouble thyself no more with the squabbles of old lovers; tell them from me now they are past the sins of the flesh, they are got into those of the spirit; desire hurts the soul less than malice; it is not now, as when they were Sappho and Phaon. I am, sir, your affectionate humble servant, A. B.'

No. 65.]

Tuesday, May 26, 1713.

— Inter scabiem tantam et contagia. —

Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xii. 13.

Amidst the poison of such infectious times.

THERE is not any where, I believe, so much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it possible for the wit of man to devise forms of address to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible terms than are every where to be found in our book of common prayer; and yet I have heard it read with such a negligence, affectation, and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently lost to all the congregation. For my part, I make no scruple to own it, that I go sometimes to a particular place in the city, far distant from mine own home, to hear a gentleman, whose manner I admire, read the liturgy. I am persuaded devotion is the greatest pleasure of his soul, and there is none hears him read without the utmost reverence. I have seen the young people, who have been interchanging glances of passion to each other's person, checked into an attention to the service at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them. But the other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better, than to go upon the admonition of the morning bell, to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made use of it, to look back on all my life, and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours for offering ourselves to our Creator, and prepossess ourselves with the love of Him, and the hopes we have from Him, against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing day. But whether it be that people think fit to indulge their own ease in some secret, pleasing fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the confession but a set of poor scrubs of us, who could sin only in our wills, whose persons could be no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from any body else, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dresses, at our leisure. When we poor souls had presented our-

selves with a contrition suitable to our worthlessness, some pretty young ladies in mobs, popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-door after them, and squatting into a whisper behind their fans. Among others, one of lady Lizard's daughters, and her hopeful maid, made their entrance: the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for some other devout person, whom I saw at a distance very well dressed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertness, not the true possession, of the martial character. This jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmost impudence, declaring, by a fixed eye on that seat (where our beauty was placed) the object of his devotion. This obscene sight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection, that the greatest affronts imaginable are such as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of such vexatious inadvertencies to the business of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very janty slatterns, who gave us to understand, that it is neither dress nor art to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Besides these, there were also by this time arrived two or three sets of whisperers, who carry on most of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place, and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few, in whose looks there appeared a heavenly joy and gladness upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to sleep with expectation of it. For the sake of these it is worth while that the church keeps up such early matins throughout the cities of London and Westminster; but the generality of those who observe that hour, perform it with so tasteless a behaviour, that it appears a task rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, those familiar ducks who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there throw the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their conversation upon any improvements suitable to the true design of that house, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters. These are little groups of acquaintance dispersed in all parts of the town, who are, forsooth, the only people of unspotted characters, and throw all the spots that stick on those of other people. Malice is the ordinary vice of those who live in the mode of religion, without the spirit of it. The pleasurable world are hurried by their passions above the consideration of what others think of them, into a pursuit of irregular enjoyments; while these, who forebear the gratifications of flesh and blood, without having won over the spirit to the interests of virtue, are implaceable in defamations on the errors of such who offend without respect to fame. But the consideration of persons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one sees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was to bewail that people do not know the pleasure of early hours, and of dedicating their

first moments of the day, with joy and singleness of heart, to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our beds, the seldomer should we be confined to them.

One great good which would also accrue from this, were it become a fashion, would be, that it is possible our chief divines would condescend to pray themselves, or at least those whom they substitute would be better supplied, than to be forced to appear at those oraisons in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abstracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it possible for a gentleman, under the income of fifty pounds a year, to be attentive to sublime things? He must rise and dress like a labourer for sordid hire, instead of approaching his place of service with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction, that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aside all the distinctions of this contemptible being, to beseech a protection under its manifold pains and disadvantages, or a release from it, by his favour who sent them into it. He would, with decent superiority, look upon himself as orator before the throne of grace, for a crowd, who hang upon his words, while he asks for them all that is necessary in a transitory life; from the assurance that a good behaviour, for a few moments in it, will procure endless joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himself in this view, who, though not pinched with want, is distracted with care from the fear of it? No; a man, in the least degree below the spirit of a saint or a martyr, will loll, huddle over his duty, look confused, or assume a resolution in his behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is supported above the necessities of life.

'Power and commandment to his minister to declare and pronounce to his people,' is mentioned with a very unguarded air, when the speaker is known in his own private condition to be almost an object of their pity and charity. This last circumstance, with many others here loosely suggested, are the occasion that one knows not how to recommend, to such as have not already a fixed sense of devotion, the pleasure of passing the earliest hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning solemnity as much in vogue, even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would necessarily have so good an effect upon us, as to make us more disengaged and cheerful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place than it is now, the rest of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other reflections, but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.

Set twelve at supper; one above the rest  
Takes all the talk, and breaks a scurvy jest  
On all except the master of the feast;  
At last on him——

THE following letter is full of imagination, and in a fabulous manner sets forth a connection between things, and an alliance between persons, that are very distant and remote to common eyes. I think I know the hand to be that of a very ingenious man, and shall therefore give it the reader without farther preface.

*'To the Guardian.'*

'SIR,—There is a set of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of stories that lessen the reputation of others, and spreading them abroad with a certain air of satisfaction. Perhaps indeed, an innocent unmeaning curiosity, a desire of being informed concerning those we live with, or a willingness to profit by reflection upon the actions of others, may sometimes afford an excuse, or sometimes a defence for inquisitiveness; but certainly it is beyond all excuse a transgression against humanity to carry the matter farther, to tear off the dressings as I may say, from the wounds of a friend, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion; and yet we have something more to bemoan, an outrage of a higher nature, which mankind is guilty of when they are not content to spread the stories of folly, frailty, and vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From such practices as these it happens, that some feel a sorrow, and others are agitated with a spirit of revenge; that scandals or lies are told, because another has told such before; that resentments and quarrels arise, and affronts and injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a scene of vengeance.

'All this I have often observed with abundance of concern, and having a perfect desire to further the happiness of mankind, I lately set myself to consider the causes from whence such evils arise, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I shut my eyes to prevent a distraction from outward objects, and a while after shot away, upon an impulse of thought, into the world of ideas, where abstracted qualities become visible in such appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

'That part of the country where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in its repetition, so that there was a strange confusion and uproar of sounds about me. At length, as the noise still increased, I could discern a man habited like a herald, (and as I afterwards understood) called Novelty, that came forward proclaiming a solemn day to be kept at the house of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monstrous appearances. The first of these was Curiosity, habited like a virgin, and having a



hundred ears upon her head to serve in her inquiries. The second of these was Talkativeness, a little better grown; she seemed to be like a young wife, and had a hundred tongues to spread her stories. The third was Censoriousness, habited like a widow, and surrounded with a hundred squinting eyes of a malignant influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the information she boasted of. These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day she was shuffled into a crowd, to escape the search which Truth might have made after her and her parents. Curiosity found her there, Talkativeness conveyed her away, and Censoriousness so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious size, and obtained an empire over the universe; wherefore the power, in gratitude for these services, has since advanced them to her highest employments. The next who came forward in the procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion.

'She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing from the number of their ears, tongues, and eyes, that they might be the proper genii of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up, I am glad, says she, calling me by my name, to meet you at this time; stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that passes: her voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

'We now marched forward through the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick, and with a terrible din, all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a music-chamber for the improvement of noises. Rest and silence are banished the place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lies, or sometimes lies themselves clashing against one another. In the middle stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moon-shine, and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal powers of Mischiefs. After this, Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing

room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for that time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins, still pronouncing at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the sound of a speaking trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief, or resentment, were heard within it. Thus the three sorceresses discovered, that they whose names they had given to the images were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

'As matters were at this high point of disorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure such barbarous proceedings, threw off her upper garment of Reserve, and appeared to be Truth. As soon as she had confessed herself present, the speaking trumpet ceased to sound, the sky cleared up, the storm abated, the noises which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a serene light, till then unknown to the place, diffused around it. At this the detected sorceresses endeavoured to escape in a cloud which I saw began to thicken round them; but it was soon dispersed, their charms being controlled, and prevailed over by the superior divinity. For my part I was exceedingly glad to see it so, and began to consider what punishment she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curiosity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of the houses: to nail the tongues of Talkativeness to Indian tables; and to put out the eyes of Censoriousness with a flash of her light. In respect of Credulity, I had indeed some little pity, and had I been judge she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty reproof.

'But I soon found that the discerning judge had other designs. She knew them for such as will not be destroyed entirely while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punishment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame ever blushing, and Trouble with a whip of many lashes; two phantoms who had dogged the procession in disguise, and waited till they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then she ordered Curiosity and Talkativeness to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light Credulity she linked to Shame at the tormentor's own request, who was pleased to be thus secure that her prisoner could not escape; and this was done partly for her punishment, and partly for her amendment.

Censoriousness was also in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her assigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, she drove them from the presence to wander for ever through the world, with Novelty stalking before them.

'The cause being now over, she retreated from sight within the splendour of her own glory; which leaving the house it had brightened, the sounds that were proper to the place began to be as loud and confused as when we entered; and there being no longer a clear distinguished appearance of any objects represented to me, I returned from the excursion I had made in fancy.'

No. 67.]

Thursday, May 28, 1713.

— ne forte pudori  
Sic tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.  
*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 406.*

Blush not to patronize the muse's skill.

It has been remarked, by curious observers, that poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as Anacreon, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choaked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in lyrics; the one an ancient, and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating several jockeys in the olympic games, the last has signalized himself on the same occasion by the ode that begins with—'To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse.' My reader will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned, are Pindar and Mr. d'Urfey. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himself to all Greece by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for if I am not mistaken, our British swan will sing to the last. The best judges who have perused his last song on *The moderate Man*, do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place amongst the finest of those works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in king Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom observed to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men,

who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the playhouse, and desired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man who, in Shakspeare's phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry, and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting Sisters*, (a very taking play of my old friend's composing) on the fifteenth of the next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. d'Urfey will be imperfect, if, after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed on my lady Lizard to be at the house in one of the front boxes, and design, if I am in town, to lead her in myself at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am speaking of has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran poet.

I myself remember king Charles the Second leaning on Tom d'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little supported by 'Joy to great Cæsar,' which gave the whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto-Carrero more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of Italian tunes and sonatas for promoting the protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the court with political sonnets, the country with dialogues and pastorals, the city with descriptions of a lord-mayor's feast, not to mention his little ode upon *Stool-Ball*, with many other of the like nature.


Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the play-house. Pretty Peg of Windsor, Gillian of Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johny, with many others to be met with in the *Musical Miscellanies*, entitled, *Pills to purge Melancholy*, would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations, from the beginning of king Charles the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with Tom d'Urfey.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhimes, and bringing words together, that without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, so long



as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit that my old friend angles for a trout, the best of any man in England. May-flies come in late this season, or I myself should before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say, on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in a cage like a singing bird, but enjoy all that pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy, so long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, and good-natured man. 

No. 68.]

Friday, May 29, 1713.

Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium  
Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.

*Ter. Adelp. Act. iii. Sc. 4.*

My advice to him is, to consult the lives of other men as he would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation.

The paper of to-day shall consist of a letter from my friend sir Harry Lizard, which, with my answer, may be worth the perusal of young men of estates, and young women without fortunes. It is absolutely necessary, that in our first vigorous years we lay down some law to ourselves for the conduct of future life, which may at least prevent essential misfortunes. The cutting cares which attend such an affection as that against which I forewarn my friend sir Harry, are very well known to all who are called the men of pleasure; but when they have opposed their satisfactions to their anxieties in an impartial examination, they will find their life not only a dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

‘DEAR OLD MAN,—I believe you are very much surprised, that in the several letters I have written to you, since the receipt of that wherein you recommend a young lady for a wife to your humble servant, I have not made the least mention of that matter. It happens at this time that I am not much inclined to marry; there are very many matches in our country, wherein the parties live so insipidly, or so vexatiously, that I am afraid to venture from their example. Besides, to tell you the truth, good Nestor, I am informed your fine young woman is soon to be disposed of elsewhere. As to the young ladies of my acquaintance in your great town, I do not know one whom I could think of as a wife, who is not either prepossessed with some inclination for some other man, or affects pleasures and entertainments, which she prefers to the conversation of any man living. Women of this kind are the most frequently met with of any sort whatsoever; I mean they are the most frequent among people of condition, that is to say, such are easily to be had as would sit at the head of your estate and table, lie-in by you for the sake of receiving visits in pomp at the end of the month, and enjoy the like gratifications

from the support of your fortune; but you yourself would signify no more to one of them, than a name in trust in a settlement which conveys land and goods, but has no right for its own use. A woman of this turn can no more make a wife, than an ambitious man can be a friend; they both sacrifice all the true tastes of being, and motives of life, for the ostentation, the noise, and the appearance of it. Their hearts are turned to unnatural objects, and as the men of design can carry them on with an exclusion of their daily companions, so women of this kind of gayety, can live at bed and board with a man, without any affection to his person. As to any woman that you examine hereafter for my sake, if you can possibly, find a means to converse with her at some country seat. If she has no relish for rural views, but is undelighted with streams, fields, and groves, I desire to hear no more of her; she has departed from nature, and is irrecoverably engaged in vanity.

I have ever been curious to observe the arrogance of a town lady when she first comes down to her husband's seat, and, beholding her country neighbours, wants somebody to laugh with her, at the frightful things, to whom she herself is equally ridiculous. The pretty pitty-pat step, the playing head, and the fall-back in the curtesy, she does not imagine, make her as unconvivial, and inaccessible to our plain people, as the loud voice and ungainly stride render one of our huntresses to her. In a word, dear Nestor, I beg you to suspend all inquiries towards my matrimony until you hear further from, sir, your most obliged, and most humble servant,

‘HARRY LIZARD.’

A certain loose turn in this letter, mixed indeed with some real exceptions to the too frequent silly choice made by country gentlemen, has given me no small anxiety: and I have sent sir Harry an account of my suspicions, as follows.

‘To Sir Harry Lizard.

‘SIR,—Your letter I have read over two or three times, and must be so free with you as to tell you, it has in it something which betrays you have lost that simplicity of heart with relation to love, which I promised myself would crown your days with happiness and honour. The alteration of your mind towards marriage is not represented as flowing from discretion and wariness in the choice, but a disinclination to that state in general; you seem secretly to propose to yourself (for I will think no otherwise of a man of your age and temper) all its satisfactions out of it, and to avoid the care and inconveniences that attend those who enter into it. I will not urge at this time the greatest consideration of all, to wit, regard of innocence; but having, I think, in my eye, what you aim at, I must, as I am your friend, acquaint you, that you are going into a wilderness of cares and distractions, from which you will never be able to extricate yourself, while the compunctions of honour and pity are yet alive in you.

‘Without naming names, I have long suspected your designs upon a young gentlewoman in your neighbourhood: but give me leave to

tell you with all the earnestness of a faithful friend, that to enter into a criminal commerce with a woman of merit, whom you find innocent, is of all the follies of this life, the most fruitful of sorrow. You must make your approaches to her with the benevolence and language of a good angel, in order to bring upon her pollution and shame, which is the work of a demon. The fashion of the world, the warmth of youth, and the affluence of fortune, may, perhaps, make you look upon me in this talk, like a poor well-meaning old man, who is past those ardentcies in which you at present triumph; but believe me, sir, if you succeed in what I fear you design, you will find the sacrifice of beauty and innocence so strong an obligation upon you, that your whole life will pass away in the worst condition imaginable, that of doubt and irresolution; you will ever be designing to leave her, and never do it; or else leave her for another, with a constant longing after her. He is a very unhappy man who does not reserve the most pure and kind affections of his heart for his marriage-bed, he will otherwise be reduced to this melancholy circumstance, that he gave his mistress that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife either that, or the usual inclination which men bestow upon their mistresses. After such an affair as this, you are a very lucky man if you find a prudential marriage is only insipid, and not actually miserable; a woman of as ancient a family as your own, may come into the house of the Lizards, murmur in your bed, growl at your table, rate your servants, and insult yourself, while you bear all this with this unhappy reflection at the bottom of your heart, "This is all for the injured —." The heart is ungovernable enough, without being biassed by prepossessions; how emphatically unhappy therefore is he, who besides the natural vagrancy of affection, has a passion to one particular object, in which he sees nothing but what is lovely, except what proceeds from his own guilt against it! I speak to you, my dear friend, as one who tenderly regards your welfare, and beg of you to avoid this great error, which has rendered so many agreeable men unhappy before you.—When a man is engaged among the dissolute, gay, and artful of the fair sex, a knowledge of their manners and designs, their favours unendeared by truth, their feigned sorrows and gross flatteries, must in time rescue a reasonable man from the enchantment; but in a case wherein you have none but yourself to accuse, you will find the best part of a generous mind torn away with her, whenever you take your leave of an injured, deserving woman. Come to town, fly from Olinda, to your obedient humble servant,

‘NESTOR IRONSIDE.’

siderable figure in the learned and Christian world. It is entitled, *A Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of God*, drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meanest capacity, by the archbishop of Cambray, author of *Telemachus*, and translated from the French by the same hand that englished that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifested a heart full of virtuous sentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a sincere and fervent piety towards his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great good to the world, and it is a pleasing thing to behold the polite arts subservient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty. Looking over the letters of my correspondents, I find one which celebrates this treatise, and recommends it to my readers.

‘To the Guardian.

‘SIR,—I think I have somewhere read, in the writings of one whom I take to be a friend of yours, a saying which struck me very much, and as I remember, it was to this purpose: “The existence of a God is so far from being a thing that wants to be proved, that I think it is the only thing of which we are certain.” This is a sprightly and just expression; however, I dare say, you will not be displeased that I put you in mind of saying something on the *Demonstration of the bishop of Cambray*. A man of his talents views all things in a light different from that in which ordinary men see them, and the devout disposition of his soul turns all those talents to the improvement of the pleasures of a good life. His style clothes philosophy in a dress almost poetic; and his readers enjoy in full perfection the advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleasing representation of the animal powers in the beginning of his work, and his consideration of the nature of man with the addition of reason in the subsequent discourse, impresses upon the mind a strong satisfaction in itself, and gratitude towards Him who bestowed that superiority over the brute-world. These thoughts had such an effect upon the author himself, that he has ended his discourse with a prayer. This adoration has a sublimity in it befitting his character, and the emotions of his heart flow from wisdom and knowledge. I thought it would be proper for a Saturday’s paper, and have translated it to make you a present of it. I have not, as the translator was obliged to do, confined myself to an exact version from the original, but have endeavoured to express the spirit of it, by taking the liberty to render his thoughts in such a way as I should have uttered them if they had been my own. It has been observed, that the private letters of great men are the best pictures of their souls; but certainly their private devotions would be still more instructive, and I know not why they should not be as curious and entertaining.

‘If you insert this prayer, I know not but I may send you, for another occasion, one used by a very great wit of the last age, which has allusions to the errors of a very wild life; and,

No. 69.]

Saturday, May 30, 1713.

Jupiter est quodcunque vides — Lucan.

Where’er you turn your eyes, ’tis God you see.

I HAD this morning a very valuable and kind present sent me of a translated work of a most excellent foreign writer, who makes a very con-



I believe you will think is written with an uncommon spirit. The person whom I mean was an excellent writer, and the publication of this prayer of his may be, perhaps, some kind of antidote against the infection in his other writings. But this supplication of the bishop has in it a more happy and untroubled spirit; it is (if that is not saying something too fond) the worship of an angel concerned for those who had fallen, but himself still in the state of glory and innocence. The book ends with an act of devotion, to this effect.

"O my God, if the greater number of mankind do not discover thee in that glorious show of nature which thou hast placed before our eyes, it is not because thou art far from every one of us. Thou art present to us more than any object which we touch with our hands; but our senses, and the passions which they produce in us, turn our attention from thee. Thy light shines in the midst of darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every way display thyself. Thou shinest in all thy works, but art not regarded by heedless and unthinking man. The whole creation talks aloud of thee, and echoes with the repetitions of thy holy name. But such is our insensibility, that we are deaf to the great and universal voice of nature. Thou art every where about us, and within us; but we wander from ourselves, become strangers to our own souls, and do not apprehend thy presence. O thou, who art the eternal fountain of light and beauty, who art the ancient of days, without beginning and without end; O thou, who art the life of all that truly live, those can never fail to find thee, who seek for thee within themselves. But alas! the very gifts which thou bestowest upon us do so employ our thoughts, that they hinder us from perceiving the hand which conveys them to us. We live by thee, and yet we live without thinking on thee; but, O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of thee! A dead unactive piece of matter; a flower that withers; a river that glides away; a palace that hastens to its ruin; a picture made up of fading colours; a mass of shining ore: strike our imaginations, and make us sensible of their existence. We regard them as objects capable of giving us pleasure, not considering that thou conveyest, through them, all the pleasure which we imagine they give us. Such vain empty objects that are only the shadows of being, are proportioned to our low and grovelling thoughts. That beauty which thou hast poured out on thy creation, is as a veil which hides thee from our eyes. As thou art a being too pure and exalted to pass through our senses, thou art not regarded by men, who have debased their nature, and have made themselves like the beasts that perish. So infatuated are they, that notwithstanding they know what is wisdom and virtue, which have neither sound, nor colour, nor smell, nor taste, nor figure, nor any other sensible quality, they can doubt of thy existence, because thou art not apprehended by the grosser organs of sense. Wretches that we are! we consider shadows as realities, and truth as a phantom. That which is nothing, is all to us; and that which is all, appears to us nothing. What do we see in all nature but

thee, O my God! Thou and only thou, appearest in every thing. When I consider thee, O Lord, I am swallowed up, and lost in contemplation of thee. Every thing besides thee, even my own existence, vanishes and disappears in the contemplation of thee. I am lost to myself, and fall into nothing, when I think on thee. The man who does not see thee, has beheld nothing; he who does not taste thee, has a relish of nothing; his being is vain, and his life but a dream. Set up thyself, O Lord, set up thyself, that we may behold thee. As wax consumes before the fire, and as the smoke is driven away, so let thine enemies vanish out of thy presence. How unhappy is that soul who, without the sense of thee, has no God, no hope, no comfort to support him! But how happy the man who searches, sighs, and thirsts after thee! But he only is fully happy, on whom thou liftest up the light of thy countenance, whose tears thou hast wiped away, and who enjoys in thy loving-kindness the completion of all his desires. How long, how long, O Lord, shall I wait for that day when I shall possess, in thy presence, fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore? O my God, in this pleasing hope, my bones rejoice and cry out, Who is like unto thee! My heart melts away, and my soul faints within me when I look up to Thee, who art the God of my life, and my portion to all eternity."

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No. 70.]

Monday, June 1, 1713.

—mentisque capacious alta.

*Ovid. Met. Lib. i. 76.*

Of thoughts enlarged and more exalted mind.

As I was the other day taking a solitary walk in St. Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the pursuit of a certain analogy between that fabric and the Christian church in the largest sense. The divine order and economy of the one seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture of the other. And as the one consists of a great variety of parts united in the same regular design, according to the truest art, and most exact proportion; so the other contains a decent subordination of members, various sacred institutions, sublime doctrines, and solid precepts of morality digested into the same design, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happiness and exaltation of human nature.

In the midst of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it straightway came into my head, that this same fly was a free-thinker. For it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts, were inconspicuous, and nothing could appear but small inequalities in the surface of the hewn stone, which in the view of that insect seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a free-thinker are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a single text, or the unaccountableness of some step of Providence or point of doctrine to his narrow faculties, without comprehending the scope and design of Christianity, the perfection to which it raiseth human nature, the light it hath shed abroad in the world, and the close connexion it hath as well with the good of public societies, as with that of particular persons.

This raised in me some reflections on that frame or disposition which is called 'largeness of mind,' its necessity towards forming a true judgment of things, and where the soul is not incurably stunted by nature, what are the likeliest methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philosophy doth open and enlarge the mind, by the general views to which men are habituated in that study, and by the contemplation of more numerous and distant objects, than fall within the sphere of mankind in the ordinary pursuits of life. Hence it comes to pass, that philosophers judge of most things very differently from the vulgar. Some instances of this may be seen in the *Theætetus* of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks, among others of the like nature.

'When a philosopher hears ten thousand acres mentioned as a great estate, he looks upon it as an inconsiderable spot, having been used to contemplate the whole globe of earth. Or when he beholds a man elated with the nobility of his race, because he can reckon a series of seven rich ancestors; the philosopher thinks him a stupid ignorant fellow, whose mind cannot reach to a general view of human nature, which would show him that we have all innumerable ancestors, among whom are crowds of rich and poor, kings and slaves, Greeks and barbarians.' Thus far Socrates, who was accounted wiser than the rest of the heathens, for notions which approach the nearest to Christianity.

As all parts and branches of philosophy, or speculative knowledge, are useful in that respect, astronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow spirit. In that science there are good reasons assigned to prove the sun a hundred thousand times bigger than our earth, and the distance of the stars so prodigious, that a cannon-bullet continuing in its ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from hence at the nearest of them in the space of a hundred and fifty thousand years. These ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is something in the immensity of this distance that shocks and overwhelms the imagination; it is too big for the grasp of a human intellect: estates, provinces, and kingdoms, vanish at its presence. It were to be wished a certain prince,\* who hath encouraged the study of it in his subjects, had been himself a proficient in astronomy. This might have showed him how mean an ambition that was, which terminated in a small part of what is itself but a point, in respect to that part of the universe which lies within our view.

But the Christian religion ennobleth and en-

largeth the mind beyond any other profession or science whatsoever. Upon that scheme, while the earth, and the transient enjoyments of this life, shrink into the narrowest dimensions, and are accounted as 'the dust of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, less than nothing,' the intellectual world opens wider to our view. The perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human soul, are displayed in the largest characters. The mind of man seems to adapt itself to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement arising from the contemplation of these great and sublime ideas.

The greatness of things is comparative; and this does not only hold in respect of extension but likewise in respect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Astronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Christianity produceth a universal greatness of soul. Philosophy increaseth our views in every respect, but Christianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean must the most exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of blessed spirits, differing in glory and perfection! How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, seem to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit, as the assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Christian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehensive views of religion must not be thought wholly to regard the understanding. Nothing is of greater force to subdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his passions or his reason, these are first wrought upon by some object, which stirs the soul in proportion to its apparent dimensions. Hence irreligious men, whose short prospects are filled with earth and sense, and mortal life, are invited by these mean ideas to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whose views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler pursuits by more sublime and remote objects.

There is not any instance of weakness in the free-thinkers that raises my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Christians, as men of narrow understandings, and to pass themselves upon the world for persons of superior sense, and more enlarged views. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler sentiments, which the greater views; he whose notions are stunted to a few miserable inlets of sense, or he whose sentiments are raised above the common taste, by the anticipation of those delights which will satiate the soul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this short span of duration, or he whose aims are co-extended with the endless length of eternity? He who derives his spirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty?

\* Lewis XIV.



No. 71.]

Tuesday, June 2, 1713.

Quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunia in latis alit esuletis :  
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum  
Arida nutrix.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Od. xxii. 13.*

No beast, of more potentous size,  
In the Hercynian forest lies ;  
Nor fiercer in Numidia bred,  
With Carthage were in triumph led.

*Roscommon.*

I QUESTION not but my country customers will be surprised to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infested with lions : and will perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey, who walk our streets in broad day-light, beating about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one that is a great man's spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my office of Guardian without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him, I design this whole paper as an essay upon the political lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republic of Venice, which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the doge's palace several large figures of lions curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means all the secrets of state come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed ; it is the lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of lion.

I must confess this etymology is plausible enough, and I did for some time acquiesce in it, till about a year or two ago I met with a little manuscript which sets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, says my author, the renowned Walsingham had many spies in his service, from whom the government received great advantage. The most eminent among them was the statesman's barber, whose surname was Lion. This fellow had an admirable knack of fishing out the secrets of his customers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head, till he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain snap in his fingers and a volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhaustible fund of private intelligence, and so signalized him-

self in the capacity of a spy, that from his time a master-spy goes under the name of a lion.

Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion whom he did not see highly qualified for it when he was in his human condition. Indeed the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expose them a little unmercifully ; but that, in my opinion, seems only good policy, for otherwise they might set up for men again, when they thought fit, and desert his service. But however, though in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere respect for their talents, though against him, than they could expect from any other minister whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made Raleigh (who profest himself his opponent) say one day to a friend, 'Pox take this Walsingham, he baffles every body ; he won't so much as let a man hate him in private.' True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itself. He had lions rampant whom he used for the service of the church, and couchant who were to lie down for the queen. They were so much at command, that the couchant would act as the rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance, and all this within four-and-twenty hours. Walsingham had the pleasantest life in the world ; for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them : all this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different constitutions.

Having given this short, but necessary account of this statesman and his barber, who, like the taylor in Shakspeare's *Pyramus* and *Thysby*, was a man made as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wise Walsingham was secretary in this nation, our statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our British arms is one of the supporters of the crown, and that it is impossible for a government, in which there are such a variety of factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

A lion, or master-spy, hath several jackalls under him, who are his retailers in intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report ; his chief haunt is a coffee-house, and as his voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the sound of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirsts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than those that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action, that may do a man good, it is

not for his purpose, he quits the chace and falls into a more agreeable scent.

He discovers a wonderful sagacity in seeking after his prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the sound of the creature whom he would ensnare; an artifice to be met with in no beast of prey, except the hyæna and the political lion.

You seldom see a cluster of newsmongers without a lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his stand within ear-shot of one of those little ambitious men, who set up for orators in places of public resort. If there is a whispering-hole, or any public-spirited corner in a coffee-house, you never fail of seeing a lion couched upon his elbow in some part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the perusal of every loose paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads, while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the Post-man, and snuffs the candle, that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a lion pore upon a single paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full description of this monster, for the benefit of such innocent persons as may fall into his walks, I shall apply a word or two to the lion himself, whom I would desire to consider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmost contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and executioners are necessary in a state, and so may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the wretch that takes on him so vile an employment? There is scarce a being that would not suffer by a comparison with him, except that being only who acts the same kind of part, and is both the temper and accuser of mankind.

N. B. Mr. Ironside has, within five weeks last past, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next the skin of the dead one will be hung up in terrorem, at Button's coffee-house, over against Tom's, in Covent-Garden.

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No. 72.]      Wednesday, June 3, 1713.

—In vitium libertas excidit, ars vim  
Dignam lege regit.      *Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 282.*

—Its liberty was turned to rage;  
Such rage as civil pow'r was forced to tame.

*Creech.*

OXFORD is a place which I am more inquisitive about than even that of my nativity; and when I have an account of any sprightly saying, or rising genius from thence, it brings my own youthful days into my mind, and throws me forty years back into life. It is for this reason, that I have thought myself a little neglected of late by Jack Lizard, from whom I used to hear at least once a week. The last post brought me his excuse, which is, that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing some exercises for the theatre. He tells me likewise, that the

talk there is about a public act, and that the gay part of the university have great expectation of a Terræ-filius, who is to lash and sting all the world in a satirical speech. Against the great licence which hath heretofore been taken in these libels, he expresses himself with such humanity, as is very unusual in a young person, and ought to be cherished and admired. For my own part, I so far agree with him, that if the university permits a thing, which I think much better let alone; I hope those, whose duty it is to appoint a proper person for that office, will take care that he utter nothing unbecoming a gentleman, a scholar, and a christian. Moreover, I would have them consider that their learned body hath already enemies enough, who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent insinuations, and to interpret all oblique indecencies, who will triumph in such a victory, and bid the university thank herself for the consequences.

In my time I remember the Terræ-filius contented himself with being bitter upon the pope, or chastising the Turk; and raised a serious and manly mirth, and adapted to the dignity of his auditory, by exposing the false reasoning of the heretic, or ridiculing the clumsy pretenders to genius and politeness. In the jovial reign of king Charles the Second, wherein never did more wit or more ribaldry abound, the fashion of being arch upon all that was grave, and waggish upon the ladies, crept into our seats of learning upon these occasions. This was managed grossly and awkwardly enough, in a place where the general plainness and simplicity of manners could ill bear the mention of such crimes, as in courts and great cities are called by the specious names of air and gallantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any man, bred up in the knowledge of virtue and humanity, should so far cast off all shame and tenderness, as to stand up in the face of thousands, and utter such contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let such a one know that he is making fools merry, and wise men sick; and that, in the eye of considering persons, he hath less compunction than the common hangman, and less shame than a prostitute.

Infamy is so cutting an evil, that most persons who have any elevation of soul, think it worse than death. Those who have it not in their power to revenge it, often pine away in anguish, and loath their being; and those who have, enjoy no rest till they have vengeance. I shall therefore make it the business of this paper to show how base and ungenerous it is to traduce the women, and how dangerous to expose men of learning and character, who have generally been the subjects of these invectives.

It hath been often said, that women seem formed to soften the boisterous passions, and sooth the cares and anxieties to which men are exposed in the many perplexities of life. That having weaker bodies, and less strength of mind than man, nature hath poured out her charms upon them, and given them such tenderness of heart, that the most delicate delight we receive from them is, in thinking them entirely ours, and under our protection. Accordingly we find, that all nations have paid a decent homage to this weaker and lovelier part of the



rational creation, in proportion to their removal from savageness and barbarism. Chastity and truth are the only due returns that they can make for this generous disposition in the nobler sex. For beauty is so far from satisfying us of itself, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with regret and disdain. Whoever therefore robs a woman of her reputation, despoils a poor defenceless creature of all that makes her valuable, turns her beauty into loathsomeness, and leaves her friendless, abandoned, and undone. There are many tempers so soft that the least calumny gives them pains they are not able to bear. They give themselves up to strange fears, gloomy reflections, and deep melancholy. How savage must he be, who can sacrifice the quiet of such a mind to a transient burst of mirth! Let him who wantonly sports away the peace of a poor lady consider what discord he sows in families; how often he wrings the heart of a hoary parent; how often he rouses the fury of a jealous husband; how he extorts from the abused woman curses, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the bitterness of her soul! What weapons hath she wherewith to repel such an outrage! How shall she oppose her softness and imbecility to the hardened forehead of a coward who hath trampled upon weakness that could not resist him! to a buffoon, who hath slandered innocence to raise the laughter of fools! who hath 'scattered firebrands, arrows, and deaths, and said, am I not in sport!'

Irreverent reflections upon men of learning and note, if their character be sacred, do great disservice to religion, and betray a vile mind in the author. I have therefore always thought with indignation upon that 'accuser of the brethren,' the famous antiquary,\* whose employment it was for several years, to rake up all the ill-natured stories that had ever been fastened upon celebrated men, and transmit them to posterity with cruel industry, and malicious joy. Though the good men, ill-used, may out of a meek and Christian disposition, so far subdue their natural resentment, as to neglect and forgive; yet the inventors of such calumnies will find generous persons, whose bravery of mind makes them think themselves proper instruments to chastise such insolence. And I have in my time, more than once known the discipline of the blanket administered to the offenders, and all their slanders answered by that kind of syllogism which the ancient Romans called the *argumentum bacillinum*.

I have less compassion for men of sprightly parts and genius, whose characters are played upon, because they have it in their power to revenge themselves tenfold. But I think of all the classes of mankind, they are the most pardonable if they pay the slanderer in his own coin. For their names being already blazed abroad in the world, the least blot thrown upon them is displayed far and wide; and they have this sad privilege above the men in obscurity, that the dishonour travels as far as their fame.

To be even therefore with their enemy, they are but too apt to diffuse his infamy as far as their own reputation; and perhaps triumph in secret, that they have it in their power to make his name the scoff and derision of after-ages. This, I say, they are too apt to do. For sometimes they resent the exposing of their little affectations or slips in writing, as much as wounds upon their honour. The first are trifles they should laugh away, but the latter deserves their utmost severity.

I must confess a warmth against the buffooneries mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as they have so many circumstances to aggravate their guilt. A license for a man to stand up in the schools of the prophets, in a grave decent habit, and audaciously vent his obloquies against the doctors of our church, and directors of our young nobility, gentry and clergy, in their hearing and before their eyes: to throw calumnies upon poor defenceless women, and offend their ears with nauseous ribaldry, and name their names at length in a public theatre, when a queen is upon the throne: such a license as this never yet gained ground in our playhouses; and I hope will not need a law to forbid it. Were I to advise in this matter, I should represent to the orator how noble a field there lay before him for panegyric; what a happy opportunity he had of doing justice to the great men who once were of that famous body, or now shine forth in it; nor should I neglect to insinuate the advantages he might propose by gaining their friendship, whose worth, by a contrary treatment, he will be imagined either not to know, or to envy. This might rescue the name from scandal; and if, as it ought, this performance turned solely upon matters of wit and learning, it might have the honour of being one of the first productions of the magnificent printing house just erected at Oxford.

This paper is written with a design to make my journey to Oxford agreeable to me, where I design to be at the Public Act. If my advice is neglected, I shall not scruple to insert in the Guardian whatever the men of letters and genius transmit to me, in their own vindication; and I hereby promise that I myself will draw my pen in defence of all injured women.

No. 73.]

Thursday, June 4, 1713.

In amore hæc insunt omnia.

Ter. Eun. Act i. Sc. 1.

All these things are inseparable from love.

It is a matter of great concern that there come so many letters to me, wherein I see parents make love for their children, and, without any manner of regard to the season of life, and the respective interests of their progeny, judge of their future happiness by the rules of ordinary commerce. When a man falls in love in some families, they use him as if his land was mortgaged to them, and he cannot discharge himself, but by really making it the same thing in an unreasonable settlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his estate itself.—

\* Anthony Wood, author of the *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, a valuable collection of the lives of writers and bishops educated at Oxford, 2 vols. folio, 1691.

These extortioners are of all others the most cruel, and the sharks, who prey upon the inadvortency of young heirs, are more pardonable than those who trespass upon the good opinion of those who treat with them upon the foot of choice and respect. The following letters may place in the reader's view uneasiness of this sort, which may perhaps be useful to some under the circumstances mentioned by my correspondents.

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.*

*'From a certain town in Cumberland, May 21.*

VENERABLE SIR,—It is impossible to express the universal satisfaction your precautions give in a country so far north as ours; and indeed it were impertinent to expatiate in a case that is by no means particular to ourselves, all mankind who wish well to one another, being equally concerned in their success. However, as all nations have not the genius, and each particular man has his different views and taste, we north-erns cannot but acknowledge our obligations in a more especial manner, for your matrimonial precautions, which we more immediately are interested in. Our climate has ever been recorded as friendly to the continuation of our kind; and the ancient histories are not more full of their Goths and Vandals, than in swarms overspread all Europe, than modern story of its Yorkshire hostlers and attorneys, who are remarkably eminent and beneficial in every market-town, and most inns of this kingdom. I shall not here presume to enter, with the ancient sages, into a particular reasoning upon the case, as whether it proceeds from the cold temper of the air, or the particular constitutions of the persons, or both; from the fashionable want of artifice in the women, and their entire satisfaction in one conquest only, or the happy ignorance in the men, of those southern vices which effeminate mankind.

From this encomium, I do not question but by this time you infer me happy already in the legal possession of some fair one, or in a probable way of being so. But alas! neither is my case, and from the cold damp which this minute seizes upon my heart, I presage never will.—What shall I do? To complain here is to talk to winds, or mortals as regardless as they. The tempestuous storms in the neighbouring mountains, are not more relentless, or the crags more deaf, than the old gentleman is to my sighs and prayers. The lovely Pastorella indeed hears and gently sighs, but it is only to increase my tortures; she is too dutiful to disobey a father; and I neither able, nor forward, to receive her by an act of disobedience.

As to myself, my humour, until this accident to ruffle it, has ever been gay and thoughtless, perpetually toying amongst the women, dancing briskly, and singing softly. For I take it, more men miscarry amongst them for having too much than too little understanding.—Pastorella seems willing to relieve me from my frights; and by her constant carriage, by admitting my visits at all hours, has convinced all hereabouts of my happiness with her, and occasioned a total defection amongst her former lo-

vers, to my infinite contentment. Ah! Mr. Ironside, could you but see in a calm evening the profusion of ease and tenderness betwixt us! The murmuring river that glides gently by, the cooing turtles in the neighbouring groves, are harsh compared to her more tuneful voice. The happy pair, first joined in Paradise, not more enamoured walked! more sweetly loved! But alas! what is all this! an imaginary joy, in which we trifle away our precious time, without coming together for ever. That must depend upon the old gentleman, who sees I cannot live without his daughter, and knows I cannot, upon his terms, be ever happy with her. I beg of you to send for us all up to town together, that we may be heard before you (for we all agree in a deference to your judgment) upon these heads, Whether the authority of a father should not accommodate itself to the liberty of a free-born English woman?

Whether, if you think fit to take the old gentleman into your care, the daughter may not choose her lover for her Guardian?

Whether all parents are not obliged to provide for the just passions of their children, when grown up, as well as food and raiment in their tender years?

These and such points being unsettled in the world, are cause of great distraction, and it would be worthy your great age and experience, to consider them distinctly for the benefit of domestic life. All which, most venerable Nestor, is humbly submitted by all your northern friends, as well as your most obedient, and devoted humble servant,  
PASTOR FIDO.'

MR. IRONSIDE,—We who subscribe this, are man and wife, and have been so these fifteen years: but you must know we have quarrelled twice a day ever since we came together, and at the same time have a very tender regard for one another. We observe this habitual disputation has an ill effect upon our children, and they lose their respect towards us from this jangling of ours. We lately entered into an agreement, that from that time forward, when either should fall into passion, the party angry should go into another room, and write a note to the other by one of the children, and the person writ to, right or wrong, beg pardon; because the writing to avoid passion, is in itself an act of kindness. This little method, with the smiles of the messengers, and other nameless incidents in the management of this correspondence with the next room, has produced inexpressible delight, made our children and servants cheerful under our care and protection, and made us ourselves sensible of a thousand good qualities we now see in each other, which could not before shine out, because of our mutual impatience. Your humble servants,

PHILIP AND MARY.

P. S. Since the above, my wife has gone out of the room, and writes word by Billy, that she would have in the above letter, the words "jangling of ours," changed into the words, "these our frequent debates." I allow of the amendment, and desire you would understand accordingly, that we never jangled, but went into fre-



quent debates, which were always held in a committee of the whole house.'

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.*

'SAGACIOUS SIR,—We married men reckon ourselves under your ward, as well as those who live in a less regular condition. You must know, I have a wife, who is one of those good women who are never very angry, or very much pleased. My dear is rather inclined to the former, and will walk about in soliloquy, dropping sentences to herself of management, saying "she will say nothing, but she knows when her head is laid what—" and the rest of that kind of half expressions. I am never inquisitive to know what is her grievance, because I know it is only constitution. I call her by the kind appellation of My Gentle Murmur, and I am so used to hear her, that I believe I could not sleep without it. It would not be amiss if you communicated this to the public, that many who think their wives angry, may know they are only not pleased, and that very many come into this world, and go out of it at a very good old age, without having ever been much transported with joy or grief in their whole lives. Your humble servant,

'ARTHUR SMOOTH.'

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,—I am now three and twenty, and in the utmost perplexity how to behave myself towards a gentleman whom my father has admitted to visit me as a lover. I plainly perceive my father designs to take advantage of his passion towards me, and require terms of him which will make him fly off. I have orders to be cold to him in all my behaviour; but if you insert this letter in the Guardian, he will know that distance is constrained. I love him better than life, am satisfied with the offer he has made, and desire him to stick to it, that he may not hereafter think he has purchased me too dear. My mother knows I love him, so that my father must comply. Your thankful ward,

SUSANNA ———

'P. S. I give my service to him, and desire the settlement may be such as shows I have my thoughts fixed upon my happiness in being his wife rather than his widow.'

No. 74.]

Friday, June 5, 1713.

Magne Parens, sancta quam majestate verendus!  
Buchan.

Great Parent! how majestic! how adorable!

I WILL make no apology for preferring this letter, and the extract following, to any thing else which I could possibly insert.

'Cambridge, May 31.

'SIR,—You having been pleased to take notice of what you conceived excellent in some of our English divines, I have here presumed to send a specimen, which, if I am not mistaken, may, for acuteness of judgment, ornament of

speech, and true sublime, compare with any of the choicest writings of the ancient fathers or doctors of the church, who lived nearest to the apostles' times. The subject is no less than that of God himself; and the design, besides doing some honour to our own nation, is to show by a fresh example, to what a height and strength of thought a person, who appears not to be by nature endued with the quickest parts, may arrive, through a sincere and steady practice of the Christian religion; I mean, as taught and administered in the church of England: which will, at the same time, prove that the force of spiritual assistance is not at all abated by length of time, or the iniquity of mankind; but that if men were not wanting to themselves, and (as our excellent author speaks) could but be persuaded to conform to our church's rules, they might still live as the primitive Christians did, and come short of none of those eminent saints for virtue and holiness. The author from whom this collection is made, is bishop Beveridge, vol. ii. serm. 1. PHILOTHEUS.'

In treating upon that passage in the book of Exodus, where Moses being ordered to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt, he asked God what name he should mention him by to that people, in order to dispose them to obey him; and God answered, "I Am that I Am;" and bade him tell them, "I Am hath sent me unto you;" the admirable author thus discourses: 'God having been pleased to reveal himself to us under this name or title, "I Am that I Am," he thereby suggests to us, that he would not have us apprehend of him, as of any particular or limited being, but as a being in general, or the Being of all beings; who giveth being to, and therefore exercises authority over, all things in the world. He did not answer Moses, "I am the great, the living, the true, the everlasting God," he did not say, "I am the almighty creator, preserver, and governor, of the whole world," but "I Am that I Am;" intimating, that if Moses desired such a name of God as might fully describe his nature as in itself, that is a thing impossible, there being no words to be found in any language, whereby to express the glory of an infinite being, especially so as that finite creatures should be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however, in these words he is pleased to acquaint us what kind of thoughts he would have us entertain of him, inasmuch, that could we but rightly apprehend what is couched under, and intended by them, we should doubtless have as high and true conceptions of God as it is possible for creatures to have.'—The answer given suggests farther to us these following notions of the most high God. 'First, that he is one being, existing in and of himself: his unity is implied in that he saith, "I;" his existence in that he saith, "I Am;" his existence in and of himself, in that he saith, "I Am that I Am," that is, "I am in and of myself," not receiving any thing from, nor depending upon any other. —The same expression implies, that as God is only one, so that he is a most pure and simple being; for here, we see, he admits nothing into the manifestation of himself but pure essence,

saying, "I Am that I Am," that is, being itself, without any mixture or composition. And therefore we must not conceive of God, as made up of several parts, or faculties, or ingredients, but only as one who "is that he is," and whatsoever is in him is himself: And although we read of several properties attributed to him in scripture, as wisdom, goodness, justice, &c. we must not apprehend them to be several powers, habits, or qualities, as they are in us; for as they are in God, they are neither distinguished from one another, nor from his nature or essence, in whom they are said to be. In whom, I say, they are said to be: for to speak properly, they are not in him, but are his very essence, or nature itself; which acting severally upon several objects, seems to us to act from several properties or perfections in him; whereas, all the difference is only in our different apprehensions of the same thing. God in himself is a most simple and pure act, and therefore cannot have any thing in him, but what is that most simple and pure act itself; which seeing it bringeth upon every creature what it deserves, we conceive of it as of several divine perfections in the same Almighty Being. Whereas God, whose understanding is infinite as himself, doth not apprehend himself under the distinct notions of wisdom, or goodness, or justice, or the like, but only as Jehovah: And therefore, in this place, he doth not say, "I am wise, or just, or good," but simply, "I Am that I Am."

Having thus offered at something towards the explication of the first of these mysterious sayings in the answer God made to Moses, when he designed to encourage him to lead his people out of Egypt, he proceeds to consider the other, whereby God calls himself absolutely "I Am." Concerning which he takes notice, "that though "I Am" be commonly a verb of the first person, yet it is here used as a noun substantive, or proper name, and is the nominative case to another verb of the third person in these words, "I Am hath sent me unto you." A strange expression! But when God speaks of himself, he cannot be confined to grammatical rules, being infinitely above and beyond the reach of all languages in the world. And therefore, it is no wonder that when he would reveal himself, he goes out of our common way of speaking one to another, and expresseth himself in a way peculiar to himself, and such as is suitable and proper to his own nature and glory.

Hence, therefore, as when he speaks of himself and his own eternal essence, he saith, "I Am that I Am;" so when he speaks of himself, with reference to his creatures, and especially to his people, he saith, "I Am." He doth not say, "I am their light, their life, their guide, their strength, or tower," but only "I Am." He sets as it were his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he should say, "Are they weak? I am Strength. Are they poor? I am Riches. Are they in trouble? I am Comfort. Are they sick? I am Health. Are they dying? I am Life. Have they nothing? I am All Things. I am Wisdom and Power, I am

Justice and Mercy. I am Grace and Goodness, I am Glory, Beauty, Holiness, Eminency, Supremacy, Perfection, All-sufficiency, Eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions, that I am. Whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that I am. Whatsoever is pure and holy; whatsoever is great or pleasant; whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy; that I am." So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as a universal good, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires, by saying only in general, "I Am."

Again, page 27, he thus discourses: "There is more solid joy and comfort, more real delight and satisfaction of mind, in one single thought of God, rightly formed, than all the riches, and honours, and pleasures of this world, put them all together, are able to afford.—Let us then call in all our scattered thoughts from all things here below, and raise them up and unite them all to the most high God; apprehending him under the idea, image, or likeness of any thing else, but as infinitely greater, and higher, and better than all things; as one existing in and of himself, and giving essence and existence to all things in the world besides himself; as one so pure and simple that there is nothing in him but himself, but essence and being itself; as one so infinite and omnipotent, that wheresoever any thing else is in the whole world, there he is, and beyond the world, where nothing else is, there all things are, because he is there, as one so wise, so knowing, so omniscient, that he at this very moment, and always, sees what all the angels are doing in heaven; what all the fowls are doing in the air; what all the fishes are doing in the waters; what all the devils are doing in hell; what all the men and beasts, and the very insects, are doing upon earth; as one so powerful and omnipotent, that he can do whatsoever he will, only by willing it should be done; as one so great, so good, so glorious, so imitable, so transcendent, so infinite, so incomprehensible, so eternal, what shall I say? so Jehovah, that the more we think of him, the more we admire him, the more we adore him, the more we love him, the more we may and ought; our highest conceptions of him being as much beneath him, as our greatest services come short of what we owe him.

'Seeing therefore we cannot think of God so highly as he is, let us think of him as highly as we can: and for that end let us get above ourselves, and above the world, and raise up our thoughts higher and higher, and higher still, and when we have got them up as high as possibly we can, let us apprehend a Being infinitely higher than the highest of them; and then finding ourselves at a loss, amazed, confounded at such an infinite height of infinite perfections, let us fall down in humble and hearty desires to be freed from those dark prisons wherein we are now immured, that we may take our flight into eternity, and there (through the merits of our blessed Saviour) see this infinite Being face to face, and enjoy him for ever.'



No. 75.]

Saturday, June 6, 1713.

Hic est, aut nusquam, quod quærimus.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xvii. 39.*— Here, or no where, we may hope to find  
What we desire.*Creech.*

This paper shall consist of extracts from two great divines, but of very different genius. The one is to be admired for convincing the understanding, the other for inflaming the heart. The former urges us in this plain and forcible manner to an inquiry into religion, and practising its precepts.

'Suppose the world began some time to be; it must either be made by counsel and design, that is, produced by some being that knew what it did, that did contrive it and frame it as it is; which it is easy to conceive, a being that is infinitely good, and wise, and powerful, might do: but this is to own a God. Or else the matter of it being supposed to have been always, and in continual motion and tumult, it at last happened to fall into this order, and the parts of matter, after various agitations, were at length entangled and knit together in this order, in which we see the world to be. But can any man think this reasonable to imagine, that in the infinite variety which is in the world, all things should happen by chance, as well, and as orderly, as the greatest wisdom could have contrived them? Whoever can believe this, must do it with his will, and not with his understanding.

'Supposing the reasons for and against the principles of religion were equal, yet the danger and hazard is so unequal, as would sway a prudent man to the affirmative. Suppose a man believe there is no God, nor life after this, and suppose he be in the right, but not certain that he is (for that I am sure in this case is impossible); all the advantage he hath by this opinion relates only to this world and this present time; for he cannot be the better for it when he is not. Now what advantage will it be to him in this life? He shall have the more liberty to do what he pleaseth; that is, it furnisheth him with a stronger temptation to be intemperate, and lustful, and unjust, that is, to do those things which prejudice his body, and his health, which cloud his reason, and darken his understanding, which will make him enemies in the world, will bring him into danger. So that it is no advantage to any man to be vicious; and yet this is the greatest use that is made of atheistical principles; to comfort men in their vicious courses. But if thou hast a mind to be virtuous, and temperate, and just, the belief of the principles of religion will be no obstacle, but a furtherance to thee in this course. All the advantage a man can hope for, by disbelieving the principles of religion, is to escape trouble and persecution in this world, which may happen to him upon account of religion. But supposing there be a God, and a life after this; then what a vast difference is there of the consequences of these opinions! As much as between finite and infinite, time and eternity.

'To persuade men to believe the scriptures, I only offer this to men's consideration: If there be a God, whose providence governs the world,

and all the creatures in it, is it not reasonable to think that he hath a particular care of men, the noblest part of this visible world? And seeing he hath made them capable of eternal duration, that he hath provided for their eternal happiness, and sufficiently revealed to them the way to it, and the terms and conditions of it! Now let any man produce any book in the world, that pretends to be from God, and to do this, that for the matter of it is so worthy of God, the doctrines whereof are so useful, and the precepts so reasonable, and the arguments so powerful, the truth of all which was confirmed by so many great and unquestionable miracles, the relation of which has been transmitted to posterity in public and authentic records, written by those who were eye and ear witnesses of what they wrote, and free from suspicion of any worldly interest and design; let any produce a book like to this, in all these respects; and which, over and besides, hath, by the power and reasonableness of the doctrines contained in it, prevailed so miraculously in the world, by weak and inconsiderable means, in opposition to all the wit and power of the world, and under such discouragements as no other religion was ever assaulted with; let any man bring forth such a book, and he hath my leave to believe it as soon as the Bible. But if there be none such, as I am well assured there is not, then every one that thinks God hath revealed himself to men, ought to embrace and entertain the doctrine of the holy scriptures, as revealed by God.

'And now having presented men with such arguments and considerations as are proper, and I think sufficient to induce belief, I think it not unreasonable to entreat and urge men diligently and impartially to consider these matters; and if there be weight in these considerations to sway reasonable men, that they would not suffer themselves to be biassed by prejudice, or passion, or interest, to a contrary persuasion. Thus much I may with reason desire of men; for though men cannot believe what they will, yet men may, if they will, consider things seriously and impartially, and yield or withhold their assent, as they shall see cause, after a thorough search and examination.

'If any man will offer a serious argument against any of the principles of religion, and will debate the matter soberly, as one that considers the infinite consequences of these things one way or other, and would gladly be satisfied, he deserves to be heard what he can say, but if a man will turn religion into raillery, and confute it by two or three bold jests, he doth not make religion, but himself, ridiculous, in the opinion of all considerate men, because he sports with his life.

'So that it concerns every man that would not trifle away his soul, and fool himself into irrecoverable misery, with the greatest seriousness to inquire into these things, whether they be so, or no, and patiently to consider the arguments that are brought for them.

'And when you are examining these matters, do not take into consideration any sensual or worldly interest; but deal fairly and impartially with yourselves. Think with yourselves that you have not the making of things true and

false, that the principles of religion are either true or false, before you think of them. The truth of things is already fixed; either there is a God, or no God; either your souls are immortal, or they are not; either the scriptures are a divine revelation, or an imposture; one of these is certain and necessary, and they are not now to be altered. Things will not comply with your conceits, and bend themselves to your interests: therefore do not think what you would have to be; but consider impartially what is.'

The other great writer is particularly useful in his rapturous soliloquies, wherein he thinks of the Deity with the highest admiration, and beholds himself with the most contrite lowliness. 'My present business,' says he, 'is to treat of God, his being and attributes; but "who is sufficient for these things?" At least, who am I, a silly worm, that I should take upon me to speak of him, by whom alone I speak; and being myself but a finite sinful creature, should strive to unveil the nature of the infinite and Most Holy God! Alas! I cannot so much as begin to think of him, but immediately my thoughts are confounded, my heart is perplexed, my mind amazed, my head turns round, my whole soul seems to be unhinged and overwhelmed within me. His mercy exalts me: His justice depresseth me: His wisdom astonisheth me: His power affrights me: His glory dazzles mine eyes: and "by reason of his highness," as Job speaks, I cannot endure: But the least glimpse of Him makes me "abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes" before Him.'

No. 76.]

Monday, June 8, 1713.

— Solos aio bene vivere, quorum  
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xv. 45.*

— Those are blest and only those,  
Whose stately house their hidden treasure shows.

*Creech.*

I EVER thought it my duty to preserve peace and love among my wards. And since I have set up for a universal Guardian, I have laid nothing more to heart than the differences and quarrels between the landed and the trading interests of my country, which indeed comprehend the whole. I shall always contribute, to the utmost of my power, to reconcile these interests to each other, and to make them both sensible that their mutual happiness depends upon their being friends.

They mutually furnish each other with all the necessities and conveniences of life; the land supplies the traders with corn, cattle, wool, and generally all the materials, either for their subsistence or their riches; the traders in return provide the gentlemen with houses, clothes, and many other things, without which their life at best would be uncomfortable. Yet these very interests are almost always clashing; the traders consider every high duty upon any part of their trade as proceeding from jealousy in the gentlemen of their rivalling them too fast; and they are often enemies on this account. The gentlemen, on the other hand, think they can never

lay too great a burden upon trade, though in every thing they eat, and drink, and wear, they are sure to bear the greatest part themselves.

I shall endeavour as much as possible, to remove this emulation between the parties, and in the first place to convince the traders, that in many instances high duties may be laid upon their imports, to enlarge the general trade of the kingdom. For example, if there should be laid a prohibition, or high duties which shall amount to a prohibition, upon the imports from any other country which takes from us a million sterling every year, and returns us nothing else but manufactures for the consumption of our own people, it is certain this ought to be considered as the increase of our trade in general; for if we want these manufactures, we shall either make them ourselves, or, which is the same thing, import them from other countries in exchange for our own. In either of which cases, our foreign or inland trade is enlarged, and so many more of our own people are employed and subsisted for that money which was annually exported, that is, in all probability, a hundred and fifty thousand of our people, for the yearly sum of one million. If our traders would consider many of our prohibitions or high duties in this light, they would think their country and themselves obliged to the landed interest for these restraints.

Again, gentlemen are too apt to envy the traders every sum of money they import, and gain from abroad, as if it was so much loss to themselves; but if they could be convinced, that for every million that shall be imported and gained by the traders, more than twice that sum is gained by the landed interest, they would never be averse to the trading part of the nation. To convince them, therefore, that this is the fact, shall be the remaining part of this discourse.

Let us suppose then, that a million, or if you please, that twenty millions were to be imported and gained by trade: to what uses could it be applied, and which would be the greatest gainers, the landed or the trading interest? Suppose it to be twenty millions.

It cannot at all be doubted, that a part of the afore-mentioned sum would be laid out in luxury, such as the magnificence of buildings, the plate and furniture of houses, jewels, and rich apparel, the elegance of diet, the splendour of coaches and equipage, and such other things as are an expense to the owners, and bring in no manner of profit. But because it is seldom seen, that persons who by great industry have gained estates, are extravagant in their luxury; and because the revenue must be still sufficient to support the annual expense, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the twenty millions can be converted into this dead stock, at least eighteen must still be left to raise an annual interest to the owners; and the revenue from the eighteen millions, at six per centum, will be little more than one million per annum.

Again, a part of the twenty millions is very likely to be converted to increase the stock of our inland trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our farms. This is the trade which



provides for the annual consumption of our people, and a stock of the value of two years' consumption is generally believed to be sufficient for this purpose. If the eighteen millions above-mentioned will not raise a revenue of more than one million per annum, it is certain that no more than this last value can be added to our annual consumption, and that two of the twenty millions will be sufficient to add to the stock of our inland trade.

Our foreign trade is considered upon another foot; for though it provides in part for the annual consumption of our own people, it provides also for the consumption of foreign nations. It exports our superfluous manufactures, and should make returns of bullion, or other durable treasure. Our foreign trade for forty years last past, in the judgment of the most intelligent persons, has been managed by a stock not less than four, and not exceeding eight millions, with which last sum they think it is driven at this time, and that it cannot be carried much farther, unless our merchants shall endeavour to open a trade to '*Terra Australis incognita*,' or some place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large allowance, that one of the twenty millions can be added to the capital stock of our foreign trade.

There may be another way of raising interest, that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, corn, or other goods or manufactures that will keep, for the consumption of future years, and when the markets may happen to call for them at an advanced price. But as most goods are perishable, and waste something every year, by which means a part of the principle is still lost, and as it is seldom seen that these engrossers get more than their principal, and the common interest of their money, this way is so precarious and full of hazard, that it is very unlikely any more than three of the twenty millions will be applied to engrossing. It were to be wished the engrossers were more profitable traders for themselves; they are certainly very beneficial for the commonwealth; they are a market for the rich in a time of plenty, and ready at hand with relief for the poor in a time of dearth. They prevent the exportation of many necessities of life, when they are very cheap; so that we are not at the charge of bringing them back again, when they are very dear. They save the money that is paid to foreign countries for interest and warehouse room; but there is so much hazard, and so little profit in this business, that if twenty millions were to be imported, scarce three of them would be applied to the making magazines for the kingdom.

If any of the money should be lent at interest to persons that shall apply the same to any of the purposes above-mentioned, it is still the same thing. If I have given good reasons for what I have said, no more than eight of the twenty millions can be applied either to our dead stock of luxury, our stock in inland or foreign trade, or our stores or magazines. So that still there will remain twelve millions, which are now no otherwise to be disposed of than in buying of lands or houses, or our new parliamentary funds, or in being lent out at interest upon mortgages of those securities, or to

persons who have no other ways to repay the value than by part of the things themselves.

The question then is, what effect these twelve millions will have towards reducing the interest of money, or raising the value of estates; for as the former grows less, the latter will ever rise in proportion. For example, while the interest of money is five per cent. per annum, a man lends two thousand pounds to raise a revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, by the interest of his money; and for the same reason he gives two thousand pounds or more, to purchase an estate of one hundred pounds per annum. Again, if the interest of money shall fall one per cent. he must be forced to lend two thousand four hundred pounds to gain the revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, and for the same reason he must give at least two thousand four hundred pounds to purchase an estate of the same yearly rent. Therefore if these twelve millions newly gained shall reduce one per cent. of the present interest of money, they must of necessity increase every estate at least four years' value in the purchase.

It is ever easier to meet with men that will borrow money than sell their estates. An evidence of this is, that we never have so good a revenue by buying, as by lending. The first thing therefore that will be attempted with these twelve millions, is to lend money to those that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing one per cent. of the present interest of money, and consequently of raising every estate four years' value in the purchase.

For in all probability all the money or value now in England, not applied to any of the uses above-mentioned, and which therefore lies dead or affords no revenue to the owners, until it can be disposed of to such uses, does not exceed twelve millions; yet this sum, whatever it is, is sufficient to keep down money to the present interest, and to hold up lands to their present value. One would imagine then, if this sum should be doubled, if twelve millions extraordinary should be added to it, they should reduce half the present interest of money, and double the present value of estates. But it will easily be allowed they must reduce one per cent. of the present interest of money, and add the value of four years' rent to the purchase of every estate.

To confirm the belief of this, an argument might be taken from what really happened in the province of Holland before the year one thousand six hundred and seventy. I think it is in sir William Temple's *Observations upon the United Netherlands*. The government there was indebted about thirteen millions, and paid the interest of five per cent. per annum. They had got a sum of money, I think not above a million, with which they prepared to discharge such a part of the principal. The creditors were so unable to find so good an interest elsewhere, that they petitioned the States to keep their money, with an abatement of one per cent. of their interest. The same money was offered to the same number of other creditors with the same success, until one per cent. of their whole interest was abated, yet at last such a part of the principal was discharged. And when this

sum came to be lent to private persons, it had the same effect; there one per cent. of the common interest was abated throughout the whole province, as well between subject and subject, as between the subjects and their governors. And nothing is so notorious, as that the value of lands in that country has risen in proportion, and that estates are sold there for thirty years' value of their whole rents. It is not then to be doubted that twelve millions extraordinary to be lent at interest, or purchase lands, or government securities, must have the like effect in England, at least that lands will rise four years' rent in every purchase above their present value. And how great an improvement must this be of the landed interest?

The rents of England, according to the proportion of the land-tax, should be little more than eight millions, yet perhaps they may be twelve. If there is made an addition of four years' value in every purchase, this, upon all the rents of England, amounts to forty-eight millions. So that, by the importation and clear gain of twenty millions by trade, the landed interest gains an improvement of forty-eight millions, at least six times as much as all other interests joined together.

I should think this argument, which I have endeavoured to set in a clear light, must needs be sufficient to show, that the landed and the trading interests cannot in reality but be friends to each other.

No. 77.] *Tuesday, June 9, 1713.*

—Certum voto pete finem.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. ii. 56.*

—To wishes fix an end.

*Creech.*

THE writers of morality assign two sorts of goods, the one is in itself desirable, the other is to be desired, not on account of its own excellency, but for the sake of some other thing which it is instrumental to obtain. These are usually distinguished by the appellations of end and means. We are prompted by nature to desire the former, but that we have any appetite for the latter is owing to choice and deliberation.

But as wise men engage in the pursuit of means, from a farther view of some natural good with which they are connected; fools, who are actuated by imitation and not by reason, blindly pursue the means, without any design or prospect of applying them. The result whereof is, that they entail upon themselves the anxiety and toil, but are debarred from the subsequent delights which arise to wiser men; since their views not reaching the end, terminate in those things, which although they have a relative goodness, yet, considered absolutely, are indifferent, or, it may be, evil.

The principle of this misconduct is a certain shortsightedness in the mind: and as this defect is branched forth into innumerable errors in life, and hath infected all ranks and conditions of men; so it more eminently appears in three species, the critics, misers, and free-thinkers. I shall endeavour to make good this

observation with regard to each of them: And first of the critic.

Profit and pleasure are the ends that a reasonable creature would propose to obtain by study, or indeed by any other undertaking. Those parts of learning which relate to the imagination, as eloquence and poetry, produce an immediate pleasure in the mind. And sublime and useful truths, when they are conveyed in apt allegories or beautiful images, make more distinct and lasting impressions; by which means the fancy becomes subservient to the understanding, and the mind is at the same time delighted and instructed. The exercise of the understanding in the discovery of truth, is likewise attended with great pleasure, as well as immediate profit. It not only strengthens our faculties, purifies the soul, subdues the passions; but besides these advantages, there is also a secret joy that flows from intellectual operations, proportioned to the nobleness of the faculty, and not the less affecting because inward and unseen.

But the mere exercise of the memory as such, instead of bringing pleasure or immediate benefit, is a thing of vain irksomeness and fatigue, especially when employed in the acquisition of languages, which is of all others the most dry and painful occupation. There must be therefore something further proposed, or a wise man would never engage in it. And, indeed, the very reason of the thing plainly intimates that the motive which first drew men to affect a knowledge in dead tongues, was that they looked on them as means to convey more useful and entertaining knowledge into their minds.

There are, nevertheless, certain critics, who, seeing that Greek and Latin are in request, join in a thoughtless pursuit of those languages, without any further view. They look on the ancient authors, but it is with an eye to phraseology, or certain minute particulars which are valuable for no other reason but because they are despised and forgotten by the rest of mankind. The divine maxims of morality, the exact pictures of human life, the profound discoveries in the arts and sciences, just thoughts, bright images, sublime sentiments, are overlooked, while the mind is learnedly taken up in verbal remarks.

Was a critic ever known to read Plato with a contemplative mind, or Cicero, in order to imbibe the noble sentiments of virtue and a public spirit, which are conspicuous in the writings of that great man; or to peruse the Greek or Roman historians, with an intention to form his own life upon the plan of the illustrious patterns they exhibit to our view? Plato wrote in Greek. Cicero's Latin is fine. And it often lies in a man's way to quote the ancient historians.

There is no entertainment upon earth more noble and befitting a reasonable mind, than the perusal of good authors; or that better qualifies a man to pass his life with satisfaction to himself, or advantage to the public. But where men of short views and mean souls give themselves to that sort of employment which nature never designed them for, they indeed keep one another in countenance; but instead of culti-



vating and adorning their own minds, or acquiring an ability to be useful to the world, they reap no other advantage from their labours, than the dry consolation arising from the applauses they bestow upon each other.

And the same weakness, or defect of the mind from whence pedantry takes its rise, does likewise give birth to avarice. Words and money are both to be regarded as only marks of things; and as the knowledge of the one, so the possession of the other is of no use, unless directed to a further end. A mutual commerce could not be carried on among men, if some common standard had not been agreed upon, to which the value of all the various products of art and nature were reducible, and which might be of the same use in the conveyance of property, as words are in that of ideas. Gold, by its beauty, scarceness, and durable nature, seems designed by Providence to a purpose so excellent and advantageous to mankind. Upon these considerations that metal came first into esteem. But such who cannot see beyond what is nearest in the pursuit, beholding mankind touched with an affection for gold, and being ignorant of the true reason that introduced this odd passion into human nature, imagine some intrinsic worth in the metal to be the cause of it. Hence, the same men who, had they been turned towards learning, would have employed themselves in laying up words in their memory, are, by a different application employed to as much purpose, in treasuring up gold in their coffers. They differ only in the object; the principle on which they act, and the inward frame of mind, is the same in the critic and the miser.

And upon a thorough observation, our modern sect of free-thinkers will be found to labour under the same defect with those two inglorious species. Their short views are terminated in the next objects, and their specious pretences for liberty and truth, are so many instances of mistaking the means for the end. But the setting these points in a clear light, must be the subject of another paper.

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No. 78.]      Wednesday, June 10, 1713.

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Docebo

Unde parentur opes; quid alat, formetque poemam.  
*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 306.*

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I will teach to write,

Tell what the duty of a poet is,  
Wherein his wealth and ornament consist,  
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd.  
*Roscommon.*

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which

ladies learned in economics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with epic poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made 'without a genius,' nay, without learning, or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing; the same may be said of making a poem, it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which even sonnetteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an epic poet, is to be knowing in all arts and sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule, that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm, our poet cannot impertinently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value four-pence.

Another quality required is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious persons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities, but modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one, who became a sudden professor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is in these days with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight; and as it is sufficient for a good general to have surveyed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

#### *A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.*

FOR THE FABLE.

'Take out of any old poem, history, book, romance, or legend, (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or don Belianis of Greece) those parts of story which afford most scope for long

descriptions. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures. There let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer, or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.'

*To make an Episode.*—'Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.'

*For the Moral and Allegory.*—'These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.'

#### FOR THE MANNERS.

'For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have: and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined, whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man.—For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.'

#### FOR THE MACHINES.

'Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry:

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit ————— ver. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,  
But for a business worthy of a god. *Roscommon.*

'That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.'

#### FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

*For a Tempest.*—'Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one

verse. Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.'

*For a Battle.*—'Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.'

*For burning a Town.*—'If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.'

As for *Similes and Metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

#### FOR THE LANGUAGE.

(I mean the diction.) 'Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this, than any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may in the same manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion, by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.'

I must not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read.

No. 79.] Thursday, June 11, 1713.

— Præclara et pulchra minantem  
Vivere nec recte, nec suaviter —

Hor Lib. 1. Ep. viii. 3.

— I make a noise, a gaudy show,  
I promise mighty things, I nobly strive;  
Yet what an ill, unpleasant life I live! *Creech.*

It is an employment worthy a reasonable creature, to examine into the disposition of men's affections towards each other, and as far as one can, to improve all tendencies to good nature and charity. No one could be unmoved with this epistle, which I received the other day from one of my correspondents, and which is full of the most ardent benevolence.

'To the Guardian.

'Sir,—I seldom read your political, your critical, your ludicrous, or if you will call them so,



your polite papers, but when I observe any thing which I think written for the advancement of good-will amongst men, and laying before them objects of charity, I am very zealous for the promotion of so honest a design. Believe me, sir, want of wit or wisdom, is not the infirmity of this age; it is the shameful application of both that is the crying evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at least to be better, rather than richer or wiser. But I never lamented that I was not a wealthy man so heartily as the other day. You must understand that I now and then take a walk of mortification, and pass a whole day in making myself profitably sad. I for this end visit the hospitals about this city, and when I have rambled about the galleries at Bedlam, and seen for an hour the utmost of all lamentable objects, human reason distracted; when I have from grate to grate offered up my prayers for a wretch who has been reviling me, for a figure that has seemed petrified with anguish, for a man that has held up his face in a posture of adoration toward heaven to utter execrations and blasphemies; I say, when I have beheld all these things, and thoroughly reflected on them, until I have startled myself out of my present ill course, I have thought fit to pass to the observation of less evils, and relieve myself by going to those charitable receptacles about this town, appointed only for bodily distresses. The gay and frolic part of mankind are wholly unacquainted with the numbers of their fellow-creatures who languish under pain and agony, for want of a trifle out of that expense by which those fortunate persons purchase the gratification of a superfluous passion or appetite. I ended the last of these pilgrimages which I made, at St. Thomas's hospital in Southwark. I had seen all the variety of woe which can arise from the distempers which attend human frailty; but the circumstance which occasioned this letter, and gave me the quickest compassion, was beholding a little boy of ten years of age, who was just then to be expelled the house as incurable. My heart melted within me to think what would become of the poor child, who, as I was informed, had not a farthing in the world, nor father, nor mother, nor friend to help it. The infant saw my sorrow for it, and came towards me, and bid me speak, that it might die in the house.

'Alas! there are crowds cured in this place, and the strictest care taken, in the distribution of the charity, for wholesome food, good physic, and tender care in behalf of the patients; but the provision is not large enough for those whom they do not despair of recovering, which makes it necessary to turn out the incurable, for the sake of those whom they can relieve. I was informed this was the fate of many in a year, as well as of this poor child, who I suppose, corrupted away yet alive in the streets. He was to be sure removed when he was only capable of giving offence, though avoided when still an object of compassion. There are not words to give mankind compunction enough on such an occasion; but I assure you I think the miserable have a property in the superfluous possessions of the fortunate; though I despair of seeing right done them until the day

wherein those distinctions shall cease for ever, and they must both give an account for their behaviour under their respective sufferings and enjoyments. However, you would do your part as a guardian, if you would mention, in the most pathetic terms, these miserable objects, and put the good part of the world in mind of exerting the most noble benevolence that can be imagined, in alleviating the few remaining moments of the incurable.

'A gentleman who belonged to the hospital, was saying, he believed it would be done as soon as mentioned, if it were proposed that a ward might be erected for the accommodation of such as have no more to do in this world, but resign themselves to death. I know no readier way of communicating this thought to the world, than by your paper. If you omit to publish this, I shall never esteem you to be the man you pretend; and so recommending the incurable to your guardianship, I remain, sir, your most humble servant,

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

It must be confessed, that if one turns one's eyes round these cities of London and Westminster, one cannot overlook the exemplary instances of heroic charity, in providing restraints for the wicked, instructions for the young, food and raiment for the aged, with regard also to all other circumstances and relations of human life; but it is to be lamented that these provisions are made only by the middle kind of people, while those of fashion and power are raised above the species itself, and are unacquainted or unmoved with the calamities of others. But, alas! how monstrous is this hardness of heart! How is it possible that the returns of hunger and thirst should not importune men, though in the highest affluence, to consider the miseries of their fellow-creatures who languish under necessity. But as I hinted just now, the distinctions of mankind are almost wholly to be resolved into those of the rich and the poor; for as certainly as wealth gives acceptance and grace to all that its possessor says or does; so poverty creates disesteem, scorn, and prejudice, to all the undertakings of the indigent. The necessitous man has neither hands, lips, or understanding, for his own or friend's use, but is in the same condition with the sick, with this difference only, that his is an infection no man will relieve or assist, or if he does, it is seldom with so much pity as contempt, and rather for the ostentation of the physician, than compassion on the patient. It is a circumstance, wherein a man finds all the good he deserves inaccessible, all the ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged. Under these pressures the poor man speaks with hesitation, undertakes with irresolution, and acts with disappointment. He is slighted in men's conversations, overlooked in their assemblies, and beaten at their doors. But from whence, alas! has he this treatment? from a creature that has only the supply of, but not an exemption from, the wants, for which he despises him. Yet such is the unaccountable insolence of man, that he will not see that he who is supported, is in the same class of natural

necessity with him that wants a support; and to be helped implies to be indigent. In a word, after all you can say of a man, conclude that he is rich, and you have made him friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a man in the world's opinion, until you have said he is poor. This is the emphatical expression of praise and blame: for men so stupidly forget their natural impotence and want, that riches and poverty have taken in our imagination the place of innocence and guilt.

Reflections of this kind do but waste one's being, without capacity of helping the distressed; yet though I know no way to do any service to my brethren under such calamities, I cannot help having so much respect for them, as to suffer with them in a fruitless fellow-feeling.

No. 80.]

Friday, June 12, 1713.

—Cælestibus Iræ. *Virg. Æn. i. 11.*  
Anger in heav'nly minds.

I HAVE found, by experience, that it is impossible to talk distinctly without defining the words of which we make use. There is not a term in our language which wants explanation so much as the word Church. One would think when people utter it, they should have in their minds ideas of virtue and religion; but that important monosyllable drags all the other words in the language after it, and it is made use of to express both praise and blame, according to the character of him who speaks it. By this means it happens, that no one knows what his neighbour means when he says such a one is for or against the church. It has happened that the person, who is seen every day at church, has not been in the eye of the world a church-man; and he who is very zealous to oblige every man to frequent it, but himself, has been held a very good son of the church. This prepossession is the best handle imaginable for politicians to make use of, for managing the loves and hatreds of mankind, to the purposes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for fools to meddle with, for they only bring disesteem upon those whom they attempt to serve, when they unskilfully pronounce terms of art. I have observed great evils arise from this practice, and not only the cause of piety, but also the secular interest of clergymen, has extremely suffered by the general unexplained signification of the word Church.

The Examiner, upon the strength of being a received church-man, has offended in this particular more grossly than any other man ever did before, and almost as grossly as ever he himself did, supposing the allegations in the following letter are just. To slander any man is a very heinous offence; but the crime is still greater, when it falls upon such as ought to give example to others. I cannot imagine how the Examiner can divest any part of the clergy of the respect due to their characters, so as to treat them as he does, without an indulgence unknown to our religion, though taken

up in the name of it, in order to disparage such of its communicants as will not sacrifice their conscience to their fortunes. This confusion and subdivision of interests and sentiments among people of the same communion, is what would be a very good subject of mirth; but when I consider against whom this insult is committed, I think it too great, and of too ill a consequence, to be in good humour on the occasion.

‘June 9, 1713.

‘SIR,—Your character of universal Guardian, joined to the concern you ought to have for the cause of virtue and religion, assure me you will not think that clergymen when injured, have the least right to your protection; and it is from that assurance I trouble you with this, to complain of the Examiner, who calumniates as freely as he commends, and whose invectives are as groundless as his panegyrics.

‘In his paper of the eighth instant, after a most furious invective against many noble lords, a considerable number of the commons, and a very great part of her majesty's good subjects, as disaffected and full of discontent, (which, by the way, is but an awkward compliment to the queen, whose greatest glory it is to reign in the hearts of her people,) that the clergy may not go without their share of his resentment, he concludes with a most malicious reflection upon some of them. He names indeed nobody, but points to Windsor and St. Paul's, where he tells us some are disrespectful to the queen, and enemies to her peace; most odious characters, especially in clergymen, whose profession is peace, and to whose duty and affection her majesty has a more immediate right, by her singular piety and great goodness to them. “They have sucked in,” he says, “this war-like principle from their arbitrary patrons.” It is not enough, it seems, to calumniate them, unless their patrons also be insulted, no less patrons than the late king and the duke of Marlborough. These are his arbitrary men; though nothing be more certain than that without the king, the shadow of a legal government had not been left to us; nor did there ever live a man, who in the nature and temper of him, less deserved the character of arbitrary than the duke. How now is this terrible charge against those clergymen supported? Why, as to St. Paul's, the fact, according to him, is this: “Some of the church, to affront the queen, on the day the peace was proclaimed, gave orders for parochial prayers only, without singing, as is used upon fast-days, though in this particular their inferiors were so very honest to disobey them.” This the Examiner roundly affirms, after his usual manner, but without the least regard to truth; for it is fallen in my way, without inquiring, to be exactly informed of this matter, and therefore, I take upon me in their vindication to assure you, that every part of what is said is absolutely false, and the truth is just the reverse. The inferiors desired there might be only parochial prayers; but the person applied to was aware to what construction it might be liable, and therefore would not consent to the request, though very innocent and reasonable. The case was this: the procession of the ceremony had



reached Ludgate just at the time of prayers, and there was such a prodigious concourse of people, that one of the vergers came to the residentiary in waiting, to represent, that it would be impossible to have prayers that afternoon; that the crowds all round the church was so great, there would be no getting in: but it was insisted, that there must be prayers, only the tolling of the bell should be deferred a little, until the head of the procession was got beyond the church. When the bell had done, and none of the choir appeared, but one to read, it was upon this again represented, that there could be only parochial prayers, a thing that sometimes happens, twice or thrice perhaps in a year, when, upon some allowable occasion, the absence of the choir-men is so great, as not to leave the necessary voices for cathedral service; which very lately was the case upon a performance of the thanksgiving music at Whitehall. So that had the prayers, on this occasion, been parochial only, it had been neither new nor criminal, but necessary and unavoidable, unless the Examiner can tell how the service may be sung decently without singing-men. However, to leave informers no room for calumny, it was expressly urged, that parochial prayers on such a day, would look ill; that therefore, if possible, it should be avoided, and the service should be begun as usual, in hopes one or two of the choir might come in before the psalms; and the verger was ordered to look out, if he could see any of the choir, to hasten them to their places; and so it proved, two of the best voices came in time enough, and the service was performed cathedral-wise, though in a manner to bare walls, with an anthem suitable to the day. This is the fact on which the Examiner grounds a charge of factious and seditious principles against some at St. Paul's, and I am persuaded there is as little truth in what he charges some of Windsor with, though I know not certainly whom he means. Were I disposed to expostulate with the Examiner, I would ask him if he seriously thinks this be answering her majesty's intentions? Whether disquieting the minds of her people is the way to calm them? Or to traduce men of learning and virtue, be to cultivate the arts of peace? But I am too well acquainted with his writings not to see he is past correction; nor does any thing in his paper surprise me, merely because it is false; for to use his own words, "not a day passes," with him, "but it brings forth a mouse or a monster, some ridiculous lie, some vile calumny or forgery." He is almost equally false in every thing he says; but it is not always equally easy to make his falsehood plain and palpable. And it is chiefly for that reason I desire you to give this letter a place in your papers, that those that are willing to be undeceived may learn, from so clear an instance, what a faithful, modest writer this is, who pretends to teach them how to think and speak of things and persons they know nothing of themselves. As this is no way disagreeable to your character of Guardian, your publication of it is a favour which I flatter myself you will not deny to, sir, your humble servant,

‘R. A.’

No. 81.]

Saturday, June 13, 1713.

Quiete et pure atque eleganter actæ ætatis placida ac lenis recordatio. *Cicero.*

Placid and soothing is the remembrance of a life passed with quiet, innocence, and elegance.

THE paper which was published on the thirtieth of last month, ended with a piece of devotion written by the archbishop of Cambray. It would (as it was hinted in that precaution) be of singular use for the improvement of our minds, to have the secret thoughts of men of good talents on such occasions. I shall for the entertainment of this day give my reader two pieces, which, if he is curious, will be pleasing for that reason, if they prove to have no other effect upon him. One of them was found in the closet of an Athenian libertine, who lived many ages ago, and is a soliloquy wherein he contemplates his own life and actions according to the lights men have from nature, and the computations of natural reason. The other is a prayer of a gentleman who died within few years last past; and lived to a very great age; but had passed his youth in all the vices in fashion. The Athenian is supposed to have been Alcibiades, a man of great spirit, extremely addicted to pleasures, but at the same time very capable, and upon occasion very attentive to business. He was by nature endued with all the accomplishments she could bestow; he had beauty, wit, courage, and a great understanding; but in the first bloom of his life was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had over others. That temper is pretty visible in an expression of his: when it was proposed to him to learn to play upon a musical instrument, he answered, ‘It is not for me to give, but to receive delight.’ However, the conversation of Socrates tempered a strong inclination to licentiousness into reflections of philosophy; and if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him some cool moments, and this following soliloquy is supposed by the learned to have been thrown together before some expected engagement, and seems to be very much the picture of the man.

‘I am now wholly alone, my ears are not entertained with music, my eyes with beauty, nor any of my senses so forcibly affected, as to divert the course of my inward thoughts. Methinks there is something sacred in myself now I am alone. What is this being of mine? I came into it without my choice, and yet Socrates says it is to be imputed to me. In this repose of my senses wherein they communicate nothing strongly to myself, I taste, methinks, a being distinct from their operation. Why may not then my soul exist, when she is wholly gone out of these organs? I can perceive my faculties grow stronger, the less I admit the pleasures of sense; and the nearer I place myself to a bare existence, the more worthy, the more noble, the more celestial does that existence appear to me. If my soul is weakened rather than improved by all that the body administers to her, she may reasonably be supposed to be designed for a mansion more suitable than this, wherein what delights her diminishes her excellence, and that which afflicts her adds to her perfection. There

is an hereafter, and I will not fear to be immortal for the sake of Athens.'

This soliloquy is but the first dawns of thought in the mind of a mere man given up to sensuality. The paper which I mention of our contemporary was found in his scrutoire after his death, but communicated to a friend or two of his in his life-time. You see in it a man wearied with the vanities of this life; and the reflections which the success of his wit and gallantry bring upon his old age, are not unworthy the observation of those who possess the like advantages.

'Oh, Almighty Being! How shall I look up towards thee, when I reflect that I am of no consideration but as I have offended? My existence, O my God, without thy mercy, is not to be prolonged in this or another world but for my punishment. I apprehend, oh, my Maker, let it not be too late: I apprehend, and tremble at thy presence; and shall I not consider thee, who art all goodness, but with terror? Oh, my Redeemer, do thou behold my anguish. Turn to me, thou Saviour of the world: Who has offended like me? Oh, my God, I cannot fly out of thy presence, let me fall down in it; I humble myself in contrition of heart; but alas! I have not only swerved from thee, but have laboured against thee. If thou dost pardon what I have committed, how wilt thou pardon what I have made others commit? I have rejoiced in ill, as in a prosperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who have offended by my persuasion, all who have transgressed by my example. Canst thou, O God, accept of the confession of old age, to expiate all the labour and industry of youth spent in transgressions against thee? While I am still alive, let me implore thee to recall to thy grace all whom I have made to sin. Let, oh Lord, thy goodness admit of his prayer for their pardon, by whose instigation they have transgressed. Accept, O God, of this interval of age, between my sinful days and the hour of my dissolution, to wear away the corrupt habits in my soul, and prepare myself for the mansions of purity and joy. Impute not to me, oh my God, the offences I may give, after my death, to those I leave behind me; let me not transgress when I am no more seen; but prevent the ill-effects of my ill-applied studies, and receive me into thy mercy.'

It is the most melancholy circumstance that can be imagined, to be on a death-bed, and wish all that a man has most laboured to bring to pass were obliterated for ever. How emphatically worse is this, than having passed all one's days in idleness! Yet this is the frequent case of many men of refined talents. It is, methinks, monstrous that the love of fame, and value of the fashion of the world, can transport a man so far as even in solitude to act with so little reflection upon his real interest. This is premeditated madness, for it is an error done with the assistance of all the faculties of the mind.

When every circumstance about us is a constant admonition how transient is every labour of man, it should, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's self to consider the emptiness of our endeavours; but I was not a little charmed the other day, when sitting with an old friend

and communing together on such subjects, he expressed himself after this manner:—

'It is unworthy a Christian philosopher to let any thing here below stand in the least competition with his duty. In vain is reason fortified by faith, if it produces in our practice no greater effects than what reason wrought in mere man.

'I condemn, (in dependence on the support of heaven I speak it) I condemn all which the generality of mankind call great and glorious. I will no longer think or act like a mortal, but consider myself as a being that commenced at my birth, and is to endure to all eternity. The accident of death will not end but improve my being; I will think of myself, and provide for myself as an immortal; and I will do nothing now which I do not believe I shall approve a thousand years hence.'

No. 82.]

Monday, June 15, 1713.

Cedat uti conviva satur—— *Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. i. 119.*

Let him depart like a contented guest.

THOUGH men see every day people go to their long home, who are younger than themselves, they are not so apt to be alarmed at that, as at the decease of those who have lived longer in their sight. They miss their acquaintance, and are surprised at the loss of an habitual object. This gave me so much concern for the death of Mr. William Peer of the theatre-royal, who was an actor at the Restoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaston, and Harris. Though his station was humble, he performed it well; and the common comparison with the stage and human life, which has been so often made, may well be brought out upon this occasion. It is no matter, say the moralists, whether you act a prince or a beggar, the business is to do your part well. Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself; one of them, was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the consciences of the guilty princes. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air, as represented that he was an actor, and with such an inferior manner as only acting an actor, as made the others on the stage appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive. I remember his speaking these words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjustment of the air of the speaker, with universal applause:

'For us and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.'

Hamlet says very archly upon the pronouncing of it, 'Is this a prologue, or a posy of a ring?' However, the speaking of it got Mr. Peer more reputation, than those who speak the length of a puritan's sermon every night will ever attain to. Besides this, Mr. Peer got a great fame on another little occasion. He played the apothecary in Caius Marius, as it is called by Otway; but





it a very pleasant entertainment, and the decorations of singing and dancing will more than repay the good nature of those who make an honest man a visit of two merry hours to make his following year unpainful.

No. 83.]

Tuesday, June 16, 1713.

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod  
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.  
*Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. iii. 120.*

— Few think these mad, for most like these,  
Are sick and troubled with the same disease.

Creech.

THERE is a restless endeavour in the mind of man after happiness. This appetite is wrought into the original frame of our nature, and exerts itself in all parts of the creation that are endued with any degree of thought or sense. But as the human mind is dignified by a more comprehensive faculty than can be found in the inferior animals, it is natural for men not only to have an eye, each to his own happiness, but also to endeavour to promote that of others in the same rank of being: and in proportion to the generosity that is ingredient in the temper of the soul, the object of its benevolence is of a larger and narrower extent. There is hardly a spirit upon earth so mean and contracted, as to centre all regards on its own interest, exclusive of the rest of mankind. Even the selfish man has some share of love, which he bestows on his family and his friends. A nobler mind hath at heart the common interest of the society or country of which he makes a part. And there is still a more diffusive spirit, whose being or intentions reach the whole mass of mankind, and are continued beyond the present age to a succession of future generations.

The advantage arising to him who hath a tincture of this generosity on his soul, is, that he is affected with a sublimer joy than can be comprehended by one who is destitute of that noble relish. The happiness of the rest of mankind hath a natural connexion with that of a reasonable mind. And in proportion as the actions of each individual contribute to this end, he must be thought to deserve well or ill, both of the world, and of himself. I have in a late paper observed, that men who have no reach of thought do often misplace their affections on the means, without respect to the end; and by a preposterous desire of things in themselves indifferent, forego the enjoyment of that happiness which those things are instrumental to obtain. This observation has been considered with regard to critics and misers; I shall now apply it to free-thinkers.

Liberty and truth are the main points which these gentlemen pretend to have in view; to proceed, therefore, methodically, I will endeavour to show in the first place, that liberty and truth are not in themselves desirable, but only as they relate to a farther end. And secondly, that the sort of liberty and truth (allowing them those names) which our free-thinkers use all their industry to promote, is destructive of that end, viz. human happiness: and consequently that species, as such, instead of being encour-

raged or esteemed, merit the detestation and abhorrence of all honest men. And in the last place, I design to show, that under the pretence of advancing liberty and truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary evils.

As to the first point, it has been observed that it is the duty of each particular person to aim at the happiness of his fellow-creatures; and that as this view is of a wider or narrower extent, it argues a mind more or less virtuous. Hence it follows, that a liberty of doing good actions which conduce to the felicity of mankind, and a knowledge of such truths as might either give us pleasure in the contemplation of them, or direct our conduct to the great ends of life, are valuable perfections. But shall a good man, therefore, prefer a liberty to commit murder or adultery, before the wholesome restraint of divine and human laws? Or shall a wise man prefer the knowledge of a troublesome and afflicting truth, before a pleasant error that would cheer his soul with joy and comfort, and be attended with no ill consequences? Surely no man of common sense would thank him, who had put it in his power to execute the sudden suggestions of a fit of passion or madness, or imagine himself obliged to a person, who, by forwardly informing him of ill news, had caused his soul to anticipate that sorrow which she would never have felt so long as the ungrateful truth lay concealed.

Let us then respect the happiness of our species, and in this light examine the proceedings of the free-thinkers. From what giants and monsters would these knight-errants undertake to free the world? From the ties that religion imposeth on our minds, from the expectation of a future judgment, and from the terrors of a troubled conscience, not by reforming men's lives, but by giving encouragement to their vices. What are those important truths of which they would convince mankind? That there is no such thing as a wise and just Providence; that the mind of man is corporeal; that religion is a state trick, contrived to make men honest and virtuous, and to procure a subsistence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be so; that the good tidings of life and immortality, brought to light by the gospel, are fables and impostures; from believing that we are made in the image of God, they would degrade us to an opinion that we are on a level with the beasts that perish. What pleasure or what advantage do these notions bring to mankind. Is it of any use to the public that good men should lose the comfortable prospect of a reward to their virtue; or the wicked be encouraged to persist in their impiety, from an assurance that they shall not be punished for it hereafter?

Allowing, therefore, these men to be patrons of liberty and truth, yet it is of such truths, and that sort of liberty, which makes them justly be looked upon as enemies to the peace and happiness of the world. But upon a thorough and impartial view it will be found, that their endeavours, instead of advancing the cause of liberty and truth, tend only to introduce slavery and error among men. There are two parts in our nature: the baser, which consists of our



senses and passions, and the more noble and rational, which is properly the human part, the other being common to us with brutes. The inferior part is generally much stronger, and has always the start of reason, which if in the perpetual struggle between them, it were not aided from heaven by religion, would almost universally be vanquished, and man become a slave to his passions, which, as it is the most grievous and shameful slavery, so it is the genuine result of that liberty which is proposed by overturning religion. Nor is the other part of their design better executed. Look into their pretended truths: are they not so many wretched absurdities, maintained in opposition to the light of nature and divine revelation by sly inuendoes and cold jests, by such pitiful sophisms and such confused and indigested notions, that one would vehemently suspect those men usurped the name of free-thinkers with the same view that hypocrites do that of godliness, that it may serve for a cloak to cover the contrary defect?

I shall close this discourse with a parallel reflection on these three species, who seem to be allied by a certain agreement in mediocrity of understanding. A critic is entirely given up to the pursuit of learning; when he has got it, is his judgment clearer, his imagination livelier, or his manners more polite than those of other men? Is it observed that a miser, when he has acquired his superfluous estate, eats, drinks, or sleeps with more satisfaction, that he has a cheerfuller mind, or relishes any of the enjoyments of life better than his neighbours? The free-thinkers plead hard for a licence to think freely; they have it: but what use do they make of it? Are they eminent for any sublime discoveries in any of the arts and sciences? Have they been authors of any inventions that conduce to the well-being of mankind? Do their writings show a greater depth of design, a clearer method, or more just and correct reasoning than those of other men?

There is a great resemblance in their genius; but the critic and miser are only ridiculous and contemptible creatures, while the free-thinker is also a pernicious one.

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No. 84.]      Wednesday, June 17, 1713.

Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.  
*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. ult.*

Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood.  
*Roscommon.*

‘To the Honoured Nestor Ironside, Esq.

‘Middle Temple, June 12.

‘SIR,—I resuming you may sometimes condescend to take cognizance of small enormities, I here lay one before you, which I proceed to without farther apology, as well knowing the best compliment to a man of business is to come to the point.

‘There is a silly habit among many of our minor orators, who display their eloquence in the several coffee-houses of this fair city, to the no small annoyance of considerable numbers of

her majesty’s spruce and loving subjects, and that is a humour they have got of twisting off your buttons. These ingenious gentlemen are not able to advance three words until they have got fast hold of one of your buttons; but as soon as they have procured such an excellent handle for discourse, they will indeed proceed with great elocution. I know not how well some may have escaped, but for my part I have often met with them to my cost; having I believe, within these three years last past been argued out of several dozens; insomuch, that I have, for some time, ordered my tailor to bring me home with every suit a dozen at least of spare ones, to supply the place of such as from time to time are detached as a help to discourse, by the vehement gentlemen before-mentioned. This way of holding a man in discourse, is much practised in the coffee-houses within the city, and does not indeed so much prevail at the politer end of the town. It is likewise more frequently made use of among the small politicians, than any other body of men; I am therefore something cautious of entering into a controversy with this species of statesmen, especially the younger fry; for if you offer in the least to dissent from any thing that one of these advances, he immediately steps up to you, takes hold of one of your buttons, and indeed will soon convince you of the strength of his argumentation. I remember, upon the news of Dunkirk’s being delivered into our hands, a brisk little fellow, a politician and an able engineer, had got into the middle of Batson’s coffee-house, and was fortifying Graveling for the service of the most Christian king, with all imaginable expedition. The work was carried on with such success, that in less than a quarter of an hour’s time, he had made it almost impregnable, and in the opinion of several worthy citizens who had gathered round him, full as strong both by sea and land as Dunkirk ever could pretend to be. I happened, however, unadvisedly to attack some of his out-works; upon which, to show his great skill likewise in the offensive part, he immediately made an assault upon one of my buttons, and carried it in less than two minutes, notwithstanding I made as handsome a defence as was possible. He had likewise invested a second, and would certainly have been master of that too in a very little time, had not he been diverted from this enterprise by the arrival of a courier, who brought advice that his presence was absolutely necessary in the disposal of a beaver,\* upon which he raised the siege, and indeed retired with some precipitation. In the coffee-houses here about the Temple, you may harangue even among our dabblers in politics for about two buttons a day, and many times for less. I had yesterday the good fortune to receive very considerable additions to my knowledge in state affairs, and I find this morning, that it has not stood me in above a button. In most of the eminent coffee-houses at the other

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\* The person here alluded to was a Mr. James Heywood, a linen draper, who was the writer of a letter in the Spectator, signed James Easy.

end of the town, for example, to go no farther than Will's in Covent-garden, the company is so refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not be a button the worse for it. Besides the gentlemen before-mentioned, there are others who are no less active in their harangues, but with gentle services rather than robberies. These, while they are improving your understanding, are at the same time setting off your person; they will new-plait and adjust your neckcloth.

'But though I can bear with this kind of orator, who is so humble as to aim at the goodwill of his hearer by being his valet de chambre, I must rebel against another sort of them. There are some, sir, that do not stick to take a man by the collar when they have a mind to persuade him. It is your business, I humbly presume, Mr. Ironside, to interpose that a man is not brought over to his opponent by force of arms. It were requisite therefore that you should name a certain interval, which ought to be preserved between the speaker and him to whom he speaks. For sure no man has a right, because I am not of his opinion, to take any of my clothes from me, or dress me according to his own liking. I assure you the most becoming thing to me in the world is in a campaign periwig, to wear one side before and the other cast upon the collateral shoulder. But there is a friend of mine who never talks to me but he throws that which I wear forward, upon my shoulder, so that in restoring it to its place I lose two or three hairs out of the lock upon my buttons; though I never touched him in my whole life, and have been acquainted with him these ten years. I have seen my eager friend in danger-sometimes of a quarrel by this ill custom, for there are more young gentlemen who can feel, than can understand. It would be therefore a good office to my good friend if you advised him not to collar any man but one who knows what he means, and give it him as a standing precaution in conversation, that none but a very good friend will give him the liberty of being seen, felt, heard, and understood all at once. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

JOHANNES MISOCHIROSOPHUS.

'P. S. I have a sister who saves herself from being handled by one of these manual rhetoricians by giving him her fan to play with; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us poor helpless men.'

June 15, 1713.

I am of opinion, that no orator or speaker in public or private has any right to meddle with any body's clothes but his own. I indulge men in the liberty of playing with their own hats, fumbling in their own pockets, settling their own periwigs, tossing or twisting their heads, and all other gesticulations which may contribute to their elocution; but pronounce it an infringement of the English liberty, for a man to keep his neighbour's person in custody in order to force a hearing; and farther declare, that all assent given by an auditor under such constraint, is of itself void and of no effect.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 85.]

Thursday, June 18, 1713.

—Sed te decor iste, quod optas,  
Esse vetat votoque tuo tua forma repugnat.  
*Ovid. Met. Lib. i. 488.*

But so much youth, with so much beauty join'd,  
Oppose the state which thy desires designed.

*Dryden.*

To suffer scandal (says somebody) is the tax which every person of merit pays to the public; and my lord Verulam finely observes, that a man who has no virtue in himself, ever envies virtue in others. I know not how it comes to pass, but detraction, through all ages, has been found a vice which the fair sex too easily give in to. Not the Roman satirist could use them with more severity than they themselves do one another. Some audacious critics, in my opinion, have launched out a little too far when they take upon them to prove, in opposition to history, that *Lais* was a woman of as much virtue as beauty, which violently displeasing the *Phrynes* of those times, they secretly prevailed with the historians to deliver her down to posterity under the infamous character of an extorting prostitute. But though I have the greatest regard imaginable to that softer species, yet am I sorry to find they have very little for themselves. So far are they from being tender of one another's reputation, that they take a malicious pleasure in destroying it. My lady the other day, when Jack was asking, who could be so base to spread such a report about Mrs. —, answered, 'None, you may be sure, but a woman.' A little after, Dick told my lady, that he had heard *Florella* hint as if *Cleora* wore artificial teeth. The reason is, said she, because *Cleora* first gave out that *Florella* owed her complexion to a wash. Thus the industrious pretty creatures take pains by invention, to throw blemishes on each other, when they do not consider that there is a profligate set of fellows too ready to taint the character of the virtuous, or blast the charms of the blooming virgin. The young lady from whom I had the honour of receiving the following letter, deserves or rather claims, protection from our sex, since so barbarously treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend innocence from injury who gave ignorantly the occasion of its being assaulted. Had the men been less liberal of their applauses, the women had been more sparing of these calumnious censures.

'To the Guardian.

'SIR,—I do not know at what nice point you fix the bloom of a young lady; but I am one who can just look back upon fifteen. My father dying three years ago, left me under the care and direction of my mother, with a fortune not profusely great, yet such as might demand a very handsome settlement, if ever proposals of marriage should be offered. My mother, after the usual time of retired mourning was over, was so affectionately indulgent to me, as to take me along with her in all her visits; but still not thinking she gratified my youth enough, permitted me further to go with my relations to all the public, cheerful, but innocent entertain-



ments, where she was too reserved to appear herself. The two first years of my teens were easy, gay, and delightful. Every one caressed me; the old ladies told me how finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of my company. But when the third year had a little advanced, my relations used to tell my mother, that pretty miss Clary was shot up into a woman. The gentlemen began now not to let their eyes glance over me, and in most places I found myself distinguished; but observed, the more I grew into the esteem of their sex, the more I lost the favour of my own. Some of those whom I had been familiar with, grew cold and indifferent; others mistook by design, my meaning, made me speak what I never thought, and so by degrees took occasion to break off all acquaintance. There were several little insignificant reflections cast upon me, as being a lady of a great many quaintnesses, and such like, which I seemed not to take notice of. But my mother coming home about a week ago, told me there was a scandal spread about town by my enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever for a beauty; I earnestly entreated her to know it; she refused me, but yesterday it discovered itself. Being in an assembly of gentlemen and ladies, one of the gentlemen who had been very facetious to several of the ladies, at last turning to me, 'And as for you, madam, Prior has already given us your character,

"That air and harmony of shape express,  
Fine by degrees, yet beautifully less."

I perceived immediately a malignant smile display itself in the countenance of some of the ladies, which they seconded with a scornful flutter of the fan; until one of them, unable any longer to contain, asked the gentleman if he did not remember what Congreve said about Aurelia, for she thought it mighty pretty. He made no answer, but instantly repeated the verses:

"The mulcibers who in the minorities sweat,  
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat;  
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those staves of steel,  
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill."

This was no sooner over, but it was easily discernible what an ill-natured satisfaction most of the company took; and the more pleasure they showed by dwelling upon the two last lines, the more they increased my trouble and confusion. And now, sir, after this tedious account, what would you advise me to? Is there no way to be cleared of these malicious calumnies? What is beauty worth that makes the possessor thus unhappy? Why was nature so lavish of her gifts to me, as to make her kindness prove a cruelty? They tell me my shape is delicate, my eyes sparkling, my lips, I know not what, my cheeks, forsooth, adorned with a just mixture of the rose and lily; but I wish this face was barely not disagreeable, this voice harsh and unharmonious, these limbs only not deformed, and then perhaps I might live easy and unmolested, and neither raise love and admiration in the men, nor scandal and hatred in the women. Your very humble servant,

'CLARINA.'

The best answer I can make my fair corres-

pondent is, That she ought to comfort herself with this consideration, that those who talk thus of her know it is false, but wish they could make others believe it true. It is not they think you deformed, but are vexed that they themselves were not as nicely framed. If you will take an old man's advice, laugh, and be not concerned at them; they have attained what they endeavoured if they make you uneasy; for it is envy that has made them so. I would not have you wish your shape one sixtieth part of an inch disproportioned, nor desire your face might be impoverished with the ruin of half a feature, though numbers of remaining beauties might make the loss insensible; but take courage, go into the brightest assemblies, and the world will quickly confess it to be scandal. Thus Plato, hearing it was asserted by some persons that he was a very bad man, 'I shall take care,' said he, 'to live so, that nobody will believe them.'

I shall conclude this paper with a relation of matter of fact. A gay young gentleman in the country, not many years ago, fell desperately in love with a blooming fine creature, whom give me leave to call Melissa. After a pretty long delay, and frequent solicitations, she refused several others of larger estates, and consented to make him happy. But they had not been married much above a twelve-month, until it appeared too true what Juba says,

'Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense.'

Polydore (for that was his name) finding himself grow every day more uneasy, and unwilling she should discover the cause, for diversion came up to town, and, to avoid all suspicions, brought Melissa along with him. After some stay here, Polydore was one day informed, that a set of ladies over their tea-table, in the circle of scandal, had touched upon Melissa—And was that the silly thing so much talked of! How did she ever grow into a toast! For their parts they had eyes as well as the men, but could not discover where her beauties lay. Polydore upon hearing this, flew immediately home and told Melissa, with the utmost transport, that he was now fully convinced how numberless were her charms, since her own sex would not allow her any.

'Button's Coffee-house.

'MR. IRONSIDE,—I have observed that this day you make mention of Will's coffee-house, as a place where people are too polite to hold a man in discourse by the button. Every body knows your honour frequents this house; therefore they will take an advantage against me, and say, if my company was as civil as that at Will's, you would say so: therefore pray your honour do not be afraid of doing me justice, because people would think it may be a conceit below you on this occasion to name the name of your humble servant,

'DANIEL BUTTON.\*

'The young poets are in the back room, and take their places as you directed.'

\* Daniel Button kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russel-street, about two doors from Covent-garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble

No. 86.]

Friday, June 19, 1713.

—Cui mens diviniore, atque os  
Magna sonaturum— *Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 43.*

—who writes  
With fancy high, and bold and daring flights.  
*Creach.*

‘To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

‘Oxford, June 16, 1713.

‘SIR,—The classical writers, according to your advice, are by no means neglected by me, while I pursue my studies in divinity. I am persuaded that they are fountains of good sense and eloquence; and that it is absolutely necessary for a young mind to form itself upon such models. For by a careful study of their style and manner, we shall at least avoid those faults, into which a youthful imagination is apt to hurry us; such as luxuriance of fancy, licentiousness of style, redundancy of thought, and false ornaments. As I have been flattered by my friends, that I have some genius for poetry, I sometimes turn my thoughts that way; and with pleasure reflect, that I have got over that childish part of life, which delights in points and turns of wit: and that I can take a manly and rational satisfaction in that which is called painting in poetry. Whether it be that in these copyings of nature the object is placed in such lights and circumstances as strike the fancy agreeably; or whether we are surprised to find objects that are absent, placed before our eyes; or whether it be our admiration of the author's art and dexterity; or whether we amuse ourselves with comparing the picture and the original; or rather (which is most probable) because all these reasons concur to affect us; we are wonderfully charmed with these drawings after the life, this magic that raises apparitions in the fancy.

‘Landscapes or still-life work much less upon us than representations of the postures or passions of living creatures. Again, those passions or postures strike us more or less in proportion to the ease or violence of their motions. A horse grazing moves us less than one stretching in a race, and a racer less than one in the fury of a battle. It is very difficult, I believe, to express violent motions which are fleeting and transitory, either in colours or words. In poetry it requires great spirit in thought, and energy in style; which we find more of in the eastern poetry, than either the Greek or Roman. The great Creator, who accommodated himself to those he vouchsafed to speak to, hath put into the mouths of his prophets such sublime sentiments and exalted language, as must abash the pride and wit of man. In the book of Job, the most ancient poem in the world, we have such paintings and descriptions as I have spoken of, in great variety. I shall at present make some remarks on the celebrated description of the horse in that holy book, and compare it with those drawn by Homer and Virgil.

‘Homer hath the following similitude of a horse twice over in the Iliad, which Virgil hath copied from him; at least he hath deviated less from Homer than Mr. Dryden hath from him:

“Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins  
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains;  
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,  
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds;  
Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,  
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:  
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,  
And o'er his shoulders flows his waving mane;  
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high,  
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.”

‘Virgil's description is much fuller than the foregoing, which, as I said, is only a simile; whereas Virgil professes to treat of the nature of the horse. It is thus admirably translated:

“The fiery courser, when he hears from far  
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,  
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,  
Shifts pace, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.  
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,  
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.  
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round:  
His chin is double; starting, with a bound  
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.  
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow;  
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.”

‘Now follows that in the book of Job; which under all the disadvantages of having been written in a language little understood; of being expressed in phrases peculiar to a part of the world whose manner of thinking and speaking seems to us very uncouth; and, above all, of appearing in a prose translation; is, nevertheless, so transcendently above the heathen descriptions, that hereby we may perceive how faint and languid the images are which are formed by mortal authors, when compared with that which is figured, as it were, just as it appears in the eye of the Creator. God speaking to Job, asks him,

“Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith amongst the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.”

‘Here are all the great and sprightly images that thought can form of this generous beast, expressed in such force and vigour of style, as would have given the great wits of antiquity new laws for the sublime, had they been acquainted with these writings. I cannot but particularly observe, that whereas the classical poets chiefly endeavour to paint the outward figure, lineaments, and motions; the sacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creature he describes, and thereby gives great spirit and vivacity to his description. The following phrases and circumstances seem singularly remarkable:

“Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?” Homer and Virgil mention nothing about the neck of the horse but his mane. The sacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, not only expresses the shaking of that remarkable beauty in the horse, and the flakes of hair which na-



turally suggest the idea of lightning : but likewise the violent agitation and force of the neck, which in the oriental tongues had been flatly expressed by a metaphor less than this.

"Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?" There is a twofold beauty in this expression, which not only marks the courage of this beast, by asking if he can be scared? but likewise raises a noble image of his swiftness, by insinuating, that if he could be frightened, he would bound away with the nimbleness of a grasshopper.

"The glory of his nostrils is terrible." This is more strong and concise than that of Virgil, which yet is the noblest line that was ever written without inspiration :

"Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem."  
Georg. iii. 85.

"And in his nostrils rolls collected fire."

"He rejoiceth in his strength—He mocketh at fear—neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet—He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha," are signs of courage as I said before, flowing from an inward principle. There is a peculiar beauty in his "not believing it is the sound of the trumpet : " that is, he cannot believe it for joy ; but when he was sure of it, and is "amongst the trumpets, he saith, Ha, ha ;" he neighs, he rejoices. His docility is elegantly painted in his being unmoved at the "rattling quiver, the glittering spear, and the shield ;" and is well imitated by Oppian (who undoubtedly read Job as well as Virgil) in his poem upon hunting :

"How firm the manag'd war-horse keeps his ground,  
Nor breaks his order, tho' the trumpets sound !  
With fearless eye the glittering host surveys,  
And glares directly at the helmet's blaze !  
The master's word, the laws of war he knows,  
And when to stop, and when to charge the foes."

"He swalloweth the ground," is an expression for prodigious swiftness, in use among the Arabians, Job's countrymen, at this day. The Latins have something like it :

"Latumque fuga consumere campum." *Nemesian.*

"In flight the extended campaign to consume."

"Carpere prata fuga." *Virg. Georg. iii. 142.*

"In flight to crop the meads."

"campumque volatu  
Cum capere, pedum vestigia quæras." *Sil. Ital.*

"When in their flight the campaign they have snatch'd  
No track is left behind."

'It is indeed the boldest and noblest of images for swiftness ; nor have I met with any thing that comes so near it as Mr. Pope's, in Windsor Forest :

"The impatient courser pants in every vein,  
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain ;  
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,  
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost."

"He smelleth the battle afar off," and what follows about the shouting, is a circumstance expressed with great spirit by Lucan :

"So when the ring with joyful shouts rebounds,  
With rage and pride the imprison'd courser bounds :

He frets, he foams, he rends his idle rein ;  
Springs o'er the fence, and head-long seeks the plain."

'I am, sir, your ever obliged servant,  
'JOHN LIZARD.'

No. 87.] Saturday, June 20, 1713.

———Constitit hinc Thisbe, Priamus illinc,  
Inque vicem fuerat captatus aulhelitus oris.  
*Ovid. Met. Lib. iv. 71.*

Here Pyramus, there gentle Thisbe, strove  
To catch each other's breath, the balmy breeze of love.

My precautions are made up of all that I can hear and see, translate, borrow, paraphrase, or contract, from the persons with whom I mingle and converse, and the authors whom I read. But the grave discourses which I sometimes give the town, do not win so much attention as lighter matters. For this reason it is, that I am obliged to consider vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with gallantry, else I find in a very short time I shall lie like waste paper on the tables of coffee-houses. Where I have taken most pains I often find myself least read. There is a spirit of intrigue got into all, even the meanest of the people, and the very servants are bent upon delights, and commence oglers and languishers. I happened the other day to pass by a gentleman's house, and saw the most flippant scene of low love that I have ever observed. The maid was rubbing the windows within side of the house, and her humble servant the footman was so happy a man as to be employed in cleaning the same glass on the side toward the street. The wench began with the greatest severity of aspect imaginable, and breathing on the glass, followed it with a dry cloth ; her opposite observed her, and fetching a deep sigh, as if it were his last, with a very disconsolate air did the same on his side of the window. He still worked on and languished, till at last his fair one smiled, but covered herself, and spreading the napkin in her hand, concealed herself from her admirer, while he took pains, as it were to work through all that intercepted their meeting. This pretty contest held for four or five large panes of glass, until at last the waggery was turned into a humorous way of breathing in each other's faces, and catching the impression. The gay creatures were thus loving and pleasing their imaginations with their nearness and distance, until the windows were so transparent that the beauty of the female made the manservant impatient of beholding it, and the whole house besides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my sight. It may be imagined these oglers of no quality made a more sudden application of the intention of kind sighs and glances, than those whose education lays them under greater restraints, and who are consequently more slow in their advances. I have often observed all the low part of the town in love, and, taking a hackney-coach, have considered all that passed by me in that light, as these cities are composed of crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that passion. When one is in this speculation, it is not unpleasant to observe

alliances between those males and females whose lot it is to act in public. Thus the woods in the middle of summer are not more entertaining with the different notes of birds, than the town is of different voices of the several sorts of people who act in public; they are divided into classes, and crowds made for crowds. The hackney-coachmen, chairmen, and porters, are the lovers of the hawker-women, fruitresses, and milk-maids. They are a wild world by themselves, and have voices significant of their private inclinations, which strangers can take no notice of. Thus a wench with fruit looks like a mad woman when she cries wares you see she does not carry, but those in the secret know that cry is only an assignation to a hackney-coachman who is driving by and understands her. The whole people is in an intrigue, and the undiscerning passengers are unacquainted with the meaning of what they hear all round them. They know not how to separate the cries of mercenary traders, from the sighs and lamentations of languishing lovers. The common face of modesty is lost among the ordinary part of the world, and the general corruption of manners is visible from the loss of all deference in the low people towards those of condition. One order of mankind trips fast after the next above it, and by this rule you may trace iniquity from the conversations of the most wealthy, down to those of the humblest degree. It is an act of great resolution to pass by a crowd of polite footmen, who can rally, make love, ridicule, and observe upon all the passengers who are obliged to go by the places where they wait. This licence makes different characters among them, and there are beaus, party-men, and free-thinkers in livery. I take it for a rule, that there is no bad man but makes a bad woman, and the contagion of vice is what should make people cautious of their behaviour. Juvenal says, there is the greatest reverence to be had to the presence of children; it may be as well said of the presence of servants, and it would be some kind of virtue, if we kept our vices to ourselves. It is a feeble authority which has not the support of personal respect, and the dependence founded only upon their receiving their maintenance of us is not of force enough to support us against an habitual behaviour, for which they contemn and deride us. No man can be well served, but by those who have an opinion of his merit; and that opinion cannot be kept up but by an exemption from those faults which we would restrain in our dependents.

Though our fopperies imitated are subjects of laughter, our vices transferred to our servants give matter of lamentation. But there is nothing in which our families are so docile, as in the imitation of our delights. It is, therefore, but common prudence to take care, that our inferiors know of none but our innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect, that the single consideration of not offending us should curb our servants from vice, when much higher motives cannot moderate our own inclinations. But I began this paper with an observation, that the lower world is got into fashionable vices, and, above all, to the understanding the language of the eye. There is

nothing but writing songs which the footmen do not practise as well as their masters. Spurious races of mankind, which pine in want, and perish in their first months of being, come into the world from this degeneracy. The possession of wealth and affluence seems to carry some faint extenuation of his guilt who is sunk by it into luxury; but poverty and servitude, accompanied with the vices of wealth and licentiousness, is, I believe, a circumstance of ill peculiar to our age. This may, perhaps, be matter of jest, or is overlooked by those who do not turn their thoughts upon the actions of others. But from that one particular, of the immorality of our servants arising from the negligence of masters of families in their care of them, flows that irresistible torrent of disasters which spreads itself through all human life. Old age oppressed with beggary, youth drawn into the commission of murders and robberies, both owe their disaster to this evil. If we consider the happiness which grows out of a fatherly conduct towards servants, it would encourage a man to that sort of care, as much as the effects of a libertine behaviour to them would affright us.

Lycurgus is a man of that noble disposition, that his domestics, in a nation of the greatest liberty, enjoy a freedom known only to themselves who live under his roof. He is the banker, the counsel, the parent, of all his numerous dependents. Kindness is the law of his house, and the way to his favour is being gentle, and well-natured to their fellow-servants. Every one recommends himself, by appearing officious to let their patron know the merit of others under his care. Many little fortunes have streamed out of his favour; and his prudence is such, that the fountain is not exhausted by the channels from it, but its way cleared to run new meanders. He bestows with so much judgment, that his bounty is the increase of his wealth; all who share his favour are enabled to enjoy it by his example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a man to be rich.

No. 88.]

Monday, June 22, 1713.

Mens agitat molem—— *Virg. Æn. vi. 727.*

A mind informs the mass.

To one who regards things with a philosophical eye, and hath a soul capable of being delighted with the sense that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it must be a grateful reflection to think that the sublimest truths, which, among the heathens, only here and there one of brighter parts and more leisure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meanest inhabitants of these nations.

Whence came this surprising change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage people should now outshine ancient Greece, and the other eastern countries so renowned of old, in the most elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and industry? Have our common mechanics more refined understandings than the ancient philo-



sophers? It is owing to the God of truth, who came down from heaven, and condescended to be himself our teacher. It is as we are Christians, that we profess more excellent and divine truths than the rest of mankind.

If there be any of the free-thinkers who are not direct atheists, charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their information that I write this paper, the design of which is to compare the ideas that Christians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the gross notions of the heathen world. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive a more august idea of the Deity than is set forth in the holy scriptures? I shall throw together some passages relating to this subject, which I propose only as philosophical sentiments, to be considered by a free-thinker.

'Though there be that are called gods, yet to us there is but one God. He made the heaven, and heaven of heavens, with all their host; the earth, and all things that are therein; the seas, and all that is therein; he said, Let them be, and it was so. He hath stretched forth the heavens. He hath founded the earth, and hung it upon nothing. He hath shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. The Lord is an invisible spirit, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. He is the fountain of life. He preserveth man and beast. He giveth food to all flesh. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up. He killeth and maketh alive. He woundeth and he healeth. By him kings reign, and princes decree justice; and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. All angels, authorities, and powers, are subject to him. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down. He thundereth with his voice, and directeth it under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfil his word. The Lord is king for ever and ever, and his dominion is an everlasting dominion. The earth and the heavens shall perish, but thou, O Lord, remainest. They all shall wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. God is perfect in knowledge; his understanding is infinite. He is the Father of lights. He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven. The Lord beholdeth all the children of men from the place of his habitation, and considereth all their works. He knoweth our down-sitting and up-rising. He compasseth our path, and counteth our steps. He is acquainted with all our ways; and when we enter our closet, and shut our door, he seeth us. He knoweth the things that come into our mind, every one of them; and no thought can be withholden from him. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He is a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow. He is the God of peace, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort and conso-

lation. The Lord is great, and we know him not; his greatness is unsearchable. Who but he hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span? Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. Thou art very great, thou art clothed with honour. Heaven is thy throne, and earth is thy footstool.'

Can the mind of a philosopher rise to a more just and magnificent, and at the same time a more amiable idea of the Deity than is here set forth in the strongest images and most emphatical language? And yet this is the language of shepherds and fishermen. The illiterate Jews, and poor persecuted Christians, retained these noble sentiments, while the polite and powerful nations of the earth were given up to that sottish sort of worship, of which the following elegant description is extracted from one of the inspired writers.

'Who hath formed a god, and molten an image that is profitable for nothing? The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms: yea he is hungry, and his strength faileth. He drinketh no water, and is faint. A man planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. He burneth part thereof in the fire. He roasteth roast. He warmeth himself. And the residue thereof he maketh a god. He falleth down unto it, and worshipeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my god. None considereth in his heart, I have burnt part of it in the fire, yea also, I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten it, and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?'

In such circumstances as these, for a man to declare for free-thinking, and disengage himself from the yoke of idolatry, were doing honour to human nature, and a work well becoming the great assertors of reason. But in a church, where our adoration is directed to the Supreme Being, and (to say the least) where is nothing either in the object or manner of worship that contradicts the light of nature; there, under the pretence of free-thinking, to rail at the religious institutions of their country, sheweth an undistinguishing genius that mistakes opposition for freedom of thought. And indeed, notwithstanding the pretences of some few among our free-thinkers, I can hardly think there are men so stupid and inconsistent with themselves, as to have a serious regard for natural religion, and at the same time use their utmost endeavours to destroy the credit of those sacred writings, which, as they have been the means of bringing these parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, so in case they lose their authority over the minds of men, we should of course sink into the same idolatry which we see practised by other unenlightened nations.

If a person who exerts himself in the modern way of free-thinking be not a stupid idolater, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to

the making other men so, either by ignorance or design; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not say, of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or detestation of mankind.

No. 89.]

Tuesday, June 23, 1713.

Ignes est ollis vigor, et cœlestis origo  
Seminibus——— *Virg. Æn. vi. 730.*

They boast ethereal vigour, and are form'd  
From seeds of heavenly birth.

THE same faculty of reason and understanding which placeth us above the brute part of the creation, doth also subject our minds to greater and more manifold disquiets than creatures of an inferior rank are sensible of. It is by this that we anticipate future disasters, and oft create to ourselves real pain from imaginary evils, as well as multiply the pangs arising from those which cannot be avoided.

It behoves us therefore to make the best use of that sublime talent, which so long as it continues the instrument of passion, will serve only to make us more miserable, in proportion as we are more excellent than other beings.

It is the privilege of a thinking being to withdraw from the objects that solicit his senses, and turn his thoughts inward on himself. For my own part, I often mitigate the pain arising from the little misfortunes and disappointments that checker human life, by this introversion of my faculties, wherein I regard my own soul as the image of her Creator, and receive great consolation from beholding those perfections which testify her divine original, and lead me into some knowledge of her everlasting archetype.

But there is not any property or circumstance of my being that I contemplate with more joy than my immortality. I can easily overlook any present momentary sorrow, when I reflect that it is in my power to be happy a thousand years hence. If it were not for this thought, I had rather be an oyster than a man, the most stupid and senseless of animals, than a reasonable mind tortured with an extreme innate desire of that perfection which it despairs to obtain.

It is with great pleasure that I behold instinct, reason, and faith, concurring to attest this comfortable truth. It is revealed from heaven, it is discovered by philosophers; and the ignorant, unenlightened part of mankind have a natural propensity to believe it. It is an agreeable entertainment to reflect on the various shapes under which this doctrine has appeared in the world. The Pythagorean transmigration, the sensual habitations of the Mahometan, and the shady realms of Pluto, do all agree in the main points, the continuation of our existence, and the distribution of rewards and punishments, proportioned to the merits or demerits of men in this life.

But in all these schemes there is something gross and improbable, that shocks a reasonable and speculative mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and sublime than the Christian idea of a future state. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath

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prepared for those that love him.' The above-mentioned schemes are narrow transcripts of our present state: but in this indefinite description there is something ineffably great and noble. The mind of man must be raised to a higher pitch, not only to partake the enjoyments of the Christian paradise, but even to be able to frame any notion of them.

Nevertheless, in order to gratify our imagination, and by way of condescension to our low way of thinking, the ideas of light, glory, a crown, &c. are made use of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly understand. 'The lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away, and behold all things are new. There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and shall make them drink of the river of his pleasures; and they shall reign for ever and ever. They shall receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away.'

These are cheeering reflections; and I have often wondered that men could be found so dull and phlegmatic, as to prefer the thought of annihilation before them; or so ill-natured, as to endeavour to persuade mankind to the disbelief of what is so pleasing and profitable even in the prospect; or so blind, as not to see that there is a Deity, and if there be, that this scheme of things flows from his attributes, and evidently corresponds with the other parts of his creation.

I know not how to account for this absurd turn of thought, except it proceed from a want of other employment joined with an affectation of singularity. I shall, therefore, inform our modern free-thinkers of two points, whereof they seem to be ignorant. The first is, that it is not the being singular, but being singular for something, that argues either extraordinary endowments of nature, or benevolent intentions to mankind, which draws the admiration and esteem of the world. A mistake in this point naturally arises from that confusion of thought which I do not remember to have seen so great instances of in any writers as in certain modern free-thinkers.

The other point is, that there are innumerable objects within the reach of a human mind, and each of these objects may be viewed in innumerable lights and positions, and the relations arising between them are innumerable. There is therefore an infinity of things whereon to employ their thoughts, if not with advantage to the world, at least with amusement to themselves, and without offence or prejudice to other people. If they proceed to exert their talent of free-thinking in this way, they may be innocently dull, and no one take any notice of it. But to see men without either wit or argument pretend to run down divine and human laws, and treat their fellow-subjects with contempt for professing a belief of those points, on which the present as well as future interest of mankind depends, is not to be endured. For my own part,



I shall omit no endeavours to render their persons as despicable, and their practices as odious, in the eye of the world, as they deserve.

No. 90.] *Wednesday, June 24, 1713.*

Fungar vice cotis— *Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 304.*  
I'll play the whetstone. *Creech.*

It is, they say, frequent with authors to write letters to themselves, either out of laziness or vanity.

The following is genuine, and, I think, deserves the attention of every man of sense in England.

*'To the Guardian.*

*'June 20.*

'SIR,—Though I am not apt to make complaints, and have never yet troubled you with any, and little thought I ever should, yet seeing that in your paper of this day, you take no notice of yesterday's Examiner, as I hoped you would; my love for my religion, which is so nearly concerned, would not permit me to be silent. The matter, sir, is this: A bishop of our church (to whom the Examiner himself has nothing to object, but his care and concern for the protestant religion, which by him, it seems, is thought a sufficient fault) has lately published a book, in which he endeavours to show the folly, ignorance, and mistake of the church of Rome in its worship of saints. From this the Examiner takes occasion to fall upon the author, with his utmost malice, and to make him the subject of his ridicule. Is it then become a crime for a protestant to speak or write in defence of his religion? Shall a papist have leave to print and publish in England what he pleases in defence of his own opinion, with the Examiner's approbation; and shall not a protestant be permitted to write an answer to it? For this, Mr. Guardian, is the present case. Last year a papist (or to please Mr. Examiner, a Roman catholic) published the life of St. Wenefrede, for the use of those devout pilgrims who go in great numbers to offer up their prayers to her at her well. This gave occasion to the worthy prelate, in whose diocese that well is, to make some observations upon it; and in order to undeceive so many poor deluded people, to show how little reason, and how small authority there is, not only to believe any of the miracles attributed to St. Wenefrede, but even to believe there ever was such a person in the world. And shall then a good man, upon such an account, be liable to be abused in so public a manner? Can any good church of England man bear to see a bishop, one whom her present majesty was pleased to make, treated in so ludicrous a way? Or should one pass by the scurrility and the immodesty that is to be found in several parts of the paper? Who can, with patience, see St. Paul and St. Wenefrede set by the Examiner upon a level, and the authority for one made by him to be equal with that for the other? Who that is a Christian can endure his insipid mirth upon so serious an occasion? I must confess it raises my indignation to the greatest height, to

see a pen that has been long employed in writing panegyrics upon persons of the first rank (who would be, indeed, to be pitied were they to depend upon that for their praise) to see, I say, the same pen at last made use of in defence of popery.

'I think I may now, with justice, congratulate with those whom the Examiner dislikes; since, for my own part, I should reckon it my great honour to be worthy his disesteem, and should count his censure praise. I am, sir, your most humble servant.'

The above letter complains, with great justice, against this incorrigible creature; but I do not insert any thing concerning him, in hopes what I say will have any effect upon him, but to prevent the impression what he says may have upon others. I shall end this paper with a letter I have just now written to a gentleman whose writings are often inserted in the Guardian, without deviation of one tittle from what he sends.

*'June 23.*

'SIR,—I have received the favour of yours with the inclosed, which made up the papers of the two last days. I cannot but look upon myself with great contempt and mortification, when I reflect that I have thrown away more hours than you have lived, though you so much excel me in every thing for which I would live. Until I knew you, I thought it the privilege of angels only to be very knowing and very innocent. In the warmth of youth to be capable of such abstracted and virtuous reflections (with a suitable life) as those with which you entertain yourself, is the utmost of human perfection and felicity. The greatest honour I can conceive done to another, is when an elder does reverence to a younger, though that younger is not distinguished above him by fortune. Your contempt of pleasures, riches, and honour will crown you with them all, and I wish you them not for your own sake, but for the reason which only would make them eligible by yourself, the good of others. I am, dearest youth, your friend and admirer,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

No. 91.] *Thursday, June 25, 1713.*

— Inest sua gratia parvis.

Little things have their value.

It is the great rule of behaviour to follow nature. The author of the following letter is so much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of little soul exceptious, humoursome, and particular in all his actions, to a subject of raillery and mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be still at his friend's elbow, and has set up a club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own size into a little reputation.

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.*

'SIR,—I remember a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken no-

tice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only in the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

'I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to "dare to be short," and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

'The day of our institution was the tenth of December, being the shortest of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of shrimps.

'The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's opera, for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

'At our first resort hither an old woman brought her son to the club-room, desiring he might be educated in this school, because she saw here were finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way discouraged our designs. We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five feet, to repair to our assembly; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended they were not qualified.

'One said he was indeed but five feet at present, but represented that he should soon exceed that proportion, his periwig-maker and shoemaker having lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

'Another alleged, he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever had determined his stature to five feet, had taken him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at least five feet two inches and a half.

'There were some who questioned the exactness of our measures; and others, instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed that those who are past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

'We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniences for our accommodation. In the first place we caused a total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross of mankind for many years. The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these, were unspeakable. The president's whole body was sunk in the elbow chair: and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart. It was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that notwithstanding the president sat in it, it was a *sede vacante*.

'The table was so high, that one who came by

chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen barbers. Another time one of the club spoke contumeliously of the president, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new-furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man of above five feet high, without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

*'Some of the statutes of the club are as follow:*

'I. If it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on tiptoe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device under him, to exalt him on his seat: every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

'II. If any member shall take advantage, from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is; it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat, which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his shoes.

'III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding above fourteen hands and a half in height, that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch galloway bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the club.

'IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and a half, it shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled. Note, The form to be used in expelling a member shall be in these words, "Go from among us and be tall if you can!"

'It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society, that since the race of mankind is granted to have decreased in stature from the beginning to this present, it is the intent of nature itself, that men should be little; and we believe that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to say, be reduced to our own measure. I am, very literally, your humble servant,  
**BOB SHORT.'**

No. 92.]

Friday, June 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito! *Plautus.*

Now I recollect, how considerable are these little men!

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.*

'SIR,—The club rising early this evening, I have time to finish my account of it. You are



already acquainted with the nature and design of our institution; the characters of the members, and the topics of our conversation, are what remain for the subject of this epistle.

'The most eminent persons of our assembly are, a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by name, we have elected president, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of the stature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough: he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs: a spider is no ill emblem of him. He has been taken at a distance for a small windmill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry, for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

"Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus."

"A larger portion of heroic fire  
Did his small limbs and little breast inspire."

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

'Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powell's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the fair. He was the other night excusing his absence from the club upon account of an assignation with a lady, (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening; but one of the company, who was his confidant, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe should be tied to hers.

'Our politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom. Gravity in a man of this size, compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat compared with that of a lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk to himself, and was once overheard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have stunted his growth: for he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls "a great distiller of the maxims of Tacitus." When he speaks, it is slowly, and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too fast with his observations: like a limbec, that gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the simples in it.

'The last I shall mention is Tim Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his sword, which intersects his person in a cross line, and makes him appear not un-

like a fly that the boys have run a pin through and set a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow as he passed along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once ducked at the whizz of a cannon-ball. Tim was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

'These are the gentlemen that most enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size. These we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth, or of consolation to each other. The president had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day; whereupon he informed us, it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient poet had been subject to, who is recorded to have been so light, that he was obliged to poise himself against the wind with lead on one side and his own works on the other. The lover confessed the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures. And as for the politician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befall him, is by way of complaint, nor is he to be laughed at, but in his absence.

'We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories, of little David, that conquered the mighty Goliath, and little Luxembourg, that made Louis XIV. a grand monarch, never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Distich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace Lepidissimum Homunculum; and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scarron, for having so well described their diminutive forms to all posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great reader, and all his adherents, that Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the soldier believes with the learned person above-mentioned; for he thinks, none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his battle of the mouse and the frog. The politician is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was a person of very low stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in discretion and politics.

'As I am secretary to the club, it is my business whenever we meet to take minutes of the transactions. This has enabled me to send you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in

every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their amours, single combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the world for their punishment and reformation. For the president has granted me the sole property of exposing and showing to the town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in boxes; reserving only to himself, as the right of a poet, those smart characters that will shine in epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the club.

‘BOB SHORT, *Secretary.*’

No. 93.]      *Saturday, June 27, 1713.*

—Est animus lucis contemptor. *Virg. Æn. ix. 205.*  
The thing call'd life with ease I can disclaim. *Dryden.*

THE following letters are curious and instructive, and shall make up the business of the day.

‘*To the Author of the Guardian.*

‘June 25, 1713.

‘SIR,—The inclosed is a faithful translation from an old author, which, if it deserves your notice, let the readers guess whether he was a heathen or a christian. I am, your most humble servant.’

“I cannot, my friends, forbear letting you know what I think of death; for methinks I view and understand it much better, the nearer I approach to it. I am convinced that your fathers, those illustrious persons whom I so much loved and honoured, do not cease to live, though they have passed through what we call death; they are undoubtedly still living, but it is that sort of life which alone deserves truly to be called life. In effect, while we are confined to bodies, we ought to esteem ourselves no other than a sort of galley-slaves at the chain, since the soul, which is somewhat divine, and descends from heaven as the place of its original, seems debased and dishonoured by the mixture with flesh and blood, and to be in a state of banishment from its celestial country. I cannot help thinking too, that one main reason of uniting souls to bodies was, that the great work of the universe might have spectators to admire the beautiful order of nature, the regular motion of heavenly bodies, who should strive to express that regularity in the uniformity of their lives. When I consider the boundless activity of our minds, the remembrance we have of things past, our foresight of what is to come; when I reflect on the noble discoveries and vast improvements, by which these minds have advanced arts and sciences; I am entirely persuaded, and out of all doubt that a nature which has in itself a fund of so many excellent things cannot possibly be mortal. I observe further, that my mind is altogether simple, without the mixture of any substance or nature different from its own; I conclude from thence that it is indivisible, and consequently cannot perish.

“By no means think, therefore, my dear friends, when I shall have quitted you, that I cease to be, or shall subsist no where. Remember that while we live together, you do not see my mind, and yet are sure that I have one actuating and moving my body; doubt not then but that this same mind will have a being when it is separated, though you cannot then perceive its actions. What nonsense would it be to pay those honours to great men after their deaths, which we constantly do, if their souls did not then subsist? For my own part, I could never imagine that our minds live only when united to bodies, and die when they leave them; or that they shall cease to think and understand when disengaged from bodies, which, without them, have neither sense nor reason: on the contrary, I believe the soul when separated from matter, to enjoy the greatest purity and simplicity of its nature, and to have much more wisdom and light than while it was united. We see when the body dies what becomes of all the parts which composed it; but we do not see the mind, either in the body, or when it leaves it. Nothing more resembles death than sleep, and it is in that state that the soul chiefly shows it has something divine in its nature. How much more then must it show it when entirely disengaged?”

‘*To the Author of the Guardian.*

‘SIR,—Since you have not refused to insert matters of a theological nature in those excellent papers with which you daily both instruct and divert us, I earnestly desire you to print the following paper. The notions therein advanced are, for aught I know, new to the English reader, and if they are true, will afford room for many useful inferences.

‘No man that reads the evangelists, but must observe that our blessed Saviour does upon every occasion bend all his force and zeal to rebuke and correct the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. Upon that subject he shows a warmth which one meets with in no other part of his sermons. They were so enraged at this public detection of their secret villanies, by one who saw through all their disguises, that they joined in the prosecution of him, which was so vigorous, that Pilate at last consented to his death. The frequency and vehemence of these representations of our Lord, have made the word Pharisee to be looked upon as odious among Christians, and to mean only one who lays the utmost stress upon the outward, ceremonial, and ritual part of his religion, without having such an inward sense of it, as would lead him to a general and sincere observance of those duties which can only arise from the heart, and which cannot be supposed to spring from a desire of applause or profit.

‘This is plain from the history of the life and actions of our Lord in the four evangelists. One of them, St. Luke, continued his history down in a second part, which we commonly call The Acts of the Apostles. Now it is observable, that in this second part, in which he gives a particular account of what the apostles did and suffered at Jerusalem upon their first entering upon their commission, and also of what St. Paul did after he was consecrated to the apostleship



until his journey to Rome, we find not only no opposition to Christianity from the Pharisees, but several signal occasions in which they assisted its first teachers, when the Christian church was in its infant state. The true, zealous, and hearty persecutors of Christianity at that time were the Sadducees, whom we may truly call the free-thinkers among the Jews. They believed neither resurrection, nor angel, nor spirit, *i. e.* in plain English, they were deists at least, if not atheists. They could outwardly comply with, and conform to the establishment in church and state, and they pretended, forsooth, to belong only to a particular sect; and because there was nothing in the law of Moses which in so many words asserted a resurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular manner beyond any other part of the Old Testament. These men, therefore, justly dreaded the spreading of Christianity after the ascension of our Lord, because it was wholly founded upon his resurrection.

\* Accordingly, therefore, when Peter and John had cured the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple, and had thereby raised a wonderful expectation of themselves among the people, the priests and Sadducees, (Acts iv.) clapt them up, and sent them away for the first time with a severe reprimand. Quickly after, when the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, and the many miracles wrought after those severe instances of the apostolical power had alarmed the priests, who looked upon the temple-worship, and consequently their bread, to be struck at; these priests, and all they that were with them, who were of the sect of the Sadducees, imprisoned the apostles, intending to examine them in the great council the next day. Where, when the council met, and the priests and Sadducees proposed to proceed with great rigour against them, we find that Gamaliel, a very eminent Pharisee, Saint Paul's master, a man of great authority among the people, many of whose determinations we have still preserved in the body of the Jewish traditions, commonly called the Talmud, opposed their heat, and told them, for aught they knew, the apostles might be actuated by the Spirit of God, and that in such a case it would be in vain to oppose them, since, if they did so, they would only fight against God, whom they could not overcome. Gamaliel was so considerable a man among his own sect, that we may reasonably believe he spoke the sense of his party as well as his own. St. Stephen's martyrdom came on presently after, in which we do not find the Pharisees, as such, had any hand; it is probable that he was prosecuted by those who had before imprisoned Peter and John. One novice indeed of that sect was so zealous, that he kept the clothes of those that stoned him. This novice, whose zeal went beyond all bounds, was the great St. Paul, who was peculiarly honoured with a call from heaven, by which he was converted, and he was afterwards, by God himself, appointed to be the apostle of the Gentiles. Besides him, and him too reclaimed in so glorious a manner, we find no one Pharisee, either named or hinted at by St. Luke, as an opposer of Christianity in those earliest days. What others might do we know not. But we find the

Sadducees pursuing St. Paul even to death at his coming to Jerusalem, in the twenty-first of the Acts. He then, upon all occasions, owned himself to be a Pharisee. In the twenty-second chapter he told the people, that he had been bred up at the feet of Gamaliel after the strictest manner, in the law of his fathers. In the twenty-third chapter he told the council that he was a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, and that he was accused for asserting the hope and resurrection of the dead, which was their darling doctrine. Hereupon the Pharisees stood by him, and though they did not own our Saviour to be the Messiah, yet they would not deny but some angel or spirit might have spoken to him, and then if they opposed him, they should fight against God. This was the very argument Gamaliel had used before. The resurrection of our Lord, which they saw so strenuously asserted by the apostles, whose miracles they also saw and owned, (Acts iv. 16,) seems to have struck them, and many of them were converted (Acts xv. 5,) even without a miracle, and the rest stood still and made no opposition.

‘We see here what the part was, which the Pharisees acted in this important conjuncture. Of the Sadducees, we meet not with one in the whole apostolic history that was converted. We hear of no miracles wrought to convince any of them, though there was an eminent one wrought to reclaim a Pharisee. St. Paul we see, after his conversion, always gloried in his having been bred a Pharisee. He did so to the people of Jerusalem, to the great council, to king Agrippa, and to the Philippians. So that from hence we may justly infer, that it was not their institution, which was in itself laudable, which our blessed Saviour found fault with, but it was their hypocrisy, their covetousness, their oppression, their overvaluing themselves upon their zeal for the ceremonial law, and their adding to that yoke by their traditions, all which were not properly essentials of their institution, that our Lord blamed.

‘But I must not run on. What I would observe, sir, is that atheism is more dreadful, and would be more grievous to human society, if it were invested with sufficient power, than religion under any shape, where its professors do at the bottom believe what they profess. I despair not of a papist's conversion, though I would not willingly lie at a zealot papist's mercy, (and no protestant would, if he knew what popery is) though he truly believes in our Saviour. But the free-thinker, who scarcely believes there is a God, and certainly disbelieves revelation, is a very terrible animal. He will talk of natural rights, and the just freedoms of mankind, no longer than until he himself gets into power; and by the instance before us, we have small grounds to hope for his salvation, or that God will ever vouchsafe him sufficient grace to reclaim him from errors, which have been so immediately levelled against himself.

‘If these notions be true, as I verily believe they are, I thought they might be worth publishing at this time, for which reason they are sent in this manner to you by, sir, your most humble servant,

‘M. N.’

No. 94.]

Monday, June 29, 1713.

Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,  
Et studis annos septem dedit, insenuitque  
Libris et curis; statua taciturnus exit  
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit—

*Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. ii. 81.*

## IMITATED.

The man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,  
To books and study gives seven years complete,  
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,  
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!  
The boys flock round him, and the people stare;  
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,  
Stept from its pedestal to take the air. *Pope.*

SINCE our success in worldly matters may be said to depend upon our education, it will be very much to the purpose to inquire if the foundations of our fortune could not be laid deeper and surer than they are. The education of youth falls of necessity under the direction of those who, through fondness to us and our abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the misery of it is, that the poor creatures, who are the sufferers upon wrong advances, seldom find out the errors, until they become irretrievable. As the greater number of all degrees and conditions have their education at the universities, the errors which I conceive to be in those places, fall most naturally under the following observation. The first mismanagement in these public nurseries, is the calling together a number of pupils, of howsoever different ages, views, and capacities, to the same lectures: but surely there can be no reason to think, that a delicate tender babe, just weaned from the bosom of his mother, indulged in all the impertinencies of his heart's desire, should be equally capable of receiving a lecture of philosophy, with a hardy ruffian of full age, who has been occasionally scourged through some of the great schools, groaned under constant rebuke and chastisement, and maintained a ten years' war with literature, under very strict and rugged discipline.

I know the reader has pleased himself with an answer to this already, viz. That an attention to the particular abilities and designs of the pupil cannot be expected from the trifling salary paid upon such account. The price, indeed, which is thought a sufficient reward for any advantages a youth can receive from a man of learning, is an abominable consideration; the enlarging which would not only increase the care of tutors, but would be a very great encouragement to such as designed to take this province upon them, to furnish themselves with a more general and extensive knowledge. As the case now stands, those of the first quality pay their tutors but little above half so much as they do their footmen: what morality, what history, what taste of the modern languages, what lastly, that can make a man happy or great, may not be expected in return for such an immense treasure! It is monstrous, indeed, that the men of the best estates and families, are more solicitous about the tutelage of a favourite dog or horse, than of their heirs male. The next evil is the pedantical veneration that is maintained at the university for the Greek and Latin, which puts the youth upon such ex-

ercises as many of them are incapable of performing with any tolerable success. Upon this emergency they are succoured by the allowed wits of their respective colleges, who are always ready to befriend them with two or three hundred Latin or Greek words thrown together with a very small proportion of sense.

But the most established error of our university education, is the general neglect of all the little qualifications and accomplishments which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning. But as there are very few blessed with a genius that shall force success by the strength of itself alone, and few occasions of life that require the aid of such genius; the vast majority of the unblessed souls ought to store themselves with such acquisitions, in which every man has capacity to make a considerable progress, and from which every common occasion of life may reap great advantage. The persons that may be useful to us in the making our fortunes, are such as are already happy in their own; I may proceed to say, that the men of figure and family are more superficial in their education, than those of a less degree, and of course, are ready to encourage and protect that qualification in another, which they themselves are masters of. For their own application implies the pursuit of something commendable; and when they see their own characters proposed as imitable, they must be won by such an irresistible flattery. But those of the university, who are to make their fortunes by a ready insinuation into the favour of their superiors, condemn this necessary foppery so far, as not to be able to speak common sense to them without hesitation, perplexity, and confusion. For want of care in acquiring less accomplishments which adorn ordinary life, he that is so unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a method that will very probably keep him so.

I hope all the learned will forgive me what is said purely for their service, and tends to no other injury against them, than admonishing them not to overlook such little qualifications as they every day see defeat their greater excellencies in the pursuit both of reputation and fortune.

If the youth of the university were to be advanced according to their sufficiency in the severe progress of learning: or, 'riches could be secured to men of understanding, and favour to men of skill;' then indeed all studies were solemnly to be defied, that did not seriously pursue the main end; but since our merit is to be tried by the unskilful many, we must gratify the sense of the injudicious majority, satisfying ourselves that the shame of a trivial qualification sticks only upon him that prefers it to one more substantial. The more accomplishments a man is master of, the better is he prepared for a more extended acquaintance, and upon these considerations, without doubt, the author of the Italian book called *Il Cortegiano*, or, *The Courtier*, makes throwing the bar, vaulting the horse, nay even wrestling, with several other as low qualifications, necessary for the man whom he figures for a perfect courtier; for this reason no doubt, because his end being



to find grace in the eyes of men of all degrees, the means to pursue this end, was the furnishing him with such real and seeming excellencies as each degree had its particular taste of. But those of the university, instead of employing their leisure hours in the pursuit of such acquisitions as would shorten their way to better fortune, enjoy those moments at certain houses in the town, or repair to others at very pretty distances out of it, where 'they drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more.' Persons of this indigent education are apt to pass upon themselves and others for modest, especially in the point of behaviour; though it is easy to prove, that this mistaken modesty not only arises from ignorance, but begets the appearance of its opposite pride. For he that is conscious of his own insufficiency to address his superiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the same neglect and indifference towards them which may bear the construction of pride. From this habit they begin to argue against the base submissive application from men of letters to men of fortune, and be grieved when they see, as Ben Jonson says,

——— 'The learned pate  
Duck to the golden fool.' ———

though these are points of necessity and convenience, and to be esteemed submissions rather to the occasion than to the person. It was a fine answer of Diogenes, who being asked in mockery, why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers, replied, 'Because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not.' It certainly must be difficult to prove, that a man of business, or a profession, ought not to be what we call a gentleman, but yet very few of them are so. Upon this account they have little conversation with those who might do them most service, but upon such occasions only as application is made to them in their particular calling; and for any thing they can do or say in such matters have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation; whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being serviceable, is constantly in a capacity of obliging others. The character of a beau, is, I think, what the men that pretend to learning please themselves in ridiculing; and yet if we compare these persons as we see them in public, we shall find that the lettered coxcombs without good-breeding, give more just occasion to railery, than the unlettered coxcombs with it; as our behaviour falls within the judgment of more persons than our conversation, and a failure in it is therefore more visible. What pleasant victories over the loud, the saucy, and the illiterate, would attend the men of learning and breeding: which qualifications could we but join, would beget such a confidence as, arising from good sense and good nature, would never let us oppress others or desert ourselves. In short, whether a man intends a life of business or pleasure, it is impossible to pursue either in an elegant manner, without the help of good-breeding. I shall conclude with the face at least of a regular discourse; and say, if

it is our behaviour and address upon all common occasions that prejudice people in our favour, or to our disadvantage, and the more substantial parts, as our learning and industry, cannot possibly appear but to few; it is not justifiable to spend so much time in that which so very few are judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the censure of so many.

No. 95.]

Tuesday, June 30, 1713.

—Aliena negotia centum— *Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. vi. 33.*  
A crowd of petitioners. *Creech.*

I FIND business increase upon me very much, as will appear by the following letters.

'Oxford, June 24, 1713.

'SIR,—This day Mr. Oliver Purville, gentleman, property-man to the theatre royal, in the room of Mr. William Peer, deceased, arrived here in widow Bartlett's wagon. He is a humble member of the Little Club, and a passionate man, which makes him tell the disasters which he met with on his road hither, a little too incoherently to be rightly understood. By what I can gather from him, it seems that within three miles of this side Wickham, the party was set upon by highwaymen. Mr. Purville was supercargo to the great hamper, in which were the following goods. The chains of Jaffier and Pierre; the crowns and sceptres of the posterity of Banquo; the bull, bear, and horse of captain Otter; bones, skulls, pickaxes, and a bottle of brandy, and five muskets; four-score pieces of stock-gold and thirty pieces of tin-silver, hid in a green purse within a skull. These the robbers, by being put up safe, supposed to be true, and rid off with, not forgetting to take Mr. Purville's own current coin. They broke the armour of Jacomo, which was cased up in the same hamper, and one of them put on the said Jacomo's mask to escape. They also did several extravagancies with no other purpose but to do mischief; they broke a mace for the lord mayor of London. They also destroyed the world, the sun, and moon, which lay loose in the wagon. Mrs. Bartlett is frightened out of her wits, for Purville says he has her servant's receipt for the world, and expects she shall make it good. Purville is resolved to take no lodgings in town, but makes, behind the scenes, a bed-chamber of the hamper. His bed is that in which Desdemona is to die, and he uses the sheet (in which Mr. Johnson is tied up in a comedy,) for his own bed of nights. It is to be hoped the great ones will consider Mr. Purville's loss. One of the robbers has sent, by a country fellow, the stock-gold, and had the impudence to write the following letter to Mr. Purville.

"SIR,—If you had been an honest man, you would not have put bad money upon men who venture their lives for it. But we shall see you when you come back.

"PHILIP SCOWRER."

'There are many things in this matter which employ the ablest men here, as whether an ac-

tion will lie for the world among people who make the most of words? or whether it be advisable to call that round ball the world, and if we do not call it so, whether we can have any remedy? the ablest lawyer here says there is no help; for if you call it the world, it will be answered, How could the world be in one shire, to wit, that of Buckingham; for the county must be named, and if you do not name it, we shall certainly be nonsuited. I do not know whether I make myself understood; but you understand me right when you believe I am your most humble servant and faithful correspondent,  
THE PROMPTER.'

'HONOURED SIR,—Your character of Guardian makes it not only necessary, but becoming, to have several employed under you. And being myself ambitious of your service, I am now your humble petitioner to be admitted into a place I do not find yet disposed of—I mean that of your lion-catcher. It was, sir, for want of such commission from your honour, very many lions have lately escaped. However, I made bold to distinguish a couple. One I found in a coffee-house—He was of the larger sort, looked fierce, and roared loud. I considered wherein he was dangerous; and accordingly expressed my displeasure against him, in such a manner upon his chaps, that now he is not able to show his teeth. The other was a small lion, who was slipping by me as I stood at the corner of an alley—I smelt the creature presently, and caught at him, but he got off with the loss of a lock of hair only, which proved of a dark colour. This and the teeth above-mentioned I have by me, and design them both for a present to Button's coffee-house.

'Besides this way of dealing with them, I have invented many curious traps, snares, and artificial baits, which, it is humbly conceived, cannot fail of clearing the kingdom of the whole species in a short time.

'This is humbly submitted to your honour's consideration; and I am ready to appear before your honour, to answer to such questions as you in your great wisdom, shall think meet to ask, whenever you please to command your honour's most obedient humble servant,

'HERCULES CRABTREE.

'Midsummer-day.

'N. B. I have an excellent nose.'

'Tom's Coffee-house, in Cornhill, June 19, 1713.

'SIR,—Reading in your yesterday's paper a letter from Daniel Button, in recommendation of his coffee-house for polite conversation and freedom from the argument by the button, I make bold to send you this to assure you, that at this place there is as yet kept up as good a decorum in the debates of politics, trade, stocks, &c. as at Will's, or at any other coffee-house at your end of the town. In order, therefore, to preserve this house from the arbitrary way of forcing an assent, by seizing on the collar, neck-cloth, or any other part of the body or dress, it would be of signal service if you would be pleased to intimate, that we, who frequent this place after Exchange-time, shall have the honour of seeing you here sometimes; for that

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would be a sufficient guard to us from all such petty practices, and also be a means of enabling the honest man, who keeps the house, to continue to serve us with the best bohea and green tea, and coffee, and will in a particular manner oblige, sir, your most humble servant,

'JAMES DIAPER.

'P. S. The room above stairs is the handsomest in this part of the town, furnished with large pier glasses for persons to view themselves in, who have no business with any body else, and every way fit for the reception of fine gentlemen.'

'SIR,—I am a very great scholar, wear a fair wig, and have an immense number of books curiously bound and gilt. I excel in a singularity of diction and manners, and visit persons of the first quality. In fine, I have by me a great quantity of cockle-shells, which, however, does not defend me from the insults of another learned man, who neglects me in a most insupportable manner: for I have it from persons of undoubted veracity, that he presumed once to pass by my door, without waiting upon me. Whether this be consistent with the respect which we learned men ought to have for each other, I leave to your judgment, and am, sir, your affectionate friend,  
PHILAUTUS.'

'Oxford, June 18, 1713.

'FRIEND NESTOR,—I had always a great value for thee, and have so still: but I must tell thee, that thou strangely affectest to be sago and solid: now pry thee let me observe to thee, that though it be common enough for people as they grow older to grow graver, yet it is not so common to become wiser. Verily to me thou seemest to keep strange company, and with a positive sufficiency, incident to old age, to follow too much thine own inventions. Thou dependest too much, likewise, upon thy correspondence here, and art apt to take people's words without consideration. But my present business with thee is to expostulate with thee about a late paper, occasioned, as thou say'st, by Jack Lizard's information, (my very good friend,) that we are to have a public act.

'Now, I say, in that paper, there is nothing contended for which any man of common sense will deny; all that is there said, is, that no man or woman's reputation ought to be blasted, *i. e.* nobody ought to have an ill character who does not deserve it. Very true; but here's this false consequence insinuated, that therefore nobody ought to hear of their faults; or, in other words, let any body do as much ill as he pleases, he ought not to be told of it. Art thou a patriot, Mr. Ironside, and wilt thou affirm, that arbitrary proceedings and oppression ought to be concealed or justified? Art thou a gentleman, and would'st thou have base, sordid, ignoble tricks connived at or tolerated? Art thou a scholar, and would'st thou have learning and good manners discouraged? Would'st thou have cringing servility, parasitical shuffling, fawning, and dishonest compliances, made the road to success? Art thou a Christian, and would'st thou have all villainies within the law practised



with impunity? Should they not be told of it? It is certain there are many things which, though there are no laws against them, yet ought not to be done; and in such cases there is no argument so likely to hinder their being done, as the fear of public shame for doing them. The two great reasons against an act are always, the saving of money, and hiding of roguery.

"Here many things are omitted, which will be in the speech of the Terræfilius."

"And now, dear Old Iron, I am glad to hear that at these years thou hast gallantry enough left to have thoughts of setting up for a knight-errant, a tamer of monsters, and a defender of distressed damsels.

'Adieu, old fellow, and let me give thee this advice at parting; E'en get thyself case-hardened; for though the very best steel may snap, yet old iron, you know, will rust. UMBRA.

'Be just, and publish this.'

'Oxford, Sat. 27, 1713.

'MR. IRONSIDE,—This day arrived the vanguard of the theatrical army. Your friend Mr. George Powel, commanded the artillery, both celestial and terrestrial. The magazines of snow, lightning, and thunder, are safely laid up. We have had no disaster on the way, but that of breaking Cupid's bow by a jolt of the wagon: but they tell us they make them very well in Oxford. We all went in a body, and were shown your chambers in Lincoln college. The Terræfilius expects you down, and we of the theatre, design to bring you into town with all our guards. Those of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and the faithful retinue of Cato, shall meet you at Shotover. The ghost of Hamlet, and the statue which supped with Don John, both say, that though it be at noon-day, they will attend your entry. Every body expects you with great impatience. We shall be in very good order when all are come down. We have sent to town for a brick-wall which we forgot. The sea is to come by water. Your most humble servant, and faithful correspondent,

'THE PROMPTER.'

No. 96.] Wednesday, July 1, 1713.

Cuncti adscint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.  
*Virg. Æn. v. 70.*

Let all be present at the games prepar'd;  
And joyful victors wait the just reward. *Dryden.*

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had

covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprise sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says monsieur le Comte, until the subject is dead. If he has pleased his emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their ranks accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped on the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded in coin, it was stamped perhaps upon a hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time, spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often recoined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above-mentioned to men of the greatest genius, as well as quality; I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and halfpence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late lord treasurer, I shall here give the public a sight of it; for I do not question but that

the curious part of my readers will be very much pleased to see so much matter, and so many useful hints upon this subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

'The English have not been so careful as other polite nations to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their subjects are few, their mottoes and devices mean, and the coins themselves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

'The French have outdone us in these particulars, and by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals. They have failed as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

'The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

'Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, seaport, or highway, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

'The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

'Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of senate.

'It is therefore proposed,


'I. That the English farthings and halfpence be re-coined upon the union of the two nations.

'II. That they bear devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her majesty's reign.

'III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

'IV. That no subject, inscription, or device, be stamped without the approbation of this society, nor if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

'By this means, medals that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time, perpetuate the glories of her majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures,

buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions. 

No. 97.]

Thursday, July 2, 1713.

—Furor est post omnia perdere naulum.

Juv. Sat. viii. 97.

'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

Stepney.

'SIR,—I was left a thousand pounds by an uncle, and being a man to my thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time made my application to one who had buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she-friends who were my relations, I got into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in conversation within my hearing, that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or woman. Now you must know, sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement; so that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas, and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint, and bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade waistcoat, a sword knot, a pair of silver fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether out of fickleness or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day, she disliked another: so that in six months' space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand, and had many other marks of favour shown me, which I thought amounted to a promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my hands with great civility. If she wanted any thing, I reached it for her. I have filled her tea-pot above a hundred times, and have afterwards received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, sir, do you judge, if after such encouragements, she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thither and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space of about a twelvemonth I have run out of my whole thousand pounds upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of clothes, in which I was resolved to receive her final answer, which amounted to this, "that she was engaged to another; that she never dreamt I had any such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequent-



ed her house only because I loved to be in company with my relations." This, you know, sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All, therefore, that I desire of you is, to tell me whether, upon exhibiting the several particulars which I have related to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court of justice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige your most humble admirer,  
'SIMON SOFTLY.'

Before I answer Mr. Softly's request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points. First of all, What it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement; and secondly, What it is that amounts to a promise? Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend Simon consider, whether he has any counsel that will undertake his cause, *in forma pauperis*, he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer, however, to Mr. Softly's request, I shall acquaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in king Charles the Second's reign, whom I shall here call Silvio, who had long made love with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelve-month's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it; and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs, having particularised in it the several expenses he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that, upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover, in less than a year, got a woman of a greater fortune than her he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

Laid out in supernumerary full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a serenade, with a speaking trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux, with perfwined wax.

A ream of sonnets and love-verses, purchased at different times of Mr. Triplet at a crown a sheet.

To Zelinda, two sticks of May-cherries.

Last summer at several times, a bushel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The first who stood centry near her door.

The second who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner of the street where Ned Courtall lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May.

Five conjurers kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her footman, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle, her companion.

A new Conningsmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman (Mrs. Abigail) an Indian fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret-service money to Betty at the ring.

Ditto to Mrs. Tape the mantua-maker.

Loss of time.



No. 98.]

Friday, July 3, 1713.

In sese redit—

Virg. Georg. iv. 444.

He resumes himself.

THE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers was Isaac Bickerstaff of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the Ironsides. We have often smoked a pipe together; for I was so much in his books, that at his decease he left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Isaac was succeeded by a gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious author published his thoughts, and held his tongue with great applause, for two years together.

I Nestor Ironside, have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors. For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of some of us, that we are apt on this occasion, rather to give than take.

However it be, I cannot but observe with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within compass when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing, some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom: but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me by a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find where about the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a Bickerstaff or an Ironside; there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's labour in it

with suitable abilities. These are gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private emolument; as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the republic of letters is the Ulysses's bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgment, until it receives a sanction from the public. '*Provoco ad populum*,' 'I appeal to the people,' was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any dispute with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. 'I laugh at every one,' said an old cynic, 'who laughs at me.' 'Do you so,' replied the philosopher; 'then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in Athens.'

It is not, therefore, the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the public before he launches into it. For this reason I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for authors, and question not but some who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull and heavy (though I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the work of some other person, and not of Nestor Ironside.

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole Guardian; I shall, therefore, fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person and my correspondents. Now, I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention to erect a lion's head in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the lion.

There will be under it a box, of which the

key will be kept in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workman being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in Button's coffee-house in Covent-garden,\* who is directed to show the way to the lion's head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy. L

No. 99.]

Saturday, July 4, 1713.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni  
Mente quatit solida; neque auster  
Dux iniqui turbidus Adriæ,  
Nec fulminanti magna Jovis manus:  
Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. *Hor. Lib. 3 Od. iii. 1.*

## PARAPHRASED.

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,  
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,  
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
Their senseless clamours, and tumultuous cries;  
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies  
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms  
Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with storms,  
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;  
Not the red arm of angry Jove,  
That flings the thunder from the sky,  
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.  
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,  
And stand secure amidst a falling world. *Anon.*

THERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words, and actions; the other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such a one, who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or, as my friend Cato expresses it much better, in a sentiment conformable to his character.

'When by just vengeance impious mortals perish,  
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,  
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.'

\* The lion's head, formerly at Button's coffee-house, was preserved many years at the Shakspeare tavern in Covent-garden; the master of the tavern becoming a bankrupt, it was sold among his effects, Nov. 8, 1804, for 17l. 10s.



When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront, or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason the best law that has ever past in our days, is that which continues our judges in their posts during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say the extraordinary person who is now posted in the chief station of the law, would have been the same had that act never passed; but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in its highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular, and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, and we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was im-

mediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approaching it, looked about the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a good deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor ate very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? And why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner. 'Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming! I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and, to my unspeakable joy, found it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time until this very moment.'

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No. 100.]

Monday, July 6, 1713.

Hoc vos præcipue, niveæ, decet, hoc ubi vidi,  
Oscula ferre humero, qua patet, usque libet.  
*Ovid. Ars Amator. Lib. iii. 309.*

If snowy white your neck, you still should wear  
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare;  
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,  
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

*Congreve.*

THERE is a certain female ornament by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the tucker, I must take notice that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she-visitant at my lady Lizard's, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before dis-

covered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great grandmothers in queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

About the same time, the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in a human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had inclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower; so that when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all, how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

'The yielding marble of a snowy breast,' with as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy, to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations are of a roving nature, and their passion under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter, that upon the disuse of the neck-piece, (the ladies will pardon me, if it is not the fashionable term of art,) the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness, but the innocence, of their mother Eve.

What most troubles and indeed surprises me in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe Lycurgus: as that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage. In order to it he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that upon their putting themselves in motion, discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of by that wise lawgiver, to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, that nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it, that Venus pleases most when she appears (*semi-reducta*) in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the Venus de Medicis, where she is represented in such a shy retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity. F

No. 101.]

Tuesday, July 7, 1713.

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur.  
*Virg. Æn. i. 578.*

Trojan and Tyrian differ but in name,  
Both to my favour have an equal claim.

THIS being the great day of thanksgiving for the peace, I shall present my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

'SIR,—Since I had the happiness to see you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water



at Calais, and since that, several bruises upon the land, lame post-horses by day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures,

"Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit."  
*Virg. Æn. ii. 12.*

"At which my memory with grief recoils."

'My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not see a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; so that my most agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not speak French, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

'I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my being here I have made the tour of all the king's palaces, which has been, I think, the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art, to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground, only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his diversion. It turns itself into pyramids, triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates a fire work, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of *Æsop*.

'I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king's houses, or, with all your descriptions, raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am, however, so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of salvage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art: In my opinion the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscoted with looking-glass. The history of the present king until the year 16— is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his majesty has actions

enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the present.

'The painter has represented his most Christian majesty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning a little above the cornice.

'But what makes all these shows the more agreeable, is the great kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at threescore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversible, when a little wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant and gay old age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has gray hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does in this respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age. I am, sir, &c.'

'Blois, May 15, N. S.

'SIR,—I cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have besides getting the language, is to see the manners and tempers of the people, which I believe may be better learnt here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

'I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go bare-foot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate, and natural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of temper as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. It is not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy or abundance of wine, can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in the art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and pos-

ture as sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those who abound most in the virtues of their nation, and least with its imperfections. When, therefore, I see the good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection without any mixture of the spleen, I hope you will excuse me, if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself, sir, yours, &c.' F

No. 102.]      Wednesday, July 8, 1713.

—Natos ad flumina primum  
Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis.  
*Virg. Æn. ix. 603.*

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,  
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;  
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,  
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold. *Dryden.*

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year having put most of them in slight summer-suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August, and rose in December. Summer has often caught me in my drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow (commonly known by the name of Posture-master) in king Charles the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the tailors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him, but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the clothes were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could, but upon a third trial found him a straight-shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a hump back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go

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naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body by the same means might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, 'Because we are all over face.' Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be something like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three degrees more of heat in it than the air without doors.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past he has been clothed in frize of the same colour, and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it until it was threadbare, he dares not do it lest he should take cold when the knap is off. He could no more live without his frize coat, than without his skin. It is not indeed so properly his coat as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself! It is, indeed, the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived till a hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family that my grandfather used to throw off his hat, and go open-breasted, after fourscore. As for myself, they used to sowse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true tempered *Steel*, and can say with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or, if my enemies please, forehead all over.

No. 103.]      Thursday, July 9, 1713.

Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitator olympi.  
*Virg. Æn. vi. 586.*

With mimic thunder impiously he plays,  
And darts the artificial lightning's blaze.

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I AM considering how most of the great phenomena or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chymists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water work; and we are informed, that some years ago the virtuosos of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble fire-work that was exhibited last night upon the Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled together in such an agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strowed the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlivened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in *Œdipus*,

'Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night  
Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?'

In short, the artist did his part to admiration, and was so encompassed with fire and smoke that one would have thought nothing but a salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole show. One of them being a critic, that is a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present, began to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us. 'I am mightily pleased,' says he, 'with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine Chastity with a body of fire, or Temperance in a flame? Justice indeed may be furnished out of this element as far as her sword goes, and Courage may be all over one continued blaze, if the artist pleases.'

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the critic, and proposed a subject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a scene in *Milton*. He would have a large piece of machinery represent the *Pandæmonium*, where,

——— 'from the arched roof  
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed  
With naphtha and asphaltos, yielded light  
As from a sky'———


This might be finely represented by several illuminations disposed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits at the same time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame,

and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and surprise the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work described, if I am not mistaken, by *Strada*. A prince of Italy it seems entertained his mistress with it upon a great lake. In the midst of this lake was a huge floating mountain made by art. The mountain represented *Ætna*, being bored through the top with a monstrous orifice. Upon a signal given the eruption began. Fire and smoke, mixed with several unusual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for some time. On a sudden there was heard a most dreadful rumbling noise within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burst, and discovered a vast cavity in that side which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was *Vulcan's* shop, full of fire and clock-work. A column of blue flame issued out incessantly from the forge. *Vulcan* was employed in hammering out thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flashes. *Venus* stood by him in a figure of the brightest fire, with numberless cupids on all sides of her, that shot out volleys of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot several other particulars no less curious, and have only mentioned these to show that there may be a sort of fable or design in a fire-work which may give an additional beauty to those surprising objects.

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificance of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-star, as a sky-rocket discharged by a hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought it is to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time, wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it! that it should move in such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it! What a glorious show are those beings entertained with that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of æther, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find

out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention. 

No. 104.]

Friday, July 10, 1713.

Quæ e longinquo magis placent.

Tacit.

The farther fetch'd, the more they please.

ON Tuesday last I published two letters written by a gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my best readers, I shall this day publish two more from the same hand. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in our British antiquities.

‘Blois, May 15, N. S.

‘SIR,—Because I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

‘I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman’s family, and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility, when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

‘In the reign of king John there lived a nobleman called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Touraine; his brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king’s pages, and served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner by the English. The king of England chanced to see the youth, and being much pleased with his person and behaviour, begged him of the king his prisoner. It happened, some years after this, that John, the other brother, who, in the course of the war had raised himself to a considerable post in the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who at that time was an officer in the king of England’s guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother, and being naturally of a haughty temper, treated him very insolently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This John resented so highly, that he challenged him to a single combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place assigned them by the king’s appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists completely armed, amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encounters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; until after some toil and bloodshed they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. Briant, in the mean time, had cast his eye upon his brother’s escutcheon, which he saw agree in all points with his own. I need

not tell you after this, with what joy and surprise the story ends. King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, by the king of France’s consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in English.

“Le Roi d’Angleterre par permission du Roi de France, pour perpetuelle memoire de leurs grands faits d’armes et fidelité envers leurs Rois, leur donna par ampliation à leurs armes en une croix d’argen cantonnée de quatre coquilles d’or en champ de sable, qu’ils avoient auparavant, une endenteleuse faite en façons de croix de guëulle inserée au dedans de la ditte croix d’argent et par le milieu d’icelle que est participation des deux croix que portent les dits Rois en la guerre.”

‘I am afraid by this time you begin to wonder that I should send you for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and I dare say never thought, when you desired me to write to you, that I should trouble you with a story of king John, especially at a time when there is a monarch on the French throne that furnishes discourse for all Europe. But I confess I am the more fond of the relation, because it brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen: though at the same time I must own it is not so much the vanity of an Englishman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking an occasion to subscribe myself, sir, yours, &c.’

‘Blois, May 20, N. S.

‘SIR,—I am extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter, which was the only English that had been spoken to me in some months together, for I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good fortune:

Votum in amante novum! vellum quod amator abeset.

Ovid. Met. Lib. iii. 468.

Strange wish to harbour in a lover’s breast!

I wish that absent, which I love the best.

‘This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I stayed near the French court, though I must confess I would not but have seen it, because I believe it showed me some of the finest places, and of the greatest persons, in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor see a man that has not signalised himself in a battle. One would fancy one’s self to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance; one meets so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a quicker progress through the French tongue, because I believe it is impossible for a learner of a language to find in any nation such advantages as in this, where every body is so very courteous, and so very talkative. They always take care to make a noise as long as they are in company, and are as loud any hour in the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen, there is more mirth in the French conversation, and more wit in the English. You abound more in jests, but they in laughter. Their language is, indeed, extremely proper to tattle in, it is made



up of so much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his answering only No or Yes to a question, which a Frenchman generally makes a sentence of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that run through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a shop-keeper desiring his neighbour to have the goodness to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of cobblers, that are extremely glad of the honour of seeing one another.

'The face of the whole country where I now am, is at this season pleasant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our own nation. I am sure the French year has got the start of ours more in the works of nature, than in the new style. I have past one March in my life without being ruffled with the winds, and one April without being washed with rains. I am, sir, yours.' E

No. 105 ]

Saturday, July 11, 1713.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris :

Perdere nec fetus ausa Leana suos.

At tenerè faciunt, sed non impune, puellæ ;

Sape, suos utero quæ necat, ipsa perit.

*Ovid. Amor. Lib. 2. Eleg. xiv. 35.*

The tigresses, that haunt th' Armenian wood,  
Will spare their proper young, tho' pinch'd for food !  
Nor will the Lybian lionesses slay

Their whelps : but women are more fierce than they.

More barbarous to the tender fruit they bear ;

Nor Nature's call, tho' loud she cries, will hear.

But righteous vengeance oft their crimes pursues,

And they are lost themselves who would their children lose.

*Anon.*

THERE was no part of the show on the thanksgiving day that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph.—Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her majesty did not see this assembly of objects, so proper to excite that charity and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, though, at the same time, I question not but her royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young subjects, has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

I have always looked on this institution of charity schools, which of late years has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to reco-

ver it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity. There will be few in the next generation who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the several persons of wealth and quality, who made their procession through the members of these new-erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintenance and increase. For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late ; and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who, through want of such a provision, are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror : but what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed, or unable to provide for them !


There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence ! Not to mention those, who, by unnatural practices, do in some measure defeat the intentions of Providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these, the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime (which is not to be expressed by words) if we only consider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on other occasions, is the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they give life to. I shall therefore show how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities of Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanterns, with a little door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lantern, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child, rings the bell, and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further inquiries.

The parent, or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved and do signal services to their country, who, without such a provision, might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This I think is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration, for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers. 

No. 106.] *Monday, July 13, 1713.*

*Quod latet arcanâ, non enarrabile, fibrâ.  
Pers. Sat. v. 29.*

The deep recesses of the human breast.

As I was making up my Monday's provision for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furnish out myself, I shall set it before the reader, and desire him to fall on without farther ceremony.

'SIR,—Your two kinsmen and predecessors of immortal memory, were very famous for their dreams and visions, and, contrary to all other authors, never pleased their readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is observed, that the second sight generally runs in the blood; and, sir, we are in hopes that you yourself, like the rest of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a seer of visions. In the mean while, I beg leave to make you a present of a dream, which may serve to lull your readers until such time as you yourself shall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

'You must understand, sir, I had yesterday been reading and ruminating upon that passage where Momus is said to have found fault with the make of a man, because he had not a window in his breast. The moral of this story is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of man is so full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no guessing at what he is, from his speeches, and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the sexes would be, if there was a window in the breast of every one that makes or receives love. What protestations and perjuries would be saved on the one side, what hypocrisy and dissimulation on the other! I am myself very far gone in this passion for Aurelia, a woman of an unsearchable heart. I would give the world to know the secrets of it, and particularly whether I am really in

her good graces, or if not, who is the happy person.

'I fell asleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a sudden methought Aurelia lay by my side. I was placed by her in the posture of Milton's Adam, and "with looks of cordial love hung over her enamour'd." As I cast my eye upon her bosom, it appeared to be all of crystal, and so wonderfully transparent that I saw every thought in her heart. The first images I discovered in it were fans, silk, ribands, laces, and many other gewgaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole heart was nothing else but a toy-shop. These all faded away and vanished, when immediately I discerned a long train of coaches and six, equipages, and liveries, that ran through the heart one after another in a very great hurry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed the whole space to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could see distinctly three mattedors. There then followed a quick succession of different scenes. A playhouse, a church, a court, a puppet-show, rose up one after another, until at last they all of them gave place to a pair of new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. These were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was succeeded by a guinea-pig, a squirrel and a monkey. I myself, to my no small joy, brought up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was ravished at being so happily posted, and in full possession of the heart: but as I saw the little figure of myself simpering and mightily pleased with its situation, on a sudden the heart methought gave a sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little representative vanished; for, upon applying my eye, I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman, however, did not keep his station long, before he yielded it up to a wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last figures represented to me, in a lively manner, the conflicts in Aurelia's heart, between love, avarice, and ambition, for we justled one another out by turns, and disputed the post for a great while. But at last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of crystal, when, to my unspeakable mortification, I awaked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

'This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

'O venerable Nestor, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know whether I have the same place in the real heart, that I had in the visionary one. To tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and fear. I was very sanguine until eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always went by contraries. I did not, indeed, before much like the crystal heart, remembering that confounded simile in Valentinian, of a maid "as cold as crystal never to be thawed." Besides, I verily believe if I had slept a little longer, that awkward whelp with his money-bags, would certainly have made his second entrance. If you



can tell the fair one's mind, it will be no small proof of your art, for I dare say it is more than she herself can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle; all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and your humble servant,

‘PETER PUZZLE.’

No. 107.] *Tuesday, July 14, 1713.*

—tendanda via est— *Virg. Georg. iii. 8.*

I'll try the experiment.

I HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as diverting as a traveller; his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curiosity of the reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project, and may say without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture: I had a hand in the land-bank, and was consulted with upon the reformation of manners. I have had several designs upon the Thames and the New-river, not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which, if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good-will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter:

‘SIR,—A man of your reading knows very well that there were a set of men in old Rome, called by the name of Nomenclators, that is, in English, men who call every one by his name. When a great man stood for any public office, as that of a tribune, a consul, or a censor, he had always one of these nomenclators at his elbow, who whispered in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to salute every Roman citizen by his name when he asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose: I have with much pains and assiduity qualified myself for a nomenclator in this great city, and shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet with suitable encouragement. I will let myself out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a coach to the Ring,\* I will undertake to teach him, in two or three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who frequent that place. If

he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are disposed among the boxes, and at the same time point out to him the persons who ogle them from their respective stations. I need not tell you that I may be of the same use in any other public assembly. Nor do I only profess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the sight of a reigning beauty, I shall mention her admirers, and discover her gallantries, if they are of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark out every toast, the club in which she was elected, and the number of votes that were on her side. Not a woman shall be unexplained that makes a figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too shall be set out in their distinguishing characters, and declared whose properties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good-humour, their persons, stations, and titles, shall be described at large.

‘I have a wife who is a nomenclatress, and will be ready, on any occasion, to attend the ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature than myself, and is acquainted with all the private history of London and Westminster, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which nobody yet knows any thing of but herself, and thirty clandestine marriages, that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by the clock after the rate of three guineas an hour.

‘N. B. She is a near kinswoman of the author of the New Atalantis.

‘I need not recommend to a man of your sagacity, the usefulness of this project, and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a very great obligation upon your humble servant.’

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the public, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject than that of discovering the longitude, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous when the reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled *A Scheme of the Solar System*, with the orbits of the planets and comets belonging thereto, described from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, *Philosoph. Trans. No. 297*, founded on sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries, by William Whiston, M. A.

‘To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

‘At Button's Coffee-house, near Covent-Garden.

‘London, July 11, 1713.

‘SIR,—Having a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to the public, and finding that you are pleased to concern yourself in any thing that tends to the common be-

\* The Ring in Hyde-park, at this time a fashionable place of resort.

neft of mankind, we take the liberty to desire the insertion of this letter into your Guardian. We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing of it a place in so useful a paper. Nor do we insist on any protection from you, if what we propose should fall short of what we pretend to; since any disgrace, which in that case must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be entirely borne by ourselves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

'It is well known, sir, to yourself and to the learned, and trading, and sailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ship at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western voyages, or even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her longitude, or how much she is gone eastward or westward, as it can easily be known in any clear day or night, how much she is gone northward or southward. The several methods by lunar eclipses, by those of Jupiter's satellites, by the appulses of the moon to fixed stars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foundations soever they are built, still failing in long voyages at sea, when they come to be practised; and leaving the poor sailors frequently to the great inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is so great, and so many ships have been lost by it, and this has been so long and so sensibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are said to be publicly offered for its supply. We are well satisfied, that the discovery we have to make as to this matter is easily intelligible by all, and ready to be practised at sea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewise found at the same time; and that with proper charges it may be made as universal as the world shall please; nay, that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactness than the latitude itself is now usually found at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the world, if we may be assured that no other person shall be allowed to deprive us of those rewards which the public shall think fit to bestow for such a discovery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that nature till sir Isaac Newton himself, with such other proper persons as shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favour of this discovery. If Mr. Ironside pleases so far to oblige the public as to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obligation on his very humble servants,

'WILL. WHISTON,  
'HUMPHRY DITTON.'



No. 108.] Wednesday, July 15, 1713.

Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus æqui.  
*Virg. Æn. ix. 674.*

—Youths, of height and size,  
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise.  
*Dryden.*

I do not care for burning my fingers in a

quarrel, but since I have communicated to the world a plan which has given offence to some gentlemen whom it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the following remonstrance; and at the same time promise those of my correspondents who have drawn this upon themselves, to exhibit to the public any such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

'MR. GUARDIAN,—I was very much troubled to see the two letters which you lately published concerning the short club. You cannot imagine what airs all the little pragmatical fellows about us have given themselves since the reading of those papers. Every one cocks and struts upon it, and pretends to overlook us who are two feet higher than themselves. I met with one the other day who was at least three inches above five feet, which you know is the statutable measure of that club. This overgrown runt has struck off his heels, lowered his fore-top, and contracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new-erected society; nay, so far did his vanity carry him, that he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For my part, I scorn to speak any thing to the diminution of these little creatures, and should not have minded them had they been still shuffled among the crowd. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they grow within the shades of oaks and cedars; but when these pigmies pretend to draw themselves out from the rest of the world, and form themselves into a body, it is time for us who are men of figure to look about us. If the ladies should once take a liking to such a diminutive race of lovers, we should, in a little time, see mankind epitomized, and the whole species in miniature; daisy roots\* would grow a fashionable diet. In order therefore to keep our posterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aspiring race of upstarts, we have here instituted a tall club.

'As the short club consists of those who are under five feet, ours is to be composed of such as are above six. These we look upon as the two extremes and antagonists of the species; considering all those as neuters who fill up the middle space. When a man rises beyond six feet he is a hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall club.

'We have already chosen thirty members, the most sightly of all her majesty's subjects. We elected a president, as many of the ancients did their kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him in that station above us which nature had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a show. As for my own part, I am but a sesquipedal, having only six feet and a half of stature. Being the shortest member of the club, I am appointed secretary. If you saw us all together you would take us for the sons of Anak. Our meetings are held like the old gothic parliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may hold our assem-

\* Daisy roots, boiled in milk, are said to check the growth of puppies.



blies in Westminster-hall, when it is not term time. I must add, to the honour of our club, that it is one of our society who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our public seal is, a crane grasping a pigmy in his right foot.

'I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr. Distich, who may possibly play some of his pentameters upon us, but if he does he shall certainly be answered in Alexandrines. For we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in Longinus's treatise concerning the sublime.\* Besides, I would have Mr. Distich consider, that if Horace was a short man, Musæus, who makes such a noble figure in Virgil's sixth *Æneid*, was taller by the head and shoulders than all the people of Elysium. I shall therefore confront his *lepidissimum homuncionem* (a short quotation, and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

'Quos circumfusus sic est affata Sibylla;  
Museum ante omnes: medium nam plurima turba  
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantum suscipit altis.'  
Virg. *Æn.* vi. 666.

'To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd:  
And first to him! surrounded by the rest;  
Towering his height and ample was his breast.'

*Dryden.*

'If after all, this society of little men proceed as they have begun, to magnify themselves, and lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to make a detachment, some evening or other, that shall bring away their whole club in a pair of panniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which we have set apart for that use, until they have made a public recantation. As for the little bully, Tim Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we shall treat him like his friend little Dicky, and hang him upon a peg until he comes to himself. I have told you our design, and let their little Machiavel prevent it if he can.

'This is, sir, the long and the short of the matter. I am sensible I shall stir up a nest of wasps by it, but let them do their worst. I think that we serve our country by discouraging this little breed, and hindering it from coming into fashion. If the fair sex look upon us with an eye of favour, we shall make some attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and restore it to its ancient procerity. In the mean time we hope old age has not inclined you in favour of our antagonists; for I do assure you sir, we are all your high admirers, though none more than, sir, yours, &c.' [F]

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No. 109.] Thursday, July 16, 1713.

Pugnabat tunica sed tamen illa tegi.  
*Ovid. Amor. Lib. I. Eleg. v. 14.*

Yet still she strove her naked charms to hide.

I HAVE received many letters from persons of all conditions, in reference to my late dis-

\* Leonard Welsted, whose translation of Longinus first appeared in 1712.

† Musæus.

course concerning the tucker. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady, who subscribes herself Teraminta, bids me, in a very pert manner, mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another, who calls herself Bubnelia, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old ninnyhammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. Florella, indeed, expostulates with me upon the subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one side I have been used ill, (the common fate of all reformers,) I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping, that has got among our British ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise, than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those who have reviled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

'SIR,—I am to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen superannuated beauties, for your paper of the sixth instant. We all of us pass for women of fifty, and a man of your sense knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very sensible that several young flirts about town had a design to cast us out of the fashionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by some of their late refinements. Two or three of them have been heard to say, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their clothes as fast as they could, and have played all those pranks which you have so seasonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover, after them, being unwilling to give out so soon, and be regarded as veterans in the beau monde. Some of us have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I have not been without a cold ever since this foolish fashion came up. I have followed it thus far with the hazard of my life; and how much farther I must go nobody knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may assure yourself that all the antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our bosoms (in which perhaps we vie with the youngest of the sex) they are not sufficient to preserve us against the wind and weather. In taking so many old women under your care, you have been a real Guardian to us, and saved the life of many of your contemporaries. In short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe ourselves, most venerable Nestor, your humble servants and sisters.'

I am very well pleased with this approbation of my good sisters. I must confess I have always looked on the tucker to be the *decus et tu-*

*tamen*,\* the ornament and defence, of the female neck. My good old lady, the lady Lizard, condemned this fashion from the beginning, and has observed to me, with some concern, that her sex, at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I may possibly take another occasion of handling this extremity, it being my design to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I shall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correspondents.

‘DEAR GUARDEE,—This comes to you from one of those untuckered ladies whom you were so sharp upon on Monday was se’nnight. I think myself mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you then gave us. You must know I am a famous olive beauty. But though this complexion makes a very good face when there are a couple of black sparkling eyes set in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women, therefore, thought of this fashion to insult the olives and the brunettes. They know very well, that a neck of ivory does not make so fine a show as one of alabaster. It is for this reason, Mr. Ironside, that they are so liberal in their discoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whitest neck in the world, is to you no more than a woman of snow; but Ovid, in Mr. Duke’s translation of him, seems to look upon it with another eye, when he talks of Corinna, and mentions

—“her heaving breast,  
Courtin’ the hand, and suing to be prest.”

‘Women of my complexion ought to be more modest, especially since our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine many of these ladies who present you with such beautiful snowy chests, you would find they are not all of a piece. Good father Nestor, do not let us alone until you have shortened our necks, and reduced them to their ancient standard. I am your most obliged humble servant,

‘OLIVIA.’

I shall have a just regard to Olivia’s remonstrance, though at the same time I cannot but observe that her modesty seems to be entirely the result of her complexion. ☞

composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world, than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece, that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reason, I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation, as the slave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, ‘Remember, sir, that you are a man.’ I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the works of a great poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am sure would not care for being praised at the expense of another’s reputation. I must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

‘SIR,— \* \* \* \* \*

‘Our tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear a heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven, and the pains of hell, according to the Christian system. Lee’s Alexander discovers him to be a Cartesian in the first page of *Œdipus*:

“——The sun’s sick too,  
Shortly he’ll be an earth”——

As Dryden’s *Cleomenes* is acquainted with the Copernican hypothesis, two thousand years before its invention.

“I am pleas’d with my own work; Jove was not more  
With infant nature, when his spacious hand  
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,  
To give it the first push, and see it roll  
Along the vast abyss”——

‘I have now Mr. Dryden’s *Don Sebastian* before me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts out of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* when he talked even to those of his own court; but to allude to these Roman fables when he talks to an emperor of Barbary, seems very extraordinary. But observe how he defies him out of the classics, in the following lines:

“Why didst not thou engage me man to man,  
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face  
To stare me into statue?”

‘Almeyda, at the same time, is more book-learned than *Don Sebastian*. She plays a hydra upon the emperor that is full as good as the Gorgon.

“O that I had the fruitful heads of hydra,  
That one might bourgeon where another fell!  
Still would I give thee work, still, still, thou tyrant,  
And hiss thee with thee last!”——

‘She afterwards, in allusion to *Hercules*, bids him “lay down the lion’s skin, and take the distaff;” and in the following speech utters her passion still more learnedly.

No. 110.] Friday, July 17, 1713.

Non ego paucis  
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit  
Aut humana parum cavit natura  
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 351.

I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,  
Such as our nature’s frailty may excuse.

Roscommon.

THE candour which Horace shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical

\* The words milled on the larger silver and gold coins of this kingdom.



"No! were we join'd, even tho' it were in death,  
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,  
The prodigy of Thebes wou'd be renew'd,  
And my divided flame should break from thine."

'The emperor of Barbary shows himself acquainted with the Roman poets as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in the same classic strain:

"Serpent, I will engender poison with thee;  
Our offspring, like the seed of dragons' teeth,  
Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death."

'Ovid seems to have been Muley Molock's favourite author, witness the lines that follow:

"She still inexorable, still imperious  
And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder."

'I shall conclude my remarks on his part with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to consider how prettily it would sound in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco:

"The god of love once more has shot his fires  
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him."

'Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his brother Muley Molock; as where he hints at the story of Castor and Pollux:

—"May we ne'er meet!  
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,  
He gallops down the skies"—

'As for the mufti, we will suppose that he was bred up a scholar, and not only versed in the law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite learning. For this reason, he is not at all surprised when Dorax calls him a Phaëton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.


'The mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Alborno, and cardinal Wolsey by name. The poet seems to think he may make every person in his play know as much as himself, and talk as well as he could have done on the same occasion. At least I believe every reader will agree with me, that the above-mentioned sentiments, to which I might have added several others, would have been better suited to the court of Augustus, than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themselves, and much more so in that noble language which was peculiar to this great poet. I only observe that they are improper for the persons who make use of them. Dryden is, indeed, generally wrong in his sentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with such obscene raillery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character, the loose Dolabella is no less inconsistent with himself, when, all of a sudden, he drops the pagan, and talks in the sentiments of revealed religion.

—"Heaven has but  
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights  
To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy seems  
His darling attribute, which limits justice;  
As if there were degrees in infinite:  
And infinite would rather want perfection  
Than punish to extent"—

'I might show several faults of the same nature in the celebrated Aureng Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the great mogul and his empress has been gene-

rally censured. Take the sentiments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too coarse for a scene in Billingsgate.

\* \* \* \* \*

'I am, &c.' 

No. 111.]

Saturday, July 18, 1713.

Hic aliquis de gente hircosâ Centurionum  
Dicat : quod satis est sapio mihi ; non ego curo  
Esse quod Arcesilas, ærumnosique Solones.

Pers. Sat. iii. 77.

But here, some captain of the land or fleet,  
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit,  
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store;  
And he's a rascal who pretends to more :  
Dammee, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads say,  
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play. Dryden.

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves, and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure, and grow out of fashion by that time they are five-and-twenty. As soon as the natural gayety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but lie by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens, indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must, therefore, earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to lay in timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, 'that he was more obliged to Aristotle, who had instructed him, than to Philip, who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words, at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

'Alexander to Aristotle, greeting.

'You have not done well to publish your books of Select Knowledge; for what is there

now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power. Farewell.'

We see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.


Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is, in popular and mixt governments, the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method for gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

'In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of

thyne enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment: Behold I have done according to thy words: Lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream.'

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons making their court to the hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage: and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom; Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, should always wait on her as her handmaids. 

No. 112.]

Monday, July 20, 1713.

—udam  
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

Hor. Lib. 3. Od. ii. 23.

Scorns the base earth, and crowd below;  
And with a soaring wing still mounts on high.  
*Creec'h.*

THE philosophers of king Charles's reign were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the virtuosos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great lady\* who, at the same time, was building castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason, also, I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before

\* The duchess of Newcastle objected to bishop Wilkins, the want of baiting places in the way to his new world; the bishop expressed his surprise that this objection should be made by a lady who had been all her life employed in building castles in the air.




multitudes of beholders. Instead of this, I shall present my reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus.

‘MR. IRONSIDE,—Knowing that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, that I have made a considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step, and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock, and improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thanksgiving day it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet-street, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand. From thence, by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for St. James’s-park, and light upon the ground near Rosamond’s-pond. This I doubt not will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man’s making. I intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains until I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds, for which reason when I talk of practising to fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains; but, sir, you know better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to the public from this invention; as how the roads of England will be saved when we travel through these new highways, and how all family accounts will be lessened in the article of coaches and horses. I need not mention posts and packet-boats, with many other conveniences of life, which will be supplied this way. In short, sir, when mankind are in possession of this art, they will be able to do more business in threescore and ten years, than they could do in a thousand by the methods now in use. I therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage, and am your most humble servant.’

I have fully considered the project of these our modern Dædalists, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul’s covered with both

sexes like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head. If he were jealous, indeed, he might clip his wife’s wings, but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-masters perpetually hovering over his house? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels. In short, the whole air would be full of this kind of *gibier*, as the French call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more petitions out of the city against it, than ever yet appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach, could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influence it would have on love affairs. I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing until I see my friend astride the dragon. 

No. 113.]

Tuesday, July 21, 1713.

Amphora cæpit  
Institui, currente rotâ, cur arceus exit?  
*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 21.*

When you begin with so much pomp and show,  
Why is the end so little and so low?  
*Roscommon.*

I LAST night received a letter from an honest citizen, who it seems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain subject, but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may perhaps please the public as much as myself. I shall not therefore scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

‘Cheapside, July 18.

‘GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,—I have lately married a very pretty body, who being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to her in a finer suit of clothes than ever I wore in my life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding day I put myself, according to custom, in another suit, fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk the street, and long to be in my old plain gear again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool’s cap,

and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see myself turned into such a pretty little master. They tell me I must appear in my wedding-suit for the first month at least; after which I am resolved to come again to my every day's clothes, for at present every day is Sunday with me. Now, in my mind, Mr. Ironside, this is the wrongest way of proceeding in the world. When a man's person is new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want any thing else to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding-suit. I should think, therefore, that a man should keep his finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and not begin to dress until the honey-moon is over. I have observed at a lord mayor's feast that the sweet-meats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But instead of this, we serve up delicacies to our guests, when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my silver-buttoned coat and silk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife will not repent of her marriage when she sees what a plain man she has to her husband. Pray, Mr. Ironside, write something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think she can ever love me in a hair button. I am, &c.

'P. S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which they say too, I must wear all the first month.'

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding-suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this: Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than until he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks, in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullessness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole

time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, 'Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse.' I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? 'No, madam,' says Tom, 'I mention this now because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine I should be too generous to do it.' In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover. [F]

No. 114.]

Wednesday, July 22, 1713.

Alveos accipite, et ceris opus infundite:

Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet.

*Phædr. Lib. 3. Fab. xiii. 9.*

Take the hives, and empty your work into the combs;  
The drones refuse, the bees accept the proposal.

I THINK myself obliged to acquaint the public that the lion's head, of which I advertised some about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Button's coffee-house in Russel-street, Covent-garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws. I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth, or book-worm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must, therefore, desire, that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satirise those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire, likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the history of the popes observe, that the Leos have been the best, and the Innocents the worst of that species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my



lion's character, by representing him as such a peaceable, good-natured, well-designing beast.

I intend to publish once every week, 'the roarings of the lion,' and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the British nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins: which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived, as to snap the hands of any of the female sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense: I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex in all the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, who may not put her hand in his mouth with the same security as if she were a vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them that the coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old, who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand upon this occasion to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time I must further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's, or at Corticelli's, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I shall there erect a unicorn's head for the ladies, and will so contrive it, that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time, with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time, carry on an epistolary correspondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

\*MR. GUARDIAN,—Your predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it launched into extremities. Among the rest, the great petticoat came under his consideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has said, they still resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were pressed, so that they seem to deny access to any part but the middle. Many

are the inconveniences that accrue to her majesty's loving subjects from the said petticoats, as hurting men's shins, sweeping down the wares of industrious females in the streets, &c. I saw a young lady fall down the other day; and believe me, sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of, that befall themselves as well as others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wish, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in showing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion, and I hope when the ladies see it is the opinion of two of the wisest men in England, they will be convinced of their folly.—I am, sir, your daily reader and admirer,  
'TOM PLAIN.'

No. 115.]

Thursday, July 23, 1713.

Ingenium par materiæ— *Juv. Sat. i. 151.*  
A genius equal to the subject.

WHEN I read rules of criticism I immediately inquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least, at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good breeding in his raillery; but if in the place of all these, I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

'So Macer and Mundungus school the times,  
And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhymes,  
Well do they play the careful critic's part,  
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:  
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,  
Then show us what are bad by what they write.  
*Mr. Congreve to Sir R. Temple.*

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of composition, and have shown the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns, likewise, no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic who did not show by his practice that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who, after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His prolusion on the style of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well as the most just pieces of criticism that I have ever read: I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known that pope Leo the Tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations, and disputes, of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom, Strada founds the following narrative: When this pope was at his villa, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment: They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top, in imitation of Parnassus. There were several marks on it, that distinguished it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the muses Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic measure, for it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine, until it arrived before the pope's villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountains, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up, and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnassus with great nimbleness and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requisite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off his back, insomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by Calliope, in the midst of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their shade. He would

not perhaps have been seen in this retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon Calliope, without seeing Virgil at the same time.

This poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem, written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors whom they represented. The subject of these several poems, with the judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.



No. 116.]

Friday, July 24, 1713.

——Ridiculum acri  
Fortius et melius——

*Hor. Lib. 1 Sat. x. 14.*

A jest in scorn points out, and hits the thing  
More home, than the morosest satire's sting.

THERE are many little enormities in the world which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead. The good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Topknot, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a whitewash, and have known a coloured riband made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men. While they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the merry-andrew has his separate packet for the megrims and tooth-ache.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled. I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a quaker, and is as follows:



'NESTOR IRONSIDE.—Our friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glimmering of the light in thee. We shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to clothe themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the record. Thy lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the sink of Babylon! for the scarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.


"Rome, July 8, 1713. A placard is published here, forbidding women of whatsoever quality to go with naked breasts; and the priests are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion, neither are they to enter the cathedrals, under severe penalties."

"These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it, 'The Evening Post, from Saturday, July the eighteenth, to Tuesday, July the twenty-first.'"

"Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make him still roar till all the beasts of the forest shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily. Thine, in every thing that is praise-worthy,

'TOM TREMBLE.

'Tom's coffee-house in Birchin-lane, the 23d day of the month called July.'

It happens very oddly that the pope and I should have the same thoughts much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say, that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to show their zeal for the protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to popery. 

gether. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the *Athalia* of monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joad the high-priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer:

'Celui qui met un frein a la fureur des flots,  
Sçait aussi des mechans arreter les complots.  
Soumis avec respect a sa volonte sainte.  
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre craint.'

'He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him.' Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person; it disarms the tyrant and executioner; and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution, very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in a uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a being that is omnipotent? A being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great superintendent of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him; or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care; in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself by this virtue an object of divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan

No. 117.] Saturday, July 25, 1713.

Cura pii Diis sunt. Ovid. Met. Lib. viii. 724.  
The good are Heaven's peculiar care.

LOOKING over the late edition of monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction to-

history which more pleases me, than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which, the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of Providence; which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion, should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind; or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

[F]

No. 118.]

Monday, July 27, 1713.

——Largitor ingeni

Venter——

Witty want.

Pers. Prol. ver. 10.

Dryden.

I AM very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the tower. I this morning examined his maw, where among much other food I found the following delicious morsels.

‘To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

‘MR. GUARDIAN,—I am a daily peruser of your papers. I have read over and over your discourse concerning the tucker; as likewise your paper of Thursday the sixteenth instant, in which you say it is your intention to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now,

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sir, being by profession a mantua-maker, who am employed by the most fashionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours; and seeing them both drest and undrest, I think there is no person better qualified than myself to serve you (if your honour pleases) in the nature of a lioness. I am in the whole secret of their fashion; and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a constant watch over them, and doubt not I shall send you from time to time such private intelligence, as you will find of use to you in your future papers.

‘Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the benefit of it; but that you will first hear me roar before you treat with any body else. As a sample of my intended services, I give you this timely notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of the female chest, which, in defiance of your gravity, is going to be uncovered yet more and more; so that, to tell you truly, Mr. Ironside, I am in some fear lest my profession should in a little time become wholly unnecessary. I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs along the upper part of the stays before, and crosses the breasts, without rising to the shoulders; and being, as it were, a part of the tucker yet kept in use, is therefore, by a particular name, called the modesty-piece. Now sir, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a late meeting of the stripping ladies, in which were present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the modesty-piece wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put in execution. Some few indeed objected to this last improvement, but were overruled by the rest, who alleged it was their intention, as they ingeniously expressed it, to level their breast-works entirely, and to trust to no defence but their own virtue. I am sir, (if you please) your secret servant,

‘LEONILLA FIGLEAF.’

‘DEAR SIR,—As by name, and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner; but by the forwardness of his paws, he seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough resemble its prototypes, whose throats are open sepulchres. I assure you, sir, unless he gapes wider he will sooner be felt than heard. Witness my hand,

‘JACKALL.’

‘To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

‘SAGE NESTOR,—Lions being esteemed by naturalists the most generous of beasts, the noble and majestic appearance they make in poetry, wherein they so often represent the hero himself, made me always think that name very ill applied to a profligate set of men, at present going about seeking whom to devour; and though I cannot but acquiesce in your account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great

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


satisfaction I hear you are about to restore them to their former dignity, by producing one of that species so public spirited, as to roar for reformation of manners. "I will roar," says the clown in Shakspeare, "that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again." Such success, and such applause, I do not question but your lion will meet with, whilst, like that of Sampson, his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entrails abound with honey.

'At the same time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon this honour done to their king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who by distance of place are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him, with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account, Mr. Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to constitute an outriding lion; or, if you please, a jackall or two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then miscarry by the way; at least the natural self-love that makes us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand may reach his brindled majesty; the place of his residence being very unfit for a lady's personal appearance. I am your most constant reader, and admirer,

'N. R.'

'DEAR NESTOR,—It is a well known proverb in a certain part of this kingdom, "Love me, love my dog;" and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person, that I here bring a bit for your lion.' \*\*\*

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence. 

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No. 119.] *Tuesday, July 28, 1713.*

— poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ  
Sist mihi— *Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 141.*

A band of poets to my aid I'll call.

THERE is nothing which more shows the want of taste and discernment in a writer than the decrying of any author in gross; especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This however is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because Homer and Virgil and Sophocles have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribbler who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence, and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for I intend to publish in this paper a continuation of that prolusion which was the

subject of the last Thursday. I shall therefore give my reader a short account in prose of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. Lucan's representative was the first who recited before that august assembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which at the same time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by the Moors. During the blockade they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before the walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them if he had a hundred sons he would rather see them all perish, than do an ill action, or betray his country. 'But,' says he, 'if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose.' Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy, and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in Lucan's spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him, in their opinions, above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the Latin poets. Most of them, however, agreed, that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art, and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The representative of Lucretius told the assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a stranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one of my predecessors.\*

Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so

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\* See Spectator, No. 241.


touch'd began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us, that two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. Then they fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eyes upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet who represented Lucretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than Lucretius's diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius, above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the Roman tongue. They added further, that if Lucretius had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded Lucretius, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the nightingale and the lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since Mr. Philips has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals.

He had no sooner finished but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several, however, of a more

refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and satiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewise added, a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this proclusion shall be the work of another day. 

No. 120.]

Wednesday, July 29, 1713.

—Nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.  
*Milton.*

## A BIT FOR THE LION.

'SIR,—As soon as you have set up your unicorn, there is no question but the ladies will make him push very furiously at the men; for which reason I think it is good to be beforehand with them, and make the lion roar aloud at female irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their gaming has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the Lizards, are perhaps a stranger to these viragos; but what would you say, should you see the Sparkler shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how would you like to hear the good widow lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up until that time at crimp or ombre? Sir, I am the husband of one of these female gamblers, and a great loser by it, both in my rest and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her and your humble servant.'

I should ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice which, when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them; first, as they relate to the mind; secondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play season returns, when, for half a dozen hours together, all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such a use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior being think were he shewn this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told, that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels?



When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent, break out all at once in a fair assembly upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card! Who can consider, without a secret indignation that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands, and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at loo! For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to; and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam, than of her husband. My friend Theophrastus, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. 'When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise,' says he, 'from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary,' says he, 'if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason, but because she has been throwing away my estate.' What charming bed-fellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with, that choose their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion! What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make!

I come in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the soul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from basset; and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate; the woman must find out something else to mortgage when her pin-money is gone. The husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences. F

No. 121.] *Thursday, July 30, 1713.*

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum.  
*Virg. Æn. vii. 15.*

Hence to our ear the roar of lions came.

#### ROARINGS OF THE LION.

'OLD NESTOR,—Ever since the first notice you gave of the erection of that useful monument of yours in Button's coffee-house, I have had a restless ambition to imitate the renowned London prentice, and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your lion. The subject of this letter is a relation of a club whereof I am member, and which has made a considerable noise of late. I mean the Silent Club. The year of our institution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is Dumb's-alley, in Holborn. We look upon ourselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the foundation of our design, that "Talking spoils company." The president of our society is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that blessing to nature, which, in the rest of us, is owing to industry alone. I find upon inquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and such whose wives are remarkably loud at home. Hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retirement. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, published his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence (for you must know, though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays) we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake our secrecy, but it was unluckily objected, that he had just then published a discourse of his at his own club, and had not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his understanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate; but it will be easily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other men's tongues are; yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the Turks, and other eastern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes; and we wonder that the polite courts of Christendom should come so far short of the majesty of barbarians. Ben Jonson has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play called the Silent Woman. Every member here is another Morose while

the club is sitting, but at home may talk as much and as fast as his family occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this quaker-like assembly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that disputes which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man's weaker reasons, must there be lost where no disputes arise. Another advantage which follows from the first (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation. A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, viz: that if ever we do debate, we are sure to have all our arguments at our fingers' ends. Of all Longinus's remarks, we are most enamoured with that excellent passage, where he mentions Ajax's silence as one of the noblest instances of the sublime; and (if you will allow me to be free with a namesake of yours) I should think that the everlasting story-teller, Nestor, had he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by the comparison.

'I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society, and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes too; that we are like the Welshman's owl, though we do not sing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for an assembly of disaffected persons; nay, their zeal to the government has carried them so far as to send, last week, a party of constables to surprise us. You may easily imagine how exactly we represented the Roman senators of old, sitting with majestic silence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. If you approve of our undertaking, you need not declare it to the world; your silence shall be interpreted as consent given to the honourable body of mutes, and in particular to your humble servant, NED MUM.

'P. S. We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman custom of bending back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battle of Hochstet, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a *lapsus linguae*. We acted on the principles of the Roman Manlius, and though we approved of the cause of his error as just, we condemned the effect, as a manifest violation of his duty.'

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like Shakspeare's lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, roars as it were any nightingale.

' July 23, 1713.

'MR. IRONSIDE,—I was afraid at first you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that you are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear

returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promised me to give my letters to the lion, until we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you must know, dear sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this exorbitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waist must inevitably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping design, mentioned by Mrs. Figleaf yesterday, should take effect, sir, I dread to think what it will come to. In short, there is no help for it, my girdle and all must go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on me then, my dear Guardian, and preserve me from being so inhumanly exposed. I do assure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a matron will wear broad tuckers whether you succeed or no. If the flying project takes, I intend to be the last in wings, being resolved in every thing to behave myself as becomes your most obedient ward.'

LF

No. 122.]

Friday, July 31, 1713.

Nec magis expressi vultus per athenæa signa.

*Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. i. 248.*

IMITATED.

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,  
The forms august, of king, or conqu'ring chief,  
E'er swell'd on marble.

*Pope.*

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the authors themselves cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the originals, they may form a judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will show at least how a man of genius (and none else should call himself a critic) can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

#### *The Sequel of Strada's Prolusion.*

The poet who personated Ovid, gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the loadstone which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron. The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

'As I was sitting by a well,' says he, 'when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father fastening a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My father, seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it: When Deucalion and Pyrrha went



about the world to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads, the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the stones fell. Those which fell in the fields became ploughmen and shepherds. Those which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests gave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon mountains that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeased to see herself ransacked, withdrew these her treasures towards the centre of the earth. The avarice of man, however, persisted in its former pursuits, and ransacked her inmost bowels in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The Stygian flames which lay in the neighbourhood of these deep mines, broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into those common loadstones which attract that metal. Those which were in search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrification.'

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the assembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easy way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relish for any composition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion; until at length it was determined, by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deserved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place, they all agreed, that the greatest objection which lay against Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius stood up next, with a swelling and haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem.


A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this, both the German and Portuguese consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe.—Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidst a whole army of Turks, until his left arm, that held the shield, was unfortunately lopped off; and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese, seeing the condition of his rival, very generously

flew to his succour, dispersed the multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the meanwhile the German recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese, who a little after had his right arm, which held his sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the German slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword, and the other a shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German, while the German dealt destruction upon the enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had received in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroic, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were, however, a few select judges, who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but withal so much smoke as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Theutilla, which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's *Miscellanies*, I shall here give no further account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were, however, some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in Cæsar's

Commentaries. This prolusion ends with the performance of an Italian poet, full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry. 

No. 123.] *Saturday, August 1, 1713.*

—Hic murus aheneus esto,  
Nil conscire sibi —————  
*Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. i. 60.*  
IMITATED.

True, conscious honour is to feel no sin;  
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;  
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass.  
*Pope.*

THERE are a sort of knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

'Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,  
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,  
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspicuous.'  
*Cato.*

I have often wondered that these deflowers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion, and infamy, into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off, are circumstances, one would think, sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate, and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself; nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to the subject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction of which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

' ——— shire, July, 1713.

SIR,—The other day I went into the house of one of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a servant in our family, and (by my grandmother's kindness) had her education with my mother from her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior to those of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay

a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind.

"MY LORD,—Last night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But alas! what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that, with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame, and infamy are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned prostitution. These are the returns you have made to her for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O, my lord, should my son have practised the like on one of your daughters—I know you swell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deserved a thousand deaths, should he make such an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom still, though it had been violated, you might have maintained in plenty and even luxury, of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whose only sustenance it was? And must my son, void of all the advantages of a generous education, must he, I say, consider; and may your lordship be excused from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever cursed be its false lustre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great ancestor were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pander to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dishonouring the innocent and defenceless? At this rate the laws of rewards should be inverted, and he who is generous and good, should be made a beggar and a slave; that industry and honest diligence may keep his posterity unspotted, and preserve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy. Wretchedness is now become my everlasting portion! Your crime, my lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my own failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours, but shall curse you with my dying breath; and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under these present horrors of mind, I could be content to be



your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock reverence, and sounding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the empty title which inspired you with presumption to tempt, and overawed my daughter to comply.

"Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow; nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that your sin may be forgiven. The divine laws have been broken; but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also done to me, and the just Judge will not pardon that until I do. My lord, your conscience will help you to my name."

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No. 124.] Monday, August 3, 1713.

Quid fremat in terris violentius?—*Juv.* Sat. viii. 37.  
What roar more dreadful in the world is heard?

#### MORE ROARINGS OF THE LION.

'MR. GUARDIAN,—Before I proceed to make you my proposals, it will be necessary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together with the remarkable flatness of my nose, and extent of my mouth, have long since procured me the name of Lion in this our university.

'The vast emolument that in all probability will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeness at Button's, hath made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly propose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one lion to roar, either long enough or loud enough against all things that are roar-worthy in these realms) you would appoint him a sub-lion, as a *præfectus provinciae*, in every county in Great Britain; and it is my request, that I may be instituted his under-roarer in this university, town, and county of Cambridge, as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

'I shall follow my metropolitan's example, in roaring only against those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our magistrates; and shall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or oftener, if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

'I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud, and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very flourishing society of people called loungers, gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other people's.

'I have, sir, a raven, that shall serve by way of jackall, to bring me in provisions, which I shall chaw and prepare for the digestion of my principal, and I do hereby give notice to all under my jurisdiction, that whoever are willing to contribute to this good design, if they will affix their information to the leg or neck of the aforesaid raven or jackall, they will be thankfully

received by their (but more particularly your) humble servant,  
LEO THE SECOND.

'From my den at ——— college, in Cambridge, July 29.

'N. B. The raven won't bite.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,—Hearing that your unicorn is now in hand, and not questioning but his horn will prove a cornucopiæ to you, I desire that in order to introduce it, you will consider the following proposal.

'My wife and I intend a dissertation upon horns; the province she has chosen, is the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, &c. The work is like to swell so much upon our hands, that I am afraid we shall not be able to bear the charge of printing it without a subscription; wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and desire those who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural history, to communicate it to, sir, your humble servant,

'HUMPHREY BINICORN.'

'SIR,—I humbly beg leave to drop a song into your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our English lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all those who admire the translations of Italian operas.

#### I.

Oh the charming month of May!  
Oh the charming month of May!  
When the breezes fan the trees  
Full of blossoms fresh and gay—  
Full, &c.

#### II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield!  
Charming joys our prospects yield!  
In a new lively when we see every  
Bush and meadow, tree and field—  
Bush, &c.

#### III.

Oh how fresh the morning air!  
Charming fresh the morning air!  
When the zephyrs and the heifers  
Their odoriferous breath compare—  
Their, &c.

#### IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!  
Charming fine our evening walk!  
When the nightingale delighting  
With her song, suspends our talk—  
With her, &c.

#### V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!  
Charming sweet at night to dream!  
On mossy pillows, by the trilloses  
Of a gentle purling stream—  
Of a, &c.

#### VI.

Oh how kind the country lass!  
Charming kind the country lass!  
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking  
For a green gown on the grass—  
For, &c.

#### VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!  
Charming sweet it is to spy!  
At the conclusion, her confusion,  
Blushing cheeks, and downcast eye—  
Blushing, &c.

#### VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!  
Charming cooling curds and cream!  
When all is over, she gives her lover,  
Who on her skimming dish carves her name—  
Who on, &c.

July 30.

'MR. IRONSIDE,—I have always been very much pleased with the sight of those creatures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island for show. I may say, there has not been a tiger, leopard, elephant, or hyghgeen, for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them. But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of these strangers than your lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town, being able to wait no longer for fair weather, and made what haste I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen; he has grandeur and good-humour in his countenance, which command both our love and respect; his shaggy mane and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy supporter of the British honour and virtue, especially when assisted by the unicorn. You must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hope would have pleased, but was unluckily prevented by the presence of a bear, which constantly as I approached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is hard at work about her tucker, having never from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece. I am, venerable Nestor, your friend and servant,

P. N.

'I was a little surprised, having read some of your lion's roarings, that a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue; but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency.'

✍

No. 125.] *Tuesday, August 4, 1713.*

—Nunc formosissimus annus. *Virg. Ecl. iii. 57.*  
Now the gay year in all her charms is drest.

MEN of my age receive a greater pleasure from fine weather than from any other sensual enjoyment of life. In spite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy sky; and taste no luxury like a blue firmament and sunshine. I have often, in a splenetic fit, wished myself a dormouse during the winter; and I never see one of those snug animals, wrapt up close in his fur, and compactly happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use that I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of the spring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature; when the earth, from being bound with frost, or covered with snow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be clothed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dyes; and to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

Y

Full of thoughts like these, I make it a rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed season; and accordingly rise with the sun, and wander through the fields, throw myself on the banks of little rivulets, or lose myself in the woods. I spent a day or two this spring at a country gentleman's seat, where I feasted my imagination every morning with the most luxurious prospect I ever saw. I usually took my stand by the wall of an old castle built upon a high hill. A noble river ran at the foot of it, which after being broken by a heap of misshapen stones, glided away in a clear stream, and wandering through two woods on each side of it in many windings, shone here and there at a great distance through the trees. I could trace the mazes for some miles, until my eye was led through two ridges of hills, and terminated by a vast mountain in another country.

I hope the reader will pardon me for taking his eye from our present subject of the spring, by this landscape, since it is at this time of the year only that prospects excel in beauty. But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewise its proper entertainment. The music of the birds at this time of the year, hath something in it so wildly sweet, as makes me less relish the most elaborate compositions of Italy. The vigour which the warmth of the sun pours afresh into their veins, prompts them to renew their species; and thereby puts the male upon wooing his mate with more mellow warblings, and to swell his throat with more violent modulations. It is an amusement by no means below the dignity of a rational soul, to observe the pretty creatures flying in pairs, to mark the different passions in their intrigues, the curious texture of their nests, and their care and tenderness of their little offspring.

I am particularly acquainted with a wagtail and his spouse, and made many remarks upon the several gallantries he hourly used, before the coy female would consent to make him happy. When I saw in how many airy rings he was forced to pursue her; how sometimes she tripped before him in a pretty pitty-pat step, and scarce seemed to regard the cowering of his wings, and the many awkward and foppish contortions into which he put his body to do her homage, it made me reflect upon my own youth, and the caprices of the fair but fantastic Tera-minta. Often have I wished that I understood the language of birds, when I have heard him exert an eager chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt but that he muttered the same vows and reproaches which I often have vented against that unrelenting maid.

The sight that gave me the most satisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent directions and assistance of the dam. I took particular notice of a beau goldfinch, who was picking his plumes, pruning his wings, and with great diligence, adjusting all his gaudy garniture. When he had equipped himself with great trimness and nicety, he stretched his painted neck, which seemed to brighten with new glowings, and strained his throat into many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the nest in several circles and windings, and invited his wife and

15



children into open air. It was very entertaining to see the trembling and the fluttering of the little strangers at their first appearance in the world, and the different care of the male and female parent, so suitable to their several sexes. I could not take my eye quickly from so entertaining an object; nor could I help wishing, that creatures of a superior rank would so manifest their mutual affection, and so cheerfully concur in providing for their offspring.

I shall conclude this tattle about the spring, which I usually call 'the youth and health of the year,' with some verses which I transcribe from a manuscript poem upon hunting. The author gives directions, that hounds should breed in the spring, whence he takes occasion, after the manner of the ancients, to make a digression in praise of that season. The verses here subjoined, are not all upon that subject; but the transitions slide so easily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off until I had writ out the whole digression.

In spring let loose thy males. Then all things prove  
The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love:  
Ethereal Jove then glads, with genial showers,  
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flow'rs;  
Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try  
More kindly breezes, and a softer sky;  
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on ev'ry bough,  
In lulling strains the father'd warblers woo.  
Fell tigers soften in th' infectious flames,  
And lions fawning, court their brindled dames:  
Great love pervades the deep; to please his mate,  
The whale, in gambols moves his monstrous weight;  
Heav'd by his wayward north old Ocean roars,  
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.

All nature smiles: Come now, nor fear, my love,  
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,  
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,  
And sweetly swearing, languish life away.  
An altar bound with recent flowers, I rear  
To thee, best season of the various year:  
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,  
So soft, so sweet, when first the world began;  
In Elen's bow'rs, when man's great sire assign'd  
The names and natures of the brutal kind.  
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,  
And hares, undaunted, licked the fondling hound;  
Wond'rous to tell! but when with luckless hand,  
Our daring mother broke the sole command,  
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,  
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign:  
Hence foxes earth'd and wolves abhorr'd the day,  
And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey.  
Rude arts at first: but witty want refin'd  
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,  
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;  
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,  
And wheel the courser in his mad career.  
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!  
Let me ye pow'rs, a humbler wreath demand;  
No pomps I ask, which crowns and sceptres yield;  
Nor dangerous laurels in the dusty field:  
Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,  
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,  
To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,  
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

No. 126.] Wednesday, August 5, 1713.

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.  
Ter. Heaut. Act. i. Sc. 1.

I am a man, and have a fellow-feeling of every thing  
belonging to man.

If we consider the whole scope of the crea-  
tion that lies within our view, the moral and

intellectual, as well as the natural and corpo-  
real, we shall perceive throughout, a certain  
correspondence of the parts, a similitude of  
operation, and unity of design, which plainly  
demonstrate the universe to be the work of one  
infinitely good and wise being; and that the  
system of thinking beings is actuated by laws  
derived from the same divine power which or-  
dained those by which the corporeal system is  
upheld.

From the contemplation of the order, motion,  
and cohesion of natural bodies, philosophers are  
now agreed, that there is a mutual attraction  
between the most distant parts at least of this  
solar system. All those bodies that revolve  
round the sun are drawn towards each other,  
and towards the sun, by some secret, uniform,  
and never-ceasing principle. Hence it is, that  
the earth (as well as the other planets) without  
flying off in a tangent line, constantly rolls  
about the sun, and the moon about the earth,  
without deserting her companion in so many  
thousand years. And as the larger systems of  
the universe are held together by this cause, so  
likewise the particular globes derive their co-  
hesion and consistence from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corpo-  
real to the moral world, we may observe in  
the spirits or minds of men, a like principle of  
attraction, whereby they are drawn together in  
communities, clubs, families, friendships, and  
all the various species of society. As in bodies,  
where the quantity is the same, the attraction is  
strongest between those which are placed  
nearest to each other; so it is likewise in the  
minds of men, *ceteris paribus*, between those  
which are most nearly related. Bodies that are  
placed at the distance of many millions of  
miles, may nevertheless attract and constantly  
operate on each other, although this action do  
not show itself by a union or approach of those  
distant bodies so long as they are withheld by  
the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at  
the same time, attract them different ways; but  
would, on the supposed removal of all other bo-  
dies, mutually approach and unite with each  
other. The like holds with regard to the hu-  
man soul, whose affection towards the indivi-  
duals of the same species, who are distantly  
related to it, is rendered inconspicuous by its  
more powerful attraction towards those who  
have a nearer relation to it. But as those are  
removed, the tendency which before lay con-  
cealed, doth gradually disclose itself.

A man who has no family is more strongly  
attracted towards his friends and neighbours;  
and if absent from these, he naturally falls into  
an acquaintance with those of his own city or  
country who chance to be in the same place.  
Two Englishmen meeting at Rome or Constan-  
tinople, soon run into a familiarity. And in  
China or Japan, Europeans would think their  
being so, a good reason for their uniting in par-  
ticular converse. Farther, in case we suppose  
ourselves translated into Jupiter or Saturn, and  
there to meet a Chinese, or other more distant  
native of our own planet, we should look on him  
as a near relation, and readily commence a  
friendship with him. These are natural reflec-  
tions, and such as may convince us that we are

linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The several great bodies which compose the solar system are kept from joining together at the common centre of gravity by the rectilinear motions the author of nature has impressed on each of them; which, concurring with the attractive principle, form their respective orbits round the sun; upon the ceasing of which motions, the general law of gravitation that is now thwarted, would show itself by drawing them all into one mass. After the same manner, in the parallel case of society, private passions and motions of the soul do often obstruct the operation of that benevolent uniting instinct implanted in human nature; which notwithstanding doth still exert, and will not fail to show itself when those obstructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by resolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceases to dispose and actuate his creatures in a manner suitable to their respective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cause. It is not the result of education, law, or fashion; but is a principle originally ingrafted in the very first formation of the soul by the author of our nature.

And as the attractive power in bodies is the most universal principle which produceth innumerable effects, and is a key to explain the various phænomena of nature; so the corresponding social appetite in human souls is the great spring and source of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourse with his species, and models every one to that behaviour which best suits with the common well-being. Hence that sympathy in our nature, whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merit of the object, nor yet on self-interest. It is this that makes us inquisitive concerning the affairs of distant nations, which can have no influence on our own. It is this that extends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards those who are not yet in being, and consequently from whom we can expect no recompense. In a word, hence arises that diffusive sense of humanity so unaccountable to the selfish man who is untouched with it, and is indeed a sort of monster, or anomalous production.

These thoughts do naturally suggest the following particulars. First, that as social inclinations are absolutely necessary to the well-being of the world, it is the duty and interest of each individual to cherish, and improve them to the benefit of mankind; the duty, because it is agreeable to the intention of the author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures, and as an indication of his will, hath implanted the seeds of mutual benevolence in our souls; the interest, because the good of the whole is inseparable from that of the parts; in promoting, therefore, the common good, every one doth at the same time promote his own pri-

vate interest. Another observation I shall draw from the premises is, that it makes a signal proof of the divinity of the Christian religion, that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have distinguished the different sects of philosophy and religion; our Lord's peculiar precept is, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.'

I will not say, that what is a most shining proof of our religion, is not often a reproach to its professors: but this I think very plain, that whether we regard the analogy of nature, as it appears in the mutual attraction or gravitations of the mundane system, in the general frame and constitution of the human soul; or lastly, in the ends and aptnesses which are discoverable in all parts of the visible and intellectual world; we shall not doubt but the precept, which is the characteristic of our religion, came from the author of nature. Some of our modern free-thinkers would indeed insinuate the Christian morals to be defective, because, say they, there is no mention made in the gospel of the virtue of friendship. These sagacious men (if I may be allowed the use of that vulgar saying) 'cannot see the wood for trees.' That a religion, whereof the main drift is to inspire its professors with the most noble and disinterested spirit of love, charity, and beneficence, to all mankind; or, in other words, with a friendship to every individual man; should be taxed with the want of that very virtue, is surely a glaring evidence of the blindness and prejudice of its adversaries.

No. 127.]

Thursday, August 6, 1713.

Lucit amabiliter—

He sported agreeably.

An agreeable young gentleman, that has a talent for poetry, and does me the favour to entertain me with his performances after my more serious studies, read me yesterday the following translation. In this town, where there are so many women of prostituted charms, I am very glad when I gain so much time of reflection from a youth of a gay turn, as is taken up in any composition, though the piece he writes is not foreign to that of his natural inclination. For it is a great step towards gaining upon the passions, that there is a delicacy in the choice of their object; and to turn the imaginations towards a bride, rather than a mistress, is getting a great way towards being in the interests of virtue. It is a hopeless manner of reclaiming youth, which has been practised by some moralists, to declaim against pleasure in general. No; the way is, to show that the pleasurable course is that which is limited and governed by reason. In this case, virtue is upon equal terms with vice, and has, with all the same indulgences of desire, the advantage of safety in honour and reputation. I have, for this reason, often thought of exercising my pupils, of whom I have several of admirable talents, and writing little poems, or epigrams, which in volume I



would entitle, *The Seeing Cupid*. These compositions should be written on the little advances made towards a young lady of the strictest virtue, and all the circumstances alluded to in them, should have something that might please her mind in its purest innocence, as well as celebrate her person in its highest beauty. This work would instruct a woman to be a good wife, all the while it is a wooing her to be a bride. Imagination and reason should go hand in hand in a generous amour; for when it is otherwise, real discontent and aversion in marriage, succeed the groundless and wild promise of imagination in courtship.

*The Court of Venus from Claudian, being part of the Epithalamium on Honorius and Maria.*

In the famed Cyprian isle a mountain stands,  
That casts a shadow into distant lands.  
In vain access by human feet is tried,  
Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride  
On boundless Nile, thro' seven wide channels spread;  
And sees old Proteus in his oozy bed.  
Along its sides no hoary frosts presume  
To blast the myrtle shrubs, or nip the bloom,  
The winds with caution sweep the rising flowers,  
While balmy dews descend, and vernal showers.  
The ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring,  
Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal spring.  
Unfading sweets in purple scenes appear,  
And genial breezes soften all the year.  
The nice, luxurious soul, uncloyed may rove,  
From pleasures still to circling pleasures move;  
For endless beauty kindles endless love.

The mountain, when the summit once you gain,  
Falls by degrees, and sinks into a plain;  
Where the pleased eye may flowery meads behold,  
Inclosed with branching ore, and hedged with gold:  
Or where large crops the generous glebe supplies,  
And yellow harvests unprovoked arise.  
For by mild zephyrs fanned, the teeming soil  
Yields every grain, nor asks the peasant's toil.  
These were the bribes, the price of heavenly charms;  
These Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms:  
For such a bliss he such a gift bestowed;  
The rich, th' immortal labours of a god.

A sylvan scene, in solemn state displayed,  
Flatters each feathered warbler with a shade;  
But here no bird its painted wings can move,  
Unless elected by the queen of love.  
Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,  
She hears the songster, and approves the song;  
The joyous victors hop from spray to spray;  
The vanquished fly with mournful notes away.

Branches in branches twined, compose the grove  
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.  
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat;  
And bending poplars bending poplars meet;  
The distant plantains seem to press more nigh;  
And to the sighing alder, alders sigh.  
Blue heavens above them smile; and all below,  
Two murmuring streams in wild meanders flow.  
This mixed with gall; and that like honey sweet.  
But ah! too soon th' unfriendly waters meet!  
Steeped in these springs (if verse belief can gain)  
The darts of love their double power attain:  
Hence all mankind a bitter sweet have found,  
A painful pleasure, and a grateful wound.

Along the grassy banks, in bright array,  
Ten thousand little loves their wings display;  
Quivers and bows their usual sports proclaim;  
Their dress, their stature, and their looks the same;  
Smiling in innocence, and ever young,  
And tender, as the nymphs from whom they sprung;  
For Venus did but boast one only son,  
And rosy Cupid was that boasted one;  
He, uncontrolled, thro' heaven extends his sway,  
And gods and goddesses by turns obey;  
Or if he stoops on earth, great princes burn,  
Sicken on thrones, and wretched with laurels mourn.  
Th' inferior powers o'er hearts inferior reign,  
And pierce the rural fair, or homely swain.  
Here love's imperial pomp is spread around,  
Vuluptuous liberty that knows no bound;

And sudden storms of wrath, which soon decline  
And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of wine:  
Unartful tears and hectic looks, that show  
With silent eloquence the lover's woe;  
Boldness unfledged, and to stolen raptures new,  
Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue:  
Fears that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,  
Which check our swelling hopes, but not destroy,  
And short-breathed vows, forgot as soon as made,  
On airy pinions flutter through the glade,  
Youth with a haughty look, and gay attire,  
And rolling eyes that glow with soft desire,  
Shines forth exalted on a pompous seat;  
While sullen cares and withered age retreat.

Now from afar the palace seems to blaze,  
And hither would extend its golden rays;  
But by reflection of the grove is seen  
The gold still varied by a waving green.  
For Mulciber with secret pride beheld  
How far his skill all human wit excelled;  
And grown uxorious, did the work design  
To speak the artist, and the art divine.  
Proud columns towering high, support the frame,  
That hewn from hyacinthian quarries came.  
The beams are emeralds, and yet scarce adorn  
The ruby walls on which themselves are born.  
The pavement, rich with veins of agate lies;  
And steps, with shining jasper slippery, rise.

Here spices in parterres promiscuous blow,  
Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow,  
The wanton winds through groves of cassia play,  
And steal the ripened fragrances away;  
Here with its load the wild amomum bends;  
There cinnamon, in rival sweets, contends;  
A rich perfume the ravished senses fills,  
While from the weeping tree the balm distils.

At these delightful bowers arrives at last  
The god of love, a tedious journey past;  
Then shapes his way to reach the fronting gate,  
Doubles his majesty, and walks in state.  
It chanced, upon a radiant throne reclined,  
Venus her golden tresses did unwind:  
Proud to be thus employed, on either hand  
Th' Italian sisters, ranged in order stand.  
Ambrosial essence one bestows in showers,  
And lavishly whole streams of nectar pours;  
With ivory combs another's dexterous care  
Or curls, or opens the dishevelled hair;  
A third, industrious with a nicer eye,  
Instructs the ringlets in what form to lie,  
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,  
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the rest:  
Sweet negligence! by artful study wrought,  
A graceful error, and a lovely fault,  
The judgment of the glass is here unknown;  
Here mirrors are supplied by every stone.  
Where'er the goddess turns, her image falls,  
And a new Venus dances on the walls.  
Now while she did her spotless form survey,  
Pleased with Love's empire, and almighty sway,  
She spied her son, and, fired with eager joy,  
Sprung forwards, and embraced the fav'rite boy.

No. 128.]

Friday, August 7, 1713.

Delenda est Carthago—

Demolish Carthage.

It is usually thought, with great justice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most traitorous purpose imaginable, that I do not care what misinterpretation I suffer, when I expose it to the resentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard to the honour, safety, or glory of their queen. It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present most Christian majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard

to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease, now the power of France and Spain is in the same family, it is possible an ambitious successor (or his ministry in a king's minority) might dispute his being bound by the act of his predecessor in so weighty a particular.

'MR. IRONSIDE.—You employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-subjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifesting your loyalty to your queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an insolence done to them both with the disdain it deserves. The inclosed printed paper in French and English has been handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noon-day. You see the title of it is, "A most humble address, or memorial, presented to her majesty the queen of Great Britain, by the deputy of the magistrates of Dunkirk." The nauseous memorialist, with the most fulsome flattery, tells the queen of her thunder, and of wisdom and clemency adored by all the earth; at the same time that he attempts to undermine her power, and escape her wisdom, by beseeching her to do an act which will give a well-grounded jealousy to her people. What the sycophant desires is, That the mole and dikes of Dunkirk may be spared; and it seems the sieur Tugghe, for so the petitioner is called, was thunderstruck by the denunciation (which he says) "the lord viscount Bolingbroke made to him." That her majesty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful sentence she had pronounced against the town. Mr. Ironside, I think you would do an act worthy your general humanity, if you would put the sieur Tugghe right in this matter; and let him know, That her majesty has pronounced no sentence against the town, but his most Christian majesty has agreed that the town and harbour shall be demolished.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of it.

'That the very common people know, that within three months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea, were to be demolished; and, within three months after it, the works towards the land.

'That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S.

'That the parliament has been told from the queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French king.

'That the sieur Tugghe has the impudence to ask the queen to remit the most material part of the articles of peace between her majesty and his master.

'That the British nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from almost all the ports of France, either in the ocean, or in the Mediterranean.

'That fleets of above thirty sail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ships of war as well as merchantmen.

'That the pretender sailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the French have until you come to Brest, for the whole length of St. George's channel, where any considerable naval armament can be made.

'That destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconsiderable advantage to England, in comparison to the advantage of destroying the mole, dikes, and harbour; it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the British nation.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

'That the Dutch, who suffered equally with us from those of Dunkirk, were probably induced to sign the treaty with France from this consideration, That the town and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed.

'That the situation of Dunkirk is such, as that it may always keep runners to observe all ships sailing on the Thames and Medway.

'That all the suggestions which the sieur Tugghe brings concerning the Dutch, are false and scandalous.

'That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk should be demolished; it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it should be so.

'That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off of Great Britain than it is at present.

'That after the demolition, there can be no considerable preparation made at sea by the French on all the channel, but at Brest; and that Great Britain being an island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great Britain, as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest.

'Pray, Mr. Ironside, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, *That the demolition of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles farther off from us*; and then repeat again, *That the British nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk*.

'I demand of you, as you love and honour your queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

'Be honest, old Nestor, and say all this; for whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all value our estates and liberties, and every true man of each party must think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

'It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest, brave people be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

'I cannot go on for indignation; but pray God that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France. Your humble servant,

'ENGLISH TORY.'



No. 129.] *Saturday, August 8, 1713.*

—Animasque in vulnere ponunt.

*Virg. Georg. iv. 238.*

And part with life, only to wound their foe.

ANGER is so uneasy a guest in the heart, that he may be said to be born unhappy who is of a rough and choleric disposition. The moralists have defined it to be 'a desire of revenge for some injury offered.' Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly desirous of vengeance, the very moment, they apprehend themselves injured; whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often happens that the choleric inflict disproportioned punishments upon slight, and sometimes imaginary offences: but the temperately revengeful have leisure to weigh the merits of the cause, and thereby either to smother their secret resentments, or to seek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have sustained. Weak minds are apt to speak well of the man of fury; because, when the storm is over, he is full of sorrow and repentance; but the truth is, he is apt to commit such ravages during his madness, that when he comes to himself, he becomes tame then, for the same reason that he ran wild before, 'only to give himself ease;' and is a friend only to himself in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their friends should bear with their infirmities. Their friends should in return desire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuses, that they cannot help it, that it was soon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a mastiff; but shall never reconcile me to an intellectual savage. Why indeed should any one imagine, that persons independent upon him should venture into his society, who hath not yet so far subdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do something the next minute which he can never repair, and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do mischief as fast as he can! Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied; he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be so understood as if I meant to recommend slow and deliberate malice; I would only observe, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the rash and inconsiderate; but if they do not husband the talent that Heaven hath bestowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is hard to say which of the two, when injured, is more troublesome to himself, or more hurtful to his enemy; the one is boisterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempest, again all sunshine. The other hath a smoother but more lasting anguish, lying under a perpetual gloom; the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beast. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be sure but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life; what shall we think of him who hath a soul so infected that he can never be

happy until he hath made another miserable! What wars may we imagine perpetually raging in his breast! What dark stratagems, unworthy designs, inhuman wishes, dreadful resolutions! A snake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to sting a traveller, and to hiss him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of such an artful, unsearchable projector. Were I to choose an enemy, whether should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly, or one that would give me an Italian poison, subtle and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the stroke of a stiletto? Let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third sort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two: I mean the mistaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breasts. Mer of good education, though naturally choleric, restrain their wrath so far as to seek convenient times for vengeance. The single combat seems so generous a way of ending controversies, that until we have stricter laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wish I could not say of wretched spirits, will be increased. Of all the medals which have been struck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him so true renown as that upon the success of his edicts for 'abolishing the impious practice of duelling.'

What inclined me at present to write upon this subject, was the sight of the following letters, which I can assure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by passing different climes, and waiting convenient seasons) for murdering each other, when we consider them as moved by a sense of honour, must raise in the reader as much compassion as horror.

*'A Monsieur Monsieur Sackville.*

'I that am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to ring your praises \*

\* \* \* \* \*

If you call to memory, whereas I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time; the place, wheresoever, I will wait on you. By doing this you shall shorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths. 'ED. BRUCE.'

*'A Mons. Monsieur le Baron de Kinloss.*

'As it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour by so fair a course as you require. A witness

whereof yourself shall be, who, within a month, shall receive a strict account of time, place, and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction by him that shall conduct you thither. In the mean time be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it. ED. SACKVILLE.'

'A Mons. Monsieur le Baron de Kinloss.

'I am ready at Tergosa, a town in Zealand, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman, my second, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention, until which time you shall find me there. ED. SACKVILLE.'

'Tergosa, Aug. 10, 1613.'

'A Mons. Monsieur Sackville.

'I have received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me, and now I come with all possible haste to meet you. ED. BRUCE.'

No. 130.] Monday, August 10, 1713.

—Vacuum sine mente popellum.  
*Muse Anglicanæ.*

An empty, thoughtless tribe.

As the greatest part of mankind are more affected by things which strike the senses, than by excellencies that are to be discerned by reason and thought, they form very erroneous judgments when they compare the one with the other. An eminent instance of this is, that vulgar notion, that men addicted to contemplation are less useful members of society than those of a different course of life. The business therefore of my present paper shall be to compare the distinct merits of the speculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages arising from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the interest of their own country, they lessen or obstruct that of other nations; whereas the light and knowledge that spring from speculation are not limited to any single spot, but equally diffused to the benefit of the whole globe. Besides, for the most part, the renown only of men of action is transmitted to distant posterity, their great exploits either dying with themselves, or soon after them; whereas speculative men continue to deserve well of the world thousands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame, which is due to them, but a free gift to those whose beneficence has not outlived their persons.

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of Cæsar or Alexander, that we should make them the constant themes of our praise? while the name of Pythagoras is more sparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may seem strange to a vulgar reader, but the

following reflection will make it plain. That philosopher invented the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid, which is the foundation of trigonometry, and consequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of Great Britain depends.

The mathematics are so useful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious sir William Temple acknowledges, in some part of his writings, all those advantages which distinguish polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as these sciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our prospects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and sublime sentiments in the soul.

The divine sages of antiquity, who, by transmitting down to us their speculations upon good and evil, upon Providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are most eminent benefactors to human nature; and however overlooked in the loud and thoughtless applauses that are every day bestowed on the slaughterers and disturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the esteem and approbation of the wise and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the speculative part of mankind, who make useful truth the end of their being, and its acquisition the business as well as entertainment of their lives, seems not improper, in order to rectify the mistake of those who measure merit by noise and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The raillery and reproaches which are thrown on that species by those who abound in the animal life, would incline one to think the world not sufficiently convinced that whatsoever is good or excellent proceeds from reason and reflection.

Even those who only regard truth as such, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will seem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they pass their lives, with the fraud and impertinence of other men. But the number of those who, by abstracted thoughts, become useless, is inconsiderable in respect of them who are hurtful to mankind by an active and restless disposition.

As in the distribution of other things, so in this the wisdom of Providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual pursuits, bear a small proportion to those who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter sort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas, those of the mind are permanent and universal. Plato and Euclid enjoy a sort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

But if to inform the understanding, and regulate the will, is the most lasting and diffusive benefit, there will not be found so useful and excellent an institution as that of the Christian



priesthood, which is now become the scorn of fools. That a numerous order of men should be consecrated to the study of the most sublime and beneficial truths, with a design to propagate them by their discourses and writings, to inform their fellow-creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to possess their minds with the sense of a future state, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewise to persuade mankind to the practice of them by the most powerful and engaging motives, is a thing so excellent and necessary to the well-being of the world, that nobody but a modern free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule.

The light in which these points should be exposed to the view of one who is prejudiced against the names, *religion, church, priest*, and the like, is to consider the clergy as so many philosophers, the churches as schools, and their sermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of Socrates or Tully have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation where the law had made provision for philosophers to read lectures of morality and theology every seventh day, in several thousands of schools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country; at which lectures all ranks and sexes, without distinction, were obliged to be present for their general improvement! And what wicked wretches would they think those men who would endeavour to defeat the purpose of so divine an institution?

It is indeed usual with that low tribe of writers, to pretend their design is only to reform the church, and expose the vices, and not the order of the clergy. The author of a pamphlet printed the other day, (which, without my mentioning the title, will, on this occasion, occur to the thoughts of those who have read it) hopes to insinuate by that artifice what he is afraid or ashamed openly to maintain. But there are two points which clearly show what it is he aims at. The first is, that he constantly uses the word *priests* in such a manner, as that his reader cannot but observe he means to throw an odium on the clergy of the church of England, from their being called by a name which they enjoy in common with heathens and impostors. The other is, his raking together and exaggerating, with great spleen and industry, all those actions of churchmen, which, either by their own illness, or the bad light in which he places them, tend to give men an ill impression of the dispensers of the gospel; all which he pathetically addresses to the consideration of his wise and honest countrymen of the laity. The sophistry and ill-breeding of these proceedings are so obvious to men who have any pretence to that character, that I need say no more either of them or their author.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of gentlemen and mechanics. This distinction arises from the different occupations wherein they exert themselves. The former of these species is universally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a base and inferior order of men. But if the

world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally so in the distribution of particular persons under their respective denominations. It is a clear settled point, that the gentleman should be preferred to the mechanic. But who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

The philosophers distinguish two parts in human nature; the rational, and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reason of the thing, we shall find it difficult to assign a more just and adequate idea of these distinct species, than by defining the gentleman to be him whose occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties; and the mechanic, him who is employed in the use of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

The concurring assent of the world, in preferring gentlemen to mechanics, seems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is entitled to above the animal; when we consider it in itself, as it is the seat of wisdom and understanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works of the creation, bears the brightest impress of the Deity.

It claims the same dignity and pre-eminence, if we consider it with respect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things: whereas, reason inquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings, the great Author of our existence, its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or, in case that noble faculty submit itself to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a slow and painful manner of action; but shifts the scenes, and applies itself to the most distant objects with incredible ease and despatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like those of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole species.

And as we have shown the intellectual powers to be nobler than those of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the same will still hold if we consider their office. It is the province of the former to preside and direct; of the latter, to execute and obey. Those who apply their hands to the materials, appear the immediate builders of an edifice; but the beauty and proportion of it is owing to the architect, who designed the plan in his closet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in art or nature of use or regularity, will be found to proceed from the superior principle of reason and understanding. These reflections, how obvious soever, do nevertheless, seem not sufficiently attended to by those who, being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premises it follows, that a man may descend from an ancient family, wear fine clothes, and be master of what is commonly called good-breeding, and yet not merit the name of gentleman. All those whose principal accomplishments consist in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made use of be the eye, the muscles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reason to be esteemed mechanics.

I do therefore, by these presents, declare, that all men and women, by what title soever distinguished, whose occupation it is either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, dress, cringe, adjust the muscles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to those who employ the talents of the mind in the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are distinguished by moral and intellectual accomplishments.

The rest of the human species come under the appellation of mechanics, with this difference, that the professed mechanics, who, not pretending to be gentlemen, contain themselves within their proper sphere, are necessary to the well-being of mankind, and consequently should be more respected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than those mechanics who make a merit of being useless.

Having hitherto considered the human species as distinguished into gentlemen and mechanics, I come now to treat of the machines; a sort of beings that have the outside or appearance of men, without being really such. The free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or spirit; but that all the operations they exert, proceed from the collision of certain corpuscles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a considerable time that I have been their proselyte in this point. I am even so far convinced that they are in the right, that I shall attempt proving it to others.

The mind being itself invisible, there is no other way to discern its existence, than by the effects which it produceth. Where design, order, and symmetry, are visible in the effects, we conclude the cause to be an intelligent being; but where nothing of these can be found, we ascribe the effect to hazard, necessity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is conversant in the modern productions of our free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at best of mechanism, than of a thinking principle, and consequently, whether the authors of those rhapsodies are not mere machines.

The same point is likewise evident from their own assertion; it being plain that no one could mistake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For these reasons, I do hereby give it in charge to all Christians, that hereafter they speak of free-thinkers in the neuter gender, using the term *it* for *him*. They are to be considered as automata, made up of bones and muscles, nerves, arterics, and animal spirits; not so innocent, indeed, but as destitute of thought and reason, as those little machines which the excellent author from whom I take the motto of this paper, has so elegantly described.

THERE are two sorts of persons within the consideration of my frontispiece; the first are the mighty body of lingerers, persons who do not indeed employ their time criminally, but are such pretty innocents, who, as the poet says,

——— waste away  
In gentle inactivity the day.

The others being something more vivacious, are such as do not only omit to spend their time well, but are in the constant pursuit of criminal satisfactions. Whatever the divine may think, the case of the first seems to be the most deplorable, as the habit of sloth is more invincible than that of vice. The first is preferred, even when the man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant deliberation and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally through the heat of wine, or youth, which Mr. Hobbes calls a natural drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any errors committed during the deprivation or suspension of our reason, than in the possession of it. The irregular starts of vicious appetites are in time destroyed by the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of sloth receives daily strength from its continuance. 'I went (says Solomon) by the field of the slothful, and the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.' To raise the image of this person, the same author adds, 'The slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.' If there were no future account expected of spending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleness should of itself be persuasion enough to the men of sense to avoid it. I say to the men of sense, because there are of these that give in to it, and for these chiefly is this paper designed. Arguments drawn from future rewards and punishments, are things too remote for the consideration of stubborn sanguine youth. They are affected by such only as propose immediate pleasure or pain; as the strongest persuasive to the children of Israel was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may say there is more toil, fatigue, and uneasiness in sloth, than can be found in any employment a man will put himself upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, spleen is the necessary consequence. This directs him instantly to the contemplation of his health or circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy inquiries.

If he has any common business upon his hands, numberless objections arise, that make the despatch of it impossible; and he cries out with Solomon, 'There is a lion in the way, a lion in the streets;' that is, there is some difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himself to books, or business, contracts a cheerful confidence in all his undertakings, from the daily improvements of his knowledge or fortune, and instead of giving himself up to

'Thick-ey'd musing cursed melancholy,'

Shakspeare.

No. 131.] Tuesday, August 11, 1713.

Iter pigrorum quasi sepes spinarum.

Ex. Latin. Prov.

The way of the slothful man is a hedge of thorns.

Proverbs, xv. 19.



has that constant life in his visage and conversation, which the idle splenetic man borrows sometimes from the sunshine, exercise, or an agreeable friend. A recluse idle sobriety must be attended with more bitter remorse, than the most active debauchery can at any intervals be molested with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himself very little time to examine his own conduct, and will bestow as few reflections upon himself, as the lingerer does upon any thing else, unless he has the misfortune to repent. I repeat, the misfortune to repent, because I have put the great day of account out of the present case, and am now inquiring, not whose life is most irreligious, but most inconvenient. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer, and something splenetic, informs me, that in one winter he drank six hampers of Spa water, several gallons of chalybeate tincture, two hogsheds of bitters, at the rate of sixty pounds a hogshhead, laid one hundred and fifty infallible schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand affronts during the north-easterly winds, and in short, run through more misery and expense than the most meritorious bravo could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the university, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a state of such tranquillity as prejudices them against the bustle of that worldly business, for which this part of their education should prepare them. As he could with the utmost secrecy be idle in his own chamber, he says he was for some years irrecoverably sunk, and immersed in the luxury of an easy-chair, though at the same time, in the general opinion, he passed for a hard student. During this lethargy, he had some intervals of application to books, which rather aggravated than suspended the painful thoughts of a misspent life. Thus his supposed relief became his punishment, and, like the damned in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice,

—‘He felt by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.’

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some excuse or other, which the idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous appearance of justice. Sometimes by his own contrivance and insinuation, the woman that looked after his chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always submitted, after having decently opposed it, and made his exit with much seeming reluctance and inward delight. Thus did he pass the noon of his life in the solitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is since awakened, by application, out of slumber; has no more spleen than a Dutchman, who, as sir W. Temple observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this enemy, but ‘is always well when he is not ill, always pleased when he is not angry.’

There is a gentleman I have seen at a coffee-house, near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good estate, and a disinclination to books or business, to secure himself from some

of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himself with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently disposed to loquacity, he has a person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual pension for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by question and answer, whatever he may utter that may seemingly require it. To secure to himself discourse, his fundamental maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say. He delivers therefore every thought as it first intrudes itself upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the impertinence, or evince the truth of it. In short, he took the same pleasure in confuting himself, as he could have done in discomfiting an opponent: and his discourse was as that of two persons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have seen in the park, employing himself with the same industry, though not with the same innocence. He is very dexterous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horse hair, which his perriwig supplies him with. He hangs them over a little stick, which suspension inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no possibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to these combats, he perceives the several turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether invisible to a common spectator. I the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforesaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the secret shocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying glass, which presented me with an engagement between two of the most rueful monsters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourselves to appoint and perform such tasks as would be of considerable advantage to us, let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unsettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulse of our wills, may in time make them obedient to the dictates of our reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the irreligion of an idle life, it shall be under this head, *perent et imputantur*: which is an inscription upon a sun-dial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in such a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlasting hurry of business or pleasure, the busy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

‘August 10, 1713.

‘MR. IRONSIDE,—I am obliged to you for inserting my letter concerning the demolition of Dunkirk in your paper of the seventh instant; but you will find, upon perusal, that you have printed the word *three* where you should have printed the word *two*; which I desire you would amend by inserting the whole paragraph, and that which immediately follows it, in your very next paper. The paragraph runs thus:

"The very common people know, that within two months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea were to be demolished, and within three months after it, the works towards the land.

"That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S."

"I beg pardon for giving you so much trouble, which was only to avoid mistakes, having been very much abused by some whiggish senseless fellows, that give out I am for the Pretender. Your most humble servant,

'ENGLISH TORY.'

No. 132.] Wednesday, August 12, 1713.

Quisque suos patimur manes—

*Virg. Æn. vi. 743.*

All have their manes.

*Dryden.*

'MR. IRONSIDE,—The following letter was really written by a young gentleman in a languishing illness, which both himself, and those who attended him, thought it impossible for him to outlive. If you think such an image of the state of a man's mind in that circumstance be worth publishing, it is at your service, and take it as follows :

"DEAR SIR,—You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him, sick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and hope I have received some advantage by it. If what Mr. Waller says be true, that,

'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made:'

"Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inclosed structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age ; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence on our outworks. Youth at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age. It is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon its bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me. It has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much ; and I began where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.

"When a smart fit of sickness tells me this seamy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who (being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head) made answer, 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour : and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will arise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. 'The memory of man,' as it is elegantly expressed in the Wisdom of Solomon, 'passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day.' There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age.' He was taken away speedily, lest that 'wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.'

I am, yours."

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq. greeting.

'OLD DAD,—I am so happy as to be the husband of a woman that never is in the wrong, and yet is at continual war with every body, especially with all her servants, and myself. As to her maids, she never fails of having at least a dozen or fourteen in each year, yet never has above one at a time, and the last that comes is always the worst that ever she had in her life ; although they have given very good content in better families than mine for several years together. Not that she has the pleasure of turning them away, but she does so ferrit them about, "Forsooth" and "Mistress" them up, and so find fault with every thing they do, and talks to them so loud and so long, that they either give her immediate warning, or march off without any wages at all. So that through her great zeal and care to make them better servants than any in the world, and their obstinacy in being no better than they can, our house is a sort of Bedlam, and nothing in order ; for by that time a maid comes to know where things stand, whip, she is gone, and so we have not another in four or five days, and this all the year round. As to myself, all the world believes me to be one of the best of husbands, and I am of the world's mind, until my dear Patient Grizzle comes to give her opinion about me, and then you would believe I am as bad as her maids. Oh, Mr. Ironside, never was a woman used as she is. The world does not think how unhappy she is ! I am a wolf in sheep's clothing. And then her neighbours are so ill-natured, that they



refuse to suffer her to say what she pleases of their families, without either returning her compliments, or withdrawing from her oratory; so that the poor woman has scarcely any society abroad, nor any comfort at home, and all through the sauciness of servants, and the unkindness of a husband that is so cruel to her, as to desire her to be quiet. But she is coming. I am in haste, sir, your humble servant,

‘NICHOLAS EARRING.’

‘SIR,—I hope you will not endure this dumb club, for I am the unlucky spouse of one of those gentlemen: and when my dear comes from this joyless society, I am an impertinent, noisy rattle-snake, my maid is a saucy sow, the man is a thick-skull puppy, and founders like a horse; my cook is a tasteless ass; and if a child cry, the maid is a careless bear: If I have company, they are a parcel of chattering magpies: if abroad, I am a gagging goose; when I return, you are a fine galloper; women, like cats, should keep the house. This is a frequent sentence with him. Consider some remedy against a temper that seldom speaks, and then speaks only unkindness. This will be a relief to all those miserable women who are married to the worst of tempers, the sullen, more especially to your distressed appellants,

GOODY DUMP.’

‘FRIEND NESTOR,—Our brother Tremble having lately given thee wholesome advice concerning tuckers, I send thee a word of counsel touching thyself. Verily thou hast found great favour with the godly sisters. I have read in that mysterious book called *Æsop's Fables*, how once upon a time an ass arrayed himself in the skin of a lion, thereby designing to appear as one of the mighty. But behold the vanity of this world was found light, the spirit of untruth became altogether naked. When the vainglorious animal opened his jaws to roar, the lewd voice of an ass braying was heard in the mountains. Friend, friend, let the moral of this sink deep into thy mind; the more thou ponderest thereon, the fitter thou wilt become for the fellowship of the faithful. We have every day more and more hopes of thee; but between thee and me, when thou art converted thou must take to thee a scripture name. One of thy writing brethren bore a very good name, he was entitled Isaac, but now sleepeth. Jacob suiteth thy bookseller well. Verily Nestor soundeth Babylonish in the ears of thy well-wisher and constant reader,

RUTH PRIM.

‘The third day of the week, profanely called Tuesday.’

‘SIR,—Notwithstanding your grave advice to the fair sex not to lay the beauties of their necks so open, I find they mind you so little, that we young men are in as much danger as ever. Yesterday, about seven in the evening, I took a turn with a gentleman just come to town, in a public walk. We had not walked above two rounds, when the spark on a sudden pretended weariness, and as I importuned him to stay longer, he turned short, and pointing to a celebrated beauty: “What,” said he, “do you think I am made of, that I should bear the sight of such snowy breasts! Oh, she is intolerably

handsome!” Upon this we parted, and I resolved to take a little more air in the garden, yet avoid the danger, by casting my eyes downwards: but to my unspeakable surprise, I discovered in the same fair creature, the finest ankle and prettiest foot that ever fancy imagined. If the petticoats, as well as the stays, thus diminish, what shall we do, dear Nestor? If it is neither safe to look at the head nor the feet of the charmer, whither shall we direct our eyes? I need not trouble you with any further description of her, but I beg you would consider that your wards are frail and mortal. Your most obedient servant,

EPIMETRIUS.’

No. 133.] Thursday, August 13, 1713.

Oh, fatal love of fame! Oh, glorious heat,  
Only destructive to the brave and great.

*Addison's Campaign.*

THE letters which I published in the Guardian of Saturday last, are written with such spirit and greatness of mind, that they had excited a great curiosity in my lady Lizard's family, to know what occasioned a quarrel betwixt the two brave men who wrote them; and what was the event of their combat. I found the family the other day listening in a circle to Mr. William, the templar, who was informing the ladies of the ceremonies used in the single combat, when the kings of England permitted such trials to be performed in their presence. He took occasion from the chance of such judicial proceedings, to relate a custom used in a certain part of India, to determine lawsuits, which he produced as a parallel to the single combat. The custom is, ‘That the plaintiff and defendant are thrown into a river, where each endeavours to keep under water as long as he is able; and he who comes up first loses the cause.’ The author adds, ‘that if they had no other way of deciding controversies in Europe, the lawyers might e'en throw themselves in after them.’

The mirth occasioned by this Indian law did not hinder the ladies from reflecting still more upon the above-named letters. I found they had agreed, that it must be a mistress which caused the duel; and Mrs. Cornelia had already settled in her mind the fashion of their arms, their colours, and devices. My lady only asked with a sigh, if either of the combatants had a wife and children.

In order to give them what satisfaction I could, I looked over my papers; and though I could not find the occasion of the difference, I shall present the world with an authentic account of the fight, written by the survivor to a courtier. The gallant behaviour of the combatants may serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detestation of that false honour which robs our country of men so fitted to support and adorn it.

*Sir Edward Sackville's relation of the fight betwixt him and the lord Bruce.*

‘WORTHY SIR,—As I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false aspersions some authorless tongues have laid upon me, in

the report of the unfortunate passage lately happened between the lord Bruce and myself, which, as they are spread here, so I may justly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature; by oath or by sword. The first is due to magistrates, and communicable to friends; the other to such as maliciously slander and impudently defend their assertion. Your love, not my merit, assure me you hold me your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to understand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons. And on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The inclosed contains the first citation, sent me from Paris by a Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me in Derbyshire at my father-in-law's house. After it, follows my then answer, returned him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise, being a particular assignation of place and weapons, which I sent by a servant of mine, by post, from Rotterdam, as soon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceased lord, is testified by the last, which periods the business until we met at Tergosa in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr. Crawford, an English gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could. And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, sir John Heidon, to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the midway but a village divides the States' territories from the archduke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end that having ended, he that could, might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, my lord, as I conceive, because he could not handsomely, without danger or discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the sword, which was per-

formed by sir John Heidon, it pleased the lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that he found himself so far behind-hand, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) "that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour." Hereupon sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon, sir John leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter, but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise) I requested my second to certify him, I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other, some twelve score, about two English miles: and then passion having so weak an enemy to assail, as my direction, easily became victor, and using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger the lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation; I bade him alight, which, with all willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow, ankle deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasures: we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to despatch each other by what means we could; I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in revenge I pressed in to him, though I then missed him also, and then received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling my hand having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest, which hung by a skin, and to sight yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit



first was the question; which on neither part either would perform, and restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon; which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded, if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make me faint; and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions; remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but with his avoiding missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing through my sword re-passed it through again, through another place; when he cried, "Oh, I am slain!" seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life, but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholding for it, bravely replying, "he scorned it." Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon afar off, cried out, "he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped." Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms after I had remained a while for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger. For my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord's sword; and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands; although my lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, "Rascal! hold thy hand." So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation; which I pray you, with the inclosed letter, deliver to my lord chamberlain. And so, &c. Yours,

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

'Louvain, the 8th of Sept. 1613.'

No. 134.] *Friday, August 14, 1713.*

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis.  
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.  
*Hor. Lib. i. Sat. ii. 94.*

In virtuous dames you see their face alone:  
None show the rest but women of the town.

My lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me, it is confidently

reported of him in their parts, that he is silenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw. I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my lion, namely, that he is starved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless; and since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank-bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my lion has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this, my lion has not roared for these twelve days past, by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat, others have choked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense that they have made a very ass of him. On Monday last, upon examining, I found him an arrant French tory, and the day after a virulent whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my reader may be assured that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. Button's house to the lion's library, in which I intend to deposit the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untuckered neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, until that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.


'GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,—I must acquaint you, for your comfort, that your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whisper in her ear, partly between jest and earnest, that "I will tell the lion of her." Dear sir, do not let them alone until you have made them put on their tuckers again. What can be a greater sign, that they themselves are sensible they have stripped too far, than their pretending to call a bit of linen which will hardly cover a silver groat, their modesty-piece? It is observed, that this modesty-piece still sinks lower and lower; and who knows where it will fix at last?

'You must know, sir, I am a Turkey merchant, and I lived several years in a country

where the women show nothing but their eyes. Upon my return to England I was almost out of countenance to see my pretty country-women laying open their charms with so much liberality, though at that time many of them were concealed under the modest shade of the tucker. I soon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in the extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think, as every married man must be, that I should make daily discoveries in the dear creature, which were unknown to the rest of the world. But since this new airy fashion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine; for I can positively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within these three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty foot and ankle are now exposed to the sight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me, when I first found myself their proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is still rising, I find a parcel of rascally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be presented with some new scene every day.

'In short, sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her person more than other men, I have now the least share of it. When she is at home she is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but strips every afternoon to appear in public. For aught I can find, when she has thrown aside half her clothes, she begins to think herself half drest. Now, sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong to think of reforming this fashion, by showing the immodesty of it. If you expect to make female proselytes, you must convince them, that if they would get husbands, they must not show all before marriage. I am sure, had my wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figure of it hung out before the door. I have often observed a curious passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing, that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out, "Pray, gentlemen, walk in."

'I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how Mahomet's she-disciples are obliged to cover themselves; you have lately informed us from the foreign newspapers of the regulations which the pope is now making among the Roman ladies in this particular; and I hope, our British dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be content to show no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the neck, properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

'You know, sir, that in the beginning of last century, there was a sect of men among us, who called themselves Adamites, and appeared in public without clothes. This heresy may spring up in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public places, who show so great an inclination to be Eveites. I am, sir, &c.' 

No. 135.] Saturday, August 15, 1713.

—mea  
Virtute me involvo— *Hor. Lib. 3. Od. xxix. 54.*  
—Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.  
*Dryden.*

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in *Don Quixote*, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself: How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman that bestows them on me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says *Bias*, is to be always exercised in such things as are praiseworthy. *Socrates*, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. *Anytus* and *Melitus*, says he, may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather choose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was *Aristotle's* reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. 'You,' says he, 'who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been used to utter them take no pleasure in hearing them.' *Diogenes* was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: "Nobody will believe you when you speak



ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.'

In these, and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation, that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of Epicurus: 'If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.' When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laughed at his singing; 'Ay,' says he, 'then I must learn to sing better.' But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him; 'It is no matter,' said he, 'I will live so that none shall believe them.' Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; 'I am sure he would not do it,' says he, 'if he had not some reason for it.' This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, 'a good conscience.'

I designed in this essay to show that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it: but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons, that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author, having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'The third and last instance in which, above all others, this confidence towards God does most eminently show and exert itself, is at the time of death; which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagances stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt: what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? Not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under heaven, can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

'No, at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound

him; and in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

'And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or a shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnest, and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood until it comes to be felt.

'And now, who would not quit all the pleasures, and trash, and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, "well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"'

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No. 136.]

Monday, August 17, 1713.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis.

*Virg. Æn. vi. 127.*

The gates of death are open night and day.

*Dryden.*

SOME of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the person of Death metamorphosing himself, like another Proteus, into innumerable shapes and figures. To represent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man, Death enters first of all in a body of fire; a little after he appears like a man of snow, then rolls about the room like a cannon-ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill; after this he transforms himself of a sudden into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's design by this allegory, was to show the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his reader see that there was scarce any thing in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his head in the dust. I remember monsieur Pascal, in his reflections on Providence, has this observation upon Cromwell's death. That usurper, says he, who had destroyed the royal family in his own nation, who had made all the princes of Europe tremble, and struck a terror into Rome itself, was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain of sand, says he, that would have been of no significance in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular

place, was an instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy revolutions, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind. In short, swarms of distempers are every where hovering over us; casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade; every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than women, as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned physician, on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that upon a strict examination there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to supply this waste in the species, has made allowances for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument of the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining, he has set down, among real distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribe the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six-bar gate, fox-hunters	- - -	4
Of a quick-set hedge	- - -	2
Two duels, viz.		
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	- - -	1
Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug	- - -	1
Bewitched	- - -	13
Of an evil tongue	- - -	9
Crossed in love	- - -	7
Broke his neck in robbing a hen-roost	- - -	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentlewoman of the parish	- - -	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	- - -	2
Took cold sleeping at church	- - -	11
Of a sprain in his shoulder by saving his dog at a bull-baiting	- - -	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	- - -	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle	- - -	1

2 A

Frighted out of his wits by a headless dog with saucer eyes	- - -	1
Of October	- - -	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the shire	- - -	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	- - -	3
Climbing a crow's nest	- - -	1
Chalk and green apples	- - -	4
Led into a horse-pond by a will of the wisp	- - -	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the trained bands	- - -	1
Over-eat himself at a house-warming	- - -	1
By the parson's bull	- - -	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the squire's house-dog	- - -	2
Shot by mistake	- - -	1
Of a mountebank doctor	- - -	6
Of the merry-andrew	- - -	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	- - -	1
Old age	- - -	100
Foul distemper	- - -	0

No. 137.]

Tuesday, August 18, 1713.

— sanctus haberi

Justitiae tenax, factis dictisque mereris?

Agnosco procerem—

Juv. Sat. viii. 24.

Convince the world that you're devout and true,

Be just in all you say, in all you do;

Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be

A peer of the first quality to me. *Stepney.*

HORACE, JUVENAL, BOILEAU, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission, however, to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought, in gratitude, to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country; and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons, I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration, even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that

16\*



an unworthy behaviour degrades and disenobles a man in the eye of the world as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality sits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarce conversible. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eyebrow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedence are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of king Charles's parliaments: 'Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time'—upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short, 'I would fain know what that gentleman means; is there any one in the house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?' The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependants, or flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod, to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, 'My lord such a one,' says he, 'your most humble servant. Sir Richard, your humble servant. Your servant, Mr. Ironside. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Ha, Frank, are you there!'

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had, some years ago, an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the eightieth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and past away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs.

Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer; but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the Change in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill-fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, 'What was all this to me?' Upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great-grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides; after which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

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No. 138.] Wednesday, August 19, 1713.

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore.  
*Virg. Æn. vi. 889.*

And fires his mind with love of future fame.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations as variety. By this means every one of my readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that

pleases him, and almost every paper has some particular set of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day increasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my reader in the same manner as Eve does the angel in that beautiful description of Milton :

'So saying, with despatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,  
What choice to choose for delicacy best;  
What order, so contrived as not to mix  
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant; but, bring  
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change.  
Whatever earth, child-bearing mother, yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore;  
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where  
African reigned; fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded, husk or shell,  
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand'—— *Fifth Book.*

If by this method I can furnish out a *Splendida farrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem, published among the exercises of the last Oxford act, I have gained the end which I proposed to myself.

In my yesterday's paper, I showed how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that should make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boasts of his virtues, and be honoured for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when after having shown him the race of heroes who were to descend from him, Anchises adds with a noble warmth,

'Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?'  
Æn. vi. 806.

'And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue  
The paths of honour?'—— *Dryden.*

Since I have mentioned this passage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Augustus. For this reason Anchises, who shows Æneas most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of Augustus, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost

pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey and Cæsar, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things spoken of Augustus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to outlive one another on that subject; he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The English reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation, for the original is inimitable.

'Hic vir, hic est,' &c.

Æn. vi. 791.

'But next behold the youth of form divine,  
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;  
Augustus, promised oft, and long foretold,  
Sent to the realm that Saturn ruled of old;  
Born to restore a better age of gold.  
Africa and India shall his power obey;  
He shall extend his propagated sway  
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,  
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,  
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crowned.  
At his foreseen approach, already quake  
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.  
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;  
And threatening oracles denounce the war.  
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates,  
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephews' fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,  
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;  
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,  
And dipped his arrows in Lernean gore.  
Nor Bacchus turning from his Indian war,  
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,  
From Nisa's top descending on the plains,  
With curling vines around his purple reins.  
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue  
The paths of honour?'——

I could show out of other poets the same kind of vision as this in Virgil, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them: but instead of that I shall conclude with a rabbinical story which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

Adam, say the rabbins, a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others the vision set before him the soul of David. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but to his unspeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

'Ostendent terribili hunc tantum fata, neque ultra  
Esse sinent'——  
Æn. vi. 869.

'This youth (the blissful vision of a day)  
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.'  
*Dryden.*

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that three-score and ten years (which he heard would be the



age of man in David's time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly, say the rabbins, Adam falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of David. Adam having lived nine hundred and thirty years, and David seventy.

This story was invented to show the high opinion which the rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of David, 'of David, the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist of Israel.' □

No. 139.] *Thursday, August 20, 1713.*


—*prisca fides factio, sed fama perennis.*  
*Virg. Æn. ix. 79.*

—The fact, through length of time obscure,  
Is hard to faith: yet shall the same endure.  
*Dryden.*

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,—I find that every body is very much delighted with the voice of your lion. His roarings against the tucker have been most melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I observe, that your lion, as you yourself have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long considered with myself how I might express my gratitude to this noble animal that has so much the good of our country at his heart. After many thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved to do honour to him, by compiling a history of his species, and extracting out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the prosecution of this design, I shall have no manner of regard to what *Æsop* has said upon the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican, by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to the king of beasts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falsehood and forgery, in almost every matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your romance writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to lions, and give them no more quarter than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the seven champions, but when he has nothing else to do, encounters with a lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In short, a knight errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been true, the whole species would have been destroyed before now. After having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my memoirs of the lion with a story related of him by *Aulus Gellius*, and extracted by him out of *Dion Cassius*, a historian of undoubt-

ed veracity. It is the famous story of *Androcles* the Roman slave, which I premise for the sake of my learned reader, who needs go no farther in it, if he has read it already.

'*Androcles* was the slave of a noble Roman who was proconsul of *Afric*. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of *Numidia*. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. *Androcles* gave himself for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and, with a complaining kind of voice, fell a licking his hand. *Androcles*, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. *Androcles*, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length with this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsul of *Afric*, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to *Rome*, that they might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to *Rome* as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. *Androcles*, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. *Androcles*, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old *Numidian* friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing

an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, "*Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis.*" "This is the lion who was the man's host, this is the man who was the lion's physician." 

No. 140.]

Friday, August 21, 1713.

—quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo  
Laomedontiades, vel Nestoris hernia possit.  
Juv. Sat. vi. 324.

A sight, might thaw old Priam's frozen age,  
And warm ev'n Nestor into amorous rage.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an astrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my lion at Button's coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon conversing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, whose other name he observes is Daniel, (a good omen still with regard to the lion, his cohabitant,) he had discovered the very hour in which the said lion was set up: and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints me, that the sign of Leo in the heavens immediately preceeds that of Virgo, by which, says he, is signified the natural love and friendship the lion bears to virginity; and not only to virginity, but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted; from whence he foretells the good influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact astrological schemes, the lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the scorpion in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence he very naturally prognosticates, that my lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untuckered stays and short petticoat; and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ankle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw five years ago, that both the pope and myself should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dress.

I have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who, finding this great propension in the fair sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and clothing. He

proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great-grandmothers, the Briths or Piets, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered, with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. The bosom of the coquette, says he, may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The prude might have a Pallas, with a shield and gorgon's head. In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of herself, and, at the same time, show us what she would be at. But, by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty countrywomen. They could find no colours half so charming as those which are natural to them; and though, like the old Piets, they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall therefore persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give public notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expense in furnishing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point, if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my reader, that I have written a letter to the pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter:

*'To Pope Clement the Eighth, Nestor Ironside, greeting.*

'DEAR BROTHER,—I have heard with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your priests to confess any woman who appears before them without a tucker, in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it is impossible for the good man to discharge his office as he ought, who gives an ear to those alluring penitents, that discover their hearts and necks to him at the same time. I am labouring as much as in me lies to stir up the same spirit of modesty among the women of this island, and should be glad we might assist one another in so good a work. In order to it, I desire that you would send me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it stood before your late prohibition. We have some here who have necks of one, two, and three feet in length; some that have necks which reach down to their middles, and indeed, some who may be said to be all neck, and no body. I hope, at the same time you observe the stays of your female subjects, that you have also an eye to their petticoats, which rise in this island daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the stays fall to the fifth rib (which I hear is to be the standard of each, as it has been lately settled in a junto of the



sex,) I will take care to send you one of either sort, which I advertise you of beforehand, that you may not compute the stature of our English women from the length of their garments. In the mean time I have desired the master of a vessel, who tells me that he shall touch at Civita Vecchia, to present you with a certain female machine which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to discover the use of it. Not to keep you in suspense, it is what we call in this country a hooped petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let me know, whether you find any garment of this nature among all the relics of your female saints, and in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of your twenty thousand virgin martyrs. Yours, *usque ad aras*,  
‘NESTOR IRONSIDE.’

I must not dismiss this letter without declaring myself a good Protestant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to take notice of, lest I should be accused by an author of unexampled stupidity,\* for corresponding with the head of the Romish church.



No. 141.] *Saturday, August 22, 1713.*

Frangere, miser, calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,  
Qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,  
Ut dignus venius hederis, et imagine macra.  
*Juv. Sat. vii. 27.*

Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,  
Or moths through written pages eat their way;  
Your wars, your loves, your praises be forgot:  
And make of all a universal blot—  
The rest is empty praise, an ivy crown,  
Or the lean statue of a mean renown. *Ch. Dryden.*

‘Wrr,’ saith the bishop of Rochester in his elegant sermon against the scornee, ‘as it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to be employed in the search of truth, and very capable of assisting us to discern and embrace it.’ I shall take leave to carry this observation farther into common life, and remark, that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young persons to the favour of such patrons, as are generously studious to promote the interest of politeness, and the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent complaints of some rising authors, whom I have taken under my guardianship. Since my circumstances will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I must take upon me the person of a philosopher, and make them a present of my advice. I would not have any poet whatsoever, who is not born to five hundred a-year, deliver himself up to wit, but as it is subservient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is useful in all professions, and should be considered not as a wife, but as an attendant. Let them take an old man’s word; the desire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of ease and convenience erase the fairy images of glory and honour. Even those who have succeeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles

of their youth with some regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and useful speculations. This is admirably expressed in the following lines, by an author\* whom I have formerly done justice to on the account of his pastoral poems.

In search of wisdom, far from wit I fly;  
Wit is a harlot beautiful to the eye,  
In whose bewitching arms our early time  
We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime.  
But when reflection comes with riper years,  
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,  
We cast the mistress off to take a wife,  
And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life.

A passage which happened to me some years ago confirmed several maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-draper of my acquaintance, remarkable for his learning and good-nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he showed me at the one end several well chosen mottos, and several patterns of cloth at the other. I, like a well-bred man, praised both sorts of goods; whereupon he tore out the mottos, and generously gave them to me: but, with great prudence, put up the patterns in his pocket again.

I am sensible that any accounts of my own secret history can have but little weight with young men of sanguine expectations. I shall therefore take this opportunity to present my wards with the history of an ancient Greek poet, which was sent me from the library of Fez, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manuscript of Homer’s works, which was brought by the barbarians from Constantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully translated part of it, and desire that it may be diligently perused by all men who design to live by their wits.

‘I was born at the foot of a certain mountain in Greece, called Parnassus, where the country is remarkably delicious. My mother, while she was with child of me longed for laurel leaves; and as I lay in my cradle, a swarm of bees settled about my mouth, without doing me any injury. These were looked upon as presages of my being a great man; and the early promises I gave of a quick wit, and lively fancy, confirmed the high opinion my friends had conceived of me. It would be an idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of my youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful young virgin, with whom I had innocently and familiarly conversed from my childhood, became the public talk of our village. I was so taken up with my passion, that I entirely neglected all other affairs; and though the daughter of Machaon the physician, and a rich heiress, the daughter of a famous Grecian orator, were offered me in marriage, I peremptorily refused both the matches, and rashly vowed to live and die with the lovely Polyhymnia. In vain did my parents remonstrate to me, that the tradition of her being descended from the gods was too poor a portion for one of my narrow fortunes; that except her fine green-house and garden, she had not one foot of land; and though she should gain

\* The writer of the Examiner is here alluded to.

\* Mr. Ambrose Phillips.

the lawsuit about the summit of Parnassus, (which yet had many pretenders to it) that the air was so bleak there, and the ground so barren, that it would certainly starve the possessor. I fear my obstinacy in this particular broke my mother's heart, who died a short time after, and was soon followed by my father.

'I now found myself at liberty, and notwithstanding the opposition of a great many rivals, I won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. Our amour was known to the whole country, and all who saw, extolled the beauty of my mistress, and pronounced me happy in the possession of so many charms. We lived in great splendour and gayety, I being persuaded that high living was necessary to keep up my reputation, and the beauty of my mistress; from whom I had daily expectations given me of a post in the government, or some lavish present from the great men of our commonwealth. I was so proud of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing company to see her, and was a little tiresome to my acquaintance, by talking continually of her several beauties. She herself had a most exalted conceit of her charms, and often invited the ladies to ask their opinions of her dress; which if they disapproved in any particular, she called them a pack of envious insipid things, and ridiculed them in all companies. She had a delicate set of teeth, which appeared most to advantage when she was angry; and therefore she was very often in a passion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had run out of our money, we had no living soul to befriend us; and every body cried out, it was a judgment upon me for being a slave to such a proud minx, such a conceited hussy.

'I loved her passionately, and exclaimed against a blind and injudicious world. Besides I had several children by her, and was likely still to have more; for I always thought the youngest the most beautiful. I must not forget that a certain great lord offered me a considerable sum in my necessity, to have the reputation of fathering one of them; but I rejected his offer with disdain. In order to support her family and vanities, she carried me to Athens; where she put me upon a hundred pranks to get money. Sometimes she dressed me in an antique robe, and placed a diadem on my head, and made me gather a mob about me by talking in a blustering tone, and unintelligible language. Sometimes she made me foam at the mouth, roll my eyes, invoke the gods, and act a sort of madness which the Athenians call the Pindarism. At another time she put a sheep-hook into my hand, and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains of Arcadia. When these projects failed, she gave out, with good success, that I was an old astrologer; after that a dumb man; and last of all she made me pass for a lion.

'It may seem strange, that after so tedious a slavery, I should ever get my freedom. But so it happened, that during the three last transformations, I grew acquainted with the lady Sophia, whose superior charms cooled my passion for Polyhymnia; inasmuch that some envious dull fellows gave it out, my mistress had jilted and left me. But the slanders of my

enemies were silenced by my public espousal of Sophia; who, with a greatness of soul, void of all jealousy, hath taken Polyhymnia for her woman, and is dressed by her every day.'

No. 142.] Monday, August 24, 1713.

— Pacis mala; savior armis  
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur—  
Juv. Sat. vi. 291.

— Th' inveterate ills of peace,  
And wasteful riot; whose destructive charms  
Revenge the vanquish'd — Dryden.

BEING obliged, at present, to attend a particular affair of my own, I do empower my printer to look into the arcana of the lion, and select out of them such as may be of public utility; and Mr. Button is hereby authorised and commanded to give my said printer free ingress and egress to the lion, without any hindrance, let, or molestation whatsoever, until such time as he shall receive orders to the contrary. And for so doing this shall be his warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

'By virtue of the foregoing order, the lion has been carefully examined, and the two following papers being found upon him, are thought very proper for public use.'

*Given in at the lion's mouth, at six of the clock in the morning.*

'MR. IRONSIDE,—I came very early this morning to rouse your lion, thinking it the properest time to offer him trash when his stomach was empty and sharp set; and being informed, too, that he is so very modest, as to be shy of swallowing any thing before much company, and not without some other politic views, the principal of which was, that his digestion being then the most keen and vigorous, it might probably refine this raw piece from several of its crudities, and so make it proper food for his master; for as great princes keep their taster, so I perceive you keep your digester, having an appetite peculiarly turned for delicacies. If a fellow-feeling and similitude of employment are any motives to engage your attention, I may for once promise myself a favourable hearing. By the account you have given us of the Sparkler, and your other female wards, I am pretty confident you cannot be a stranger to the many great difficulties there are in weaning a young lady's inclination from a frolic which she is fully bent upon. I am guardian to a young heiress, whose conduct I am more than ordinary solicitous to keep steady in the slippery age we live in. I must confess miss hath hitherto been very tractable and toward, considering she is an heiress, and now upon the brink of fifteen: but here of late Tom Whirligig has so turned her head with the gallantries of a late masquerade, (which no doubt Tom, according to his usual vivacity, set forth in all its gayest colours) that the young creature has been perfectly giddy ever since, and so set agog with the thoughts of it, that I am teased to death by her importuning me to let her go to the next. In the mean time, I have



surprised her more than once or twice very busy in pulling all her clothes to pieces, in order to make up a strange dress, and with much ado have relieved them from her merciless scissors. Now you must understand, old Iron, I am very loth to trust her all alone into such an ocean of temptations. I have made use of all manner of dissuaves to her, and have sufficiently demonstrated to her, that the devil first addressed himself to Eve in a mask, and that we owe the loss of our first happy state to a masquerade, which that sly intriguer made in the garden, where he seduced her; but she does not at all regard all this; the passion of curiosity is as predominant in her as ever it was in her predecessor. Therefore I appeal, sage Nestor, to your experienced age, whether these nocturnal assemblies have not a bad tendency, to give a loose turn to a young lady's imagination. For the being in disguise takes away the usual checks and restraints of modesty; and consequently the beaux do not blush to talk wantonly, nor the belles to listen; the one as greedily sucks in the poison, as the other industriously infuses it; and I am apt to think too, that the ladies might possibly forget their own selves in such strange dresses, and do that in a personated character which may stain their real ones. A young milk-maid may indulge herself in the innocent freedom of a green gown; and a shepherdess, without thinking any harm, may lie down with a shepherd on a mossy-bank; and all this while poor Sylvia may be so far lost in the pleasing thoughts of her new romantic attire, and Damon's soft endearing language, as never once to reflect who she is, until the romance is completed. Besides, do but consider, dear Nestor, when a young lady's spirits are fermented with sparkling champaign, her heart opened and dilated by the attractive gayety of every thing about her, her soul melted away by the soft airs of music, and the gentle powers of motion; in a word, the whole woman dissolved in a luxury of pleasure; I say, in such critical circumstances, in such unguarded moments, how easy is it for a young thing to be led aside by her stars. Therefore, good Mr. Ironside, set your lion a roaring against these dangerous assemblies: I can assure you, one good loud roar will be sufficient to deter my ward from them, for she is naturally mighty fearful, and has been always used from her childhood to be frightened into good behaviour. And it may prove, too, some benefit to yourself in the management of your own females, who, if they are not already, I do not at all question, but they will be very shortly gadding after these midnight gambols. Therefore, to promote your own peace and quietness, as well as mine, and the safety of all young virgins, pray order your lion to exert his loudest notes against masquerades; I am sure it would be a perfect concert to all good mothers, and particularly charm the ears of your faithful friend and companion,

‘OLD RUSTSIDES.’

‘MOST WORTHY SIR,—Being informed that the Eveites daily increase, and that fig-leaves are shortly coming into fashion; I have hired me a piece of ground, and planted it with fig-trees,

the soil being naturally productive of them. I hope, good sir, you will so far encourage my new project, as to acquaint the ladies, that I have now by me a choice collection of fig-leaves of all sorts and sizes, of a delicate texture, and a lovely bright verdure, beautifully scalloped at the extremities, and most curiously wrought with variety of slender fibres, ranged in beautiful meanders and windings. I have some very cool ones for summer, so transparently thin, that you may see through them, and others of a thicker substance for winter; I have likewise some very small ones, of a particular species, for little misses. So that I do not question but to give general satisfaction to all ladies whatsoever, that please to repair to me at the sign of the Adam and Eve, near Cupid's gardens. If you will favour me with the insertion of this in your Guardian, I will make your favourite, the Sparkler, a present of some of the choicest fig-leaves I have, and lay before her feet the primities of my new garden; and if you bring me a great many customers for my leaves, I promise you my figs shall be at your service. I am, worthy sir, your worship's most obedient humble servant,

‘ANTHONY EVERGREEN.

‘N. B. I am now rearing up a set of fine furbelowed dock-leaves, which will be exceeding proper for old women and superannuated maids; those plants having two excellent good properties; the one, that they flourish best in dry ground; the other, that being clothed with several integuments of downy surfaces, they are exceeding warm and cherishing.’

No. 143.] Tuesday, August 25, 1713.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?

Quam ferus, et vere ferreus, ille fuit!

*Tibul. Lib. 1. Eleg. x. 1.*

Who first, with skill inhuman, did produce,  
And teach mankind the sword's destructive use?  
What sense of pity could the monster feel!  
Himself relentless as the murderous steel!

NOTWITHSTANDING the levity of the pun which is in the second line of my motto, the subject I am going upon is of the most serious consequence, and concerns no less than the peace and quiet, and (for aught I know) the very life and safety, of every inoffensive and well-disposed inhabitant of this city. Frequent complaints have been made to me, by men of discretion and sobriety, in most of the coffee-houses from St. James's to Jonathan's, that there is sprung up of late a very numerous race of young fellows about the town, who have the confidence to walk the streets, and come into all public places in open day-light, with swords of such immoderate length, as strike terror into a great many of her majesty's good subjects. Besides this, half a dozen of this fraternity in a room or a narrow street, are as inconvenient as so many turnstiles, because you can pass neither backward nor forward, until you have first put their weapons aside. When Jack Lizard made his first trip to town from the university, he thought he could never bring up with him too much of the

gentleman; this I soon perceived in the first visit he made me, when I remember, he came scraping in at the door, encumbered with a bar of cold iron so irksomely long, that it banged against his calf, and jarred upon his right heel, as he walked, and came rattling behind him as he ran down the stairs. But his sister Annabella's raillery soon cured him of this awkward air, by telling him that his sword was only fit for going up stairs, or walking up hill, and that she shrewdly suspected he had stolen it out of the college kitchen.

But to return to the public grievance of this city; it is very remarkable, that these 'brothers of the blade' began to appear upon the first suspension of arms; and that since the conclusion of the peace the order is very much increased, both as to the number of the men, and the size of their weapons. I am informed, that these men of preposterous bravery, who affect a military air in a profound peace, and dare to look terrible amongst their friends and fellow-citizens, have formed a plan to erect themselves into a society, under the name of the Terrible Club; and that they entertain hopes of getting the great armoury-hall in the tower for their club-room. Upon this I have made it my business to inquire more particularly into the cabals of these Hectors; and by the help of my lion, I have got such informations as will enable me to countermine their designs, together with a copy of some fundamental articles drawn up by three of their ringleaders; the which it seems are to be augmented and assented to by the rest of the gang, on the first of January next, (if not timely prevented) at a general meeting in the sword-cutlers' hall. I shall at present (to let them see that they are not unobserved) content myself with publishing only the said articles.

*Articles to be agreed upon by the Members of the Terrible Club.*

*Imprimis*, That the club do meet at midnight in the great armoury-hall in the tower, (if leave can be obtained) the first Monday in every month.

II. That the president be seated upon a drum at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a basket-hilt sword, and a buff belt.

III. That the president be always obliged to provide, for the first and standing dish of the club, a pasty of bull beef, baked in a target made for that purpose.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets instead of knives.

V. That every member do sit to the table, and eat with his hat, his sword, and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch, quickened with brandy and gunpowder.

VII. That a large mortar be made use of for a punch-bowl.

In all appearance it could be no other than a member of this club, who came last week to Button's, and sat over-against the lion with such a settled fierceness in his countenance, as if he came to vie with that animal in sternness of looks. His stature was somewhat low; his motions quick and smart, and might be mistaken for startings and convulsions. He wore a broad

stiff hat, cudgel-proof, with an edging three fingers deep, trussed up into the fierce trooper's cock. To this was added a dark wig, very moderately curled, and tied in two large knots up to his ears; his coat was short, and rich in tarnished lace; his nostrils and his upper lip were all begrimed with snuff. At first I was in hopes the gentleman's friends took care not to intrust him with any weapon; until looking down, I could perceive a sword of a most unwarrantable size, that hung carelessly below his knee, with two large tassels at the hilt, that played about his ankles.

I must confess I cannot help shrewdly suspecting the courage of the Terribles. I beg pardon if I am in the wrong when I think, that the long sword, and the swaggering cock, are the ordinary disguises of a faint heart. These men while they think to impose terror upon others, do but render themselves contemptible; their very dress tells you that they are surrounded with fears, that they live in Hobbs's state of nature, and that they are never free from apprehensions. I dare say, if one were to look into the hearts of these champions, one should find there a great tendency to go cased in armour, and that nothing but the fear of a stronger ridicule restrains them from it. A brave man scorns to wear any thing that may give him an advantage over his neighbour; his great glory is neither to fear, nor to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have seen a buffoon in an opera, whose excessive cowardice never failed to set the whole audience into a loud laughter; but the scene which seemed to divert them most, was that in which he came on with a sword that reached quite across the stage, and was put to flight by an adversary, whose stature was not above four feet high, and whose weapon was not three feet long. This brings to my mind what I have formerly read of a king of Arabia, who showing a rich sword, that had been presented to him, his courtiers unanimously gave their opinion, that it had no other fault, but that of being too short; upon which the king's son said, that there was no weapon too short for a brave man, since there needed no more but to advance one step to make it long enough. To this I shall subjoin, by way of corollary, that there is no weapon long enough for a coward, who never thinks himself secure while he is within sight of his adversary's point. I would therefore advise these men of distinct courage, as they tender their honour, to shorten their dimensions, and reduce their tilts to a more reputable, as well as a more portable size.

No. 144.] Wednesday, August 26, 1713.

Sua cuique quum sit animi cogitatio,  
Colorque privus— *Phædr.* Prol. Lib. v. 7.

Every man has his peculiar way of thinking and acting.

It is a very just, and a common observation upon the natives of this island, that in their different degrees, and in their several professions and employments, they abound as much and perhaps more, in good sense than any people; and yet, at the same time there is scarce an



Englishman of any life and spirit, that has not some odd cast of thought, some original humour that distinguishes him from his neighbour. Hence it is that our comedies are enriched with such a diversity of characters, as is not to be seen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the masquerades that have been lately given to the town (though they are diversions we are not accustomed to) the singularities of dress were carried much farther than is usual in foreign countries, where the natives are trained up, as it were, from their infancy to those amusements. The very same measure of understanding, the very same accomplishments, the very same defects, shall, amongst us, appear under a quite different aspect in one man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to foreigners to enter into a thorough knowledge of the English, as it would be to learn the Chinese language, in which there is a different character for every individual word. I know not how to explain this vein of humour so obvious in my countrymen, better than by comparing it to what the French call *Le gout du terroir* in wines, by which they mean the different flavour one and the same grape shall draw from the different soils in which it is planted. This national mark is visible amongst us in every rank and degree of men, from the persons of the first quality and politest sense, down to the rudest and most ignorant of the people. Every mechanic has a peculiar cast of head and turn of wit, or some uncommon whim, as a characteristic that distinguishes him from others of his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a small-coal-man, who from beginning with two plain notes, which made up his daily cry, has made himself master of the whole compass of the gamut, and has frequent concerts of music at his own house, for the entertainment of himself and his friends. There is a person of great hospitality, who lives in a plastered cottage upon the road to Hampstead, and gets a superfluity of wealth, by accommodating holiday passengers with ale, brandy, pipes, tobacco, cakes, gingerbread, apples, pears, and other small refreshments of life; and on worky-days takes the air in his chaise, and recreates himself with the elegant pleasures of the *beaumonde*. The shining men amongst our mob, dignified by the title of ringleaders, have an inexhaustible fund of archness and raillery; as likewise have our sailors and watermen. Our very street-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the schoolmen term them. The other day a tattered wag followed me across the Mews with 'one farthing or halfpenny, good your honour, do your honour; and I shall make bold to pray for you.'

Shakspeare (who was a great copier of nature) whenever he introduces any artisans or low characters into his plays, never fails to dash them strongly with some distinguishing strain of humour, as may be seen more remarkably in the scene of the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*.

Though this singularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us seem whimsical to strangers; yet it furnishes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourselves, and diversifies all our conversations with

such a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his Essay upon Poetry, endeavours to account for the British humours in the following manner:

'This may proceed from the native plenty of our soil, the unequality of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of professing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neighbours have about them, but are forced to disguise, and thereby may come in time to be extinguished. Thus we come to have more originals, and more that appear what they are. We have more humour, because every man follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to show it. On the contrary, where the people are generally poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece. Where they serve hard masters, they must follow their examples, as well as commands, and are forced upon imitation in small matters, as well as obedience in great: so that some nations look as if they were cast all by one mould, or cut out all by one pattern, at least the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another. They seem all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and even their talk and conversation, as well as in the application and pursuit of their actions, and their lives. Besides all this, there is another sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another, than any nation I know; but we are more unlike ourselves too, at several times, and owe to our very air some ill qualities, as well as many good.'

Ours is the only country, perhaps, in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconstrained manner of living, that we owe in a great measure, the number of shining geniuses, which rise up amongst us from time to time, in the several arts and sciences, for the service and for the ornament of life. This frank and generous disposition in a people, will likewise never fail to keep up in their minds an aversion to slavery, and be, as it were, a standing bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever wit and humour continue, and the generality of us will have their own way of thinking, speaking, and acting, this nation is not like to give any quarter to an invader, and much less to bear with the absurdities of popery, in exchange for an established and a reasonable faith.

No. 145.] Thursday, August 27, 1713.

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.  
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 122.

Scorning all judges, and all law, but arms.  
Roscommon.

AMONGST the several challenges and letters which my paper of the twenty-fifth has brought upon me, there happens to be one, which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the archness of some wag, or the seri-

ous resentment of a coxcomb that vents his indignation with an insipid pertness. In either of these two lights I think it may divert my readers, for which reason I shall make no scruple to comply with the gentleman's request, and make his letter public.

'Tilt-yard Coffee-house.

'OLD TESTY.—Your gray hairs for once shall be your protection, and this billet a fair warning to you for your audacious rillery upon the dignity of long swords. Look to it for the future; consider we brothers of the blade are men of a "long reach:" think betimes,

"How many perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron."

It has always been held dangerous to play with edge-tools. I grant you, we men of valour are but awkward jesters; we know not how to repay joke for joke; but then we always make up in point what we want in wit. He that shall rashly attempt to regulate our hilts, or reduce our blades, had need to have a heart of oak, as well as "sides of iron." Thus much for the present. In the mean time, Bilbo is the word, remember that, and tremble.

'THO. SWAGGER.'

This jocose manner of bullying an old man, so long as it affords some entertainment to my friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However, my witty antagonist must give me leave, since he attacks me in proverbs, to exchange a thrust or two with him at the same weapons; and so let me tell Mr. Swagger, 'There is no catching old birds with chaff;' and that 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better.' 'Fore-warned, fore-armed.' Having despatched this combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the case of a person who is the very reverse of the former: the which he lays before me in the following epistle:

'WORTHY SIR,—I am the most unfortunate of men, if you do not speedily interpose with your authority in behalf of a gentleman, who, by his own example, has for these six months endeavoured, at the peril of his life, to bring little swords into fashion, in hopes to prevail upon the gentry by that means (winning them over inch by inch) to appear without any swords at all. It was my misfortune to call in at Tom's last night, a little fuddled, where I happened only to point towards an odd fellow with a monstrous sword, that made a ring round him as he turned upon his heel to speak to one or other in the room. Upon this peccadillo, the bloody-minded villain has sent me a challenge this morning. I tremble at the very thought of it, and am sick with the apprehension of seeing that weapon naked, which terrified me in the scabbard. The unconscionable ruffian desires, in the most civil terms, he may have the honour of measuring swords with me. Alas, sir, mine is not (hilt and all) above a foot and a half. I take the liberty of inclosing it to you in my wig-box, and shall be eternally obliged to you,

if upon sight of it, your compassion may be so far moved, as to occasion you to write a good word for me to my adversary, or to say any thing that may shame him into reason, and save at once the life and reputation of, sir, your most devoted slave,

'TIMOTHY BODKIN.'

GOOD MR. BODKIN.—The perusal of this paper will give you to understand, that your letter, together with the little implement you sent me in the band-box, came safe to my hands. From the dimensions of it I perceive your courage lies in a narrow compass. Suppose you should send this bravo the fellow to it, and desire him to meet you in a closet, letting him know at the same time, that you fight all your duels under lock and key, for the sake of privacy. But if this proposal seems a little too rash, I shall send my servant with your sword to the person offended, and give him instructions to tell him you are a little purblind, and dare not for that reason trust to a longer weapon, and that an inch in his body will do your business as well as an ell. Or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiously, my servant shall let him know, as from me, that he should meddle with his match; and that alone, if he be a man of honour, will make him reflect; if otherwise, (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give yourself no farther unnecessary fears; but rely upon the truth of my remarks upon the terribles. I have bethought myself of one expedient more for you, which seems to be the most likely to succeed. Send your own servant to wait upon the gentleman: let him carry with him your sword and a letter, in which you tell him, that, admiring the magnificence and grandeur of his weapon at Tom's, you thought it great pity so gallant a cavalier should not be completely armed; for which reason you humbly request, that you may have the honour of presenting him with a dagger. I am, sir, your faithful servant,  
NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I received a letter last week from one of my female wards, who subscribes herself Teraminta. She seems to be a lady of great delicacy, by the concern she shows for the loss of a small covering, which the generality of the sex have laid aside. She is in pain, and full of those fears which are natural in a state of virginity, lest any, the smallest part of her linen, should be in the possession of a man. In compliance therefore with her request, and to gratify her modesty so far as lies in my power, I have given orders to my printer to make room for her advertisement in this day's paper.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

August 19. 'Whereas, a modesty-piece was lost at the masquerade last Monday night, being the seventeenth instant, between the hours of twelve and one, the author of this paper gives notice, that if any person will put it into the hands of Mr. Daniel Button, to be returned to the owner, it shall, by her be acknowledged as the last favour, and no questions asked.

'N. B. It is of no use but to the owner.'



No. 146.]

Friday, August 28, 1713.

Primus hominum leonem manu tractare ausus, et ostendere mansuetum, Hanno è clarissimis Pœnorum traditur. *Plin.*

Hanno, a noble Carthaginian, is reported to have been the first man who ventured to handle a lion, and bring him up tame.

THE generality of my readers, I find, are so well pleased with the story of the lion, in my paper of the twentieth instant, and with my friend's design of compiling a history of that noble species of animals, that a great many ingenious persons have promised me their assistance to bring in materials for the work, from all the storehouses of ancient and modern learning, as well as from oral tradition. For a farther encouragement of the undertaking, a considerable number of virtuosi have offered, when my collection shall swell into a reasonable bulk, to contribute very handsomely, by way of subscription, towards the printing of them in folio, on a large royal paper, curiously adorned with variety of forests, deserts, rocks, and caves, and lions of all sorts and sizes, upon copper-plates, by the best hands. A rich old bachelor of Lion's-inn (who is zealous for the honour of the place in which he was educated) sends me word I may depend upon a hundred pounds from him, towards the embellishing of the work; assuring me, at the same time, that he will set his clerk to search the records, and inquire into the antiquities of that house, that there may be no stone left unturned to make the book complete. Considering the volumes that have been written upon insects and reptiles, and the vast expense and pains some philosophers have been at to discover, by the help of glasses, their almost imperceptible qualities and perfections; it will not, I hope, be thought unreasonable, if the lion (whose majestic form lies open to the naked eye) should take up a first-rate folio.

A worthy merchant, and a friend of mine, sends me the following letter, to be inserted in my commentaries upon lions.

'SIR,—Since one of your correspondents has of late entertained the public with a very remarkable and ancient piece of history, in honour of the grandees of the forest; and since it is probable you may in time collect a great many curious records and amazing circumstances, which may contribute to make these animals respected over the face of the whole earth; I am not a little ambitious to have the glory of contributing somewhat to so generous an undertaking. If you throw your work into the form of chronicle, I am in hopes I may furnish out a page in it towards the latter end of the volume, by a narration of a modern date, which I had in the year 1700, from the gentleman to whom it happened.

'About sixty years ago, when the plague raged at Naples, sir George Davis (consul there for the English nation) retired to Florence. It happened one day he went out of curiosity to see the great duke's lions. At the farther end, in one of the dens, lay a lion, which the keepers in three years' time could not tame, with all the art and gentle usage imaginable. Sir George

no sooner appeared at the grates of the den, but the lion ran to him with all the marks of joy and transport he was capable of expressing. He reared himself up and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in through the grates. The keeper, affrighted, took him by the arm and pulled him away, begging him not to hazard his life by going so near the fiercest creature of that kind that ever entered those dens. However, nothing would satisfy sir George, notwithstanding all that could be said to dissuade him, but he must go into the den to him. The very instant he entered, the lion threw his paws upon his shoulders, and licked his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning, and full of joy, like a dog at the sight of his master. After several embraces and salutations exchanged on both sides, they parted very good friends. The rumour of this interview between the lion and the stranger rung immediately through the whole city, and sir George was very near passing for a saint among the people. The great duke, when he heard of it, sent for sir George, who waited upon his highness to the den, and to satisfy his curiosity, gave him the following account of what seemed so strange to the duke and his followers.

"A captain of a ship from Barbary gave me this lion when he was a young whelp. I brought him up tame; but when I thought him too large to be suffered to run about the house, I built a den for him in my court-yard; from that time he was never permitted to go loose, except when I brought him within doors to show him to my friends. When he was five years old, in his gamesome tricks, he did some mischief by pawing and playing with people. Having griped a man one day a little too hard, I ordered him to be shot, for fear of incurring the guilt of what might happen; upon this a friend who was then at dinner with me, begged him: how he came here I know not."

'Here sir George Davis ended, and thereupon the duke of Tuscany assured him, that he had the lion from that very friend of his. I am, sir, your most obedient servant, and constant reader, &c.'

No. 147.] Saturday, August 29, 1713.

Bonum est fugienda aspicere alieno in malo.

*Publ. Syr.*

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

HAVING in my paper of the twenty-first of July, showed my dislike of the ridiculous custom of garnishing a new-married couple, and setting a gloss upon their persons, which is to last no longer than the honey-moon; I think it may be much for the emolument of my disciples of both sexes, to make them sensible in the next place, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expenses, and a more magnificent way of living immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be persons of any rank, they come into all public places, and go upon all visits with so gay an equipage, and so glittering an appearance, as if they were

making so many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the coach and six, the gaudy liveries, the supernumerary train of servants, the great house, the sumptuous table, the services of plate, the embroidered clothes, the rich brocades, and the profusion of jewels, that upon this occasion break out at once, are so many symptoms of madness in the happy pair, and prognostications of their future misery.

I remember a country neighbour of my lady Lizard's, squire Wiseacre by name, who enjoyed a very clear estate of five hundred pounds per annum, and by living frugally upon it was beforehand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Mrs. Fanny Flippant, the then reigning toast in those parts. In a word, he married her, and to give a lasting proof of his affection, consented to make both her and himself miserable by setting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in less than the space of five years, was reduced to starve in prison for debt; and his lady, with a son and three daughters, became a burden to the parish. The conduct of Frank Foresight was the very reverse to squire Wiseacre's. He had lived a bachelor some years about this town, in the best of companies; kept a chariot and four footmen, besides six saddle-horses; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his income; but when he married the beautiful Clarinda, (who brought him a plentiful fortune) he dismissed two of his footmen, four of the saddle-horses, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the use of his lady. Embroidered clothes and laced linen were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain druggot, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanliness and convenience. When any of his acquaintance asked him the reason of this sudden change, he would answer, 'In single life I could easily compute my wants, and provide against them; but the condition of life I am now engaged in, is attended with a thousand unforeseen casualties, as well as a great many distant, but unavoidable expenses. The happiness or misery, in this world, of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill husbandry. I shall never think I have discharged my duty until I have laid up a provision for three or four children at least.' 'But, prythee, Frank,' says a pert coxcomb that stood by, 'why shouldst thou reckon thy chickens before'—— upon which he cut him short, and replied, 'It is no matter; a brave man can never want heirs, while there is one man of worth living.' This precautionary way of reasoning and acting has proved to Mr. Foresight and his lady an uninterrupted source of felicity. Wedlock sits light and easy upon them; and they are at present happy in two sons and a daughter, who a great many years hence will feel the good effects of their parents' prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in some parts of Holland it is provided by law, that every man, before he marries, shall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumstances, as a pledge to the government for the mainte-

nance of his children. Every honest as well as every prudent man should do something equivalent to this, by retrenching all superfluous and idle expenses, instead of following the extravagant practice of persons, who sacrifice every thing to their present vanity, and never are a day beforehand in thought. I know not what delight splendid nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world: I could never be present at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I see the bride thoughtlessly jiggling it about the room, dishonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole assembly at the expense of her children's future subsistence. How singular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of wise men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds for a present in jewels; but before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. 'Sir,' replied Sophia, 'I thank you for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner; be pleased only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not,' continues she, 'at all fond of those expensive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence of them any diminution, to my happiness. I should be ashamed to appear in public for a few days in a dress which does not become me at all times. Besides, I see by that modest plain garb of yours, that you are not yourself affected with the gayety of apparel. When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my person clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others.' The gentleman, transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her with the money in new gold. She purchased an annuity with it; out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love; part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best deserving neighbours; and the small remainder she lays out in something useful for herself, or the children.

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No. 148.]

Monday, August 31, 1713.

—— Fas est et ab hoste doceri.

Ovid. Met. Lib. iv. 428.

'Tis good to learn even from an enemy.

THERE is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpose: 'That there are few, if any books, out of which a man of learning may not extract something for his use.' I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookseller's, I have taken the book next to my hand off the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yesterday when I came there, the Turkish tales happened to lie in my way: upon opening of that amusing



author, I happened to dip upon a short tale, which gave me a great many serious reflections. The very same fable may fall into the hands of a great many men of wit and pleasure, who, it is probable, will read it with their usual levity; but since it may as probably divert and instruct a great many persons of plain and virtuous minds, I shall make no scruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Christian, and is so very obvious, that I shall leave to every reader the pleasure of picking it out for himself. I shall only premise, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the holy scriptures.

### *The History of Santon Barsisa.*

There was formerly a santon whose name was Barsisa, which, for the space of a hundred years, very fervently applied himself to prayers; and scarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his residence, for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day-time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had such a great veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous distemper, the cause of which the physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing remedies by guess; but instead of helping the princess, they only augmented her disease. In the mean time the king was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his daughter; wherefore, one day, finding all human assistance vain, he declared it as his opinion that the princess ought to be sent to the santon Barsisa.

All the beys applauded his sentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the santon, who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not see such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus: 'O santon! don't let slip such a fortunate minute: tell the king's servants that it is requisite for the princess to pass this night in the grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to-morrow.'

How weak is man! the santon followed the devil's advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king's pleasure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barsisa, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his daughter with him. 'I consent,' said he, 'that she stay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfied on that head.'

When the officers had received the king's answer, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the

devil presented himself to the santon, saying, 'Canst thou let slip so favourable an opportunity with so charming a creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world, are too much prepossessed in your favour to give any credit to such a report. You may do any thing unpunished, when armed by the great reputation for wisdom which you have acquired.' The unfortunate Barsisa was so weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princess, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of a hundred years duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his crime, than a thousand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accosts the devil: 'Oh, wretch,' says he, 'it is thou which hast destroyed me! Thou hast encompassed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to seduce me; and now at last thou hast gained thy end.' 'Oh, santon!' answered the devil, 'do not reproach me with the pleasure thou hast enjoyed. Thou mayst repent; but what is unhappy for thee is, that the princess is impregnated, and thy sin will become public. Thou wilt become the laughing-stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the king will put thee to an ignominious death.'

Barsisa, terrified by this discourse, says to the devil, 'What shall I do to prevent the publication of my shame?' 'To hinder the knowledge of your crime, you ought to commit a fresh one,' answered the devil. 'Kill the princess, bury her at the corner of the grotto, and when the king's messengers come to-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the grotto very early in the morning. They will believe you, and search for her all over the city and country; and the king her father will be in great pain for her, but after several vain searches it will wear off.'

The hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this advice, killed the princess, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him say. They made diligent inquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the devil told them that all their search for the princess was vain; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the santon, he told them the place where she was interred.—The officers immediately went to the grotto, seized Barsisa, and found the princess's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corpse, and carried that and the santon to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations; and assembling the doctors, he laid the santon's crime before them, and asked their advice how he should be punished. All the doctors condemned him to death, upon which the king ordered him to be hanged. Accordingly, a gibbet was erected: the hermit went up the ladder, and when he was going to be turned off, the devil whispered in his ear these words: 'O, santon! if you will worship me, I will extricate you out of this dif-

faculty, and transport you two thousand leagues from hence, into a country where you shall be revered by men as much as you were before this adventure.' 'I am content,' says Barsisa; 'deliver me, and I will worship thee.' 'Give me first a sign of adoration,' replies the devil. Whereupon the santon bowed his head, and said, 'I give myself to you.' The devil then raising his voice, said, 'O, Barsisa, I am satisfied; I have obtained what I desired;' and with these words, spitting in his face, he disappeared; and the deluded santon was hanged.

No. 149.] Tuesday, September 1, 1713.

— Uratur vestis amore tuæ. Ovid.  
Your very dress shall captivate his heart.

I HAVE in a former precaution, endeavoured to show the mechanism of an epic poem, and given the reader prescriptions whereby he may, without the scarce ingredient of a genius, compose the several parts of that great work. I shall now treat of an affair of more general importance, and make dress the subject of the following paper.

Dress is grown of universal use in the conduct of life. Civilities and respect are only paid to appearance. It is a varnish that gives a lustre to every action, a *passee par tout* that introduces us into all polite assemblies, and the only certain method of making most of the youth of our nation conspicuous.

There was formerly an absurd notion among the men of letters, that to establish themselves in the character of wits, it was absolutely necessary to show a contempt of dress. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their conversation, took off the force of every expression, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they said. While the man of dress catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applause by way of compliment.

I shall lay down as an established maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no person can dress without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be discovered even in infancy. Little master will smile when you shake his plume of feathers before him, and thrust its little knuckles in papa's full-bottom; miss will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; she smacks her lips for a kiss at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frightened at the indecency of the house-maid's blue-apron: as she grows up, the dress of her baby begins to be her care, and you will see a genteel fancy open itself in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of sketch of dress, if I may so call it, among us, which, as the invention was foreign, is called a dishabille: every thing is thrown on with a loose and careless air; yet a genius discovers itself even through this negligence of dress, just as you may see the masterly hand of a painter in three or four swift strokes of the pencil.

The most fruitful in geniuses is the French nation; we owe most of our jauntty fashions now in vogue, to some adept beau among them. Their ladies exert the whole scope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; every head-dress undergoes a change; and not a lady of genius will appear in the same shape two days together; so that we may impute the scarcity of geniuses in our climate to the stagnation of fashions.

The ladies among us have a superior genius to the men; which have for some years past shot out in several exorbitant inventions for the greater consumption of our manufacture. While the men have contented themselves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various scallop of the pocket, the ladies have sunk the head-dress, inclosed themselves in the circumference of the hoop-petticoat; furbelows and flounces have been disposed of at will, the stays have been lowered behind, for the better displaying the beauties of the neck; not to mention the various rolling of the sleeve, and those other nice circumstances of dress upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleasure.

The sciences of poetry and dress have so near an alliance to each other, that the rules of the one, with very little variation, may serve for the other.

As in a poem, all the several parts of it must have a harmony with the whole; so to keep to the propriety of dress, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches, must be of the same piece.

As Aristotle obliges all dramatic writers to a strict observance of time, place, and action, in order to compose a just work of this kind of poetry; so it is absolutely necessary for a person that applies himself to the study of dress, to have a strict regard to these three particulars.

To begin with the time. What is more absurd than the velvet gown in summer? and what is more agreeable in the winter? The muff and fur are preposterous in June, which are charmingly supplied by the Turkey handkerchief and the fan. Every thing must be suitable to the season, and there can be no propriety in dress without a strict regard to time.

You must have no less respect to place. What gives a lady a more easy air than the wrapping gown in the morning at the tea-table? The Bath countenances the men of dress in showing themselves at the pump in their Indian night-gowns, without the least indecorum.

Action is what gives the spirit both to writing and dress. Nothing appears graceful without action; the head, the arms, the legs, must all conspire to give a habit a genteel air. What distinguishes the air of the court from that of the country but action? A lady, by the careless toss of her head, will show a set of ribands to advantage; by a pinch of snuff judiciously taken will display the glittering ornament of her little finger; by the new modelling her tucker, at one view present you with a fine turned hand, and a rising bosom. In order to be a proficient in action, I cannot sufficiently recommend the science of dancing; this will give the feet an easy gait, and the arms a gracefulness of motion. If a person have not a strict regard to these three above-mentioned rules of antiquity, the richest



dress will appear stiff and affected, and the most gay habit fantastical and tawdry.

As different sorts of poetry require a different style: the elegy, tender and mournful; the ode, gay and sprightly; the epic, sublime, &c. so must the widow confess her grief in the veil; the bride frequently makes her joy and exultation conspicuous in the silver brocade; and the plume and the scarlet dye is requisite to give the soldier a martial air. There is another kind of occasional dress in use among the ladies; I mean the riding-habit, which some have not indudiciously styled the hermaphroditical, by reason of its masculine and feminine composition; but I shall rather choose to call it the Pindaric, as its first institution was at a Newmarket horse-race, and as it is a mixture of the sublimity of the epic with the easy softness of the ode.

There sometimes arises a great genius in dress, who cannot content himself with merely copying from others, but will, as he sees occasion, strike out into the long pocket, slashed sleeve, or something particular in the disposition of his lace, or the flourish of his embroidery. Such a person, like the masters of other sciences, will show that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are some pretenders to dress who shine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. A dancing-master of the lowest rank seldom fails of the scarlet stocking and the red heel; and shows a particular respect to the leg and foot, to which he owes his subsistence; when at the same time perhaps all the superior ornament of his body is neglected. We may say of these sort of dressers what Horace says of his patch-work poets:

*'Purpureus late qui splendet unus et alter  
Assuitur pannus'* — Ars Poet. ver. 15.

— 'A few florid lines  
Shine thro' th' insipid dulness of the rest.'  
*Roscommon.*

Others who lay the stress of beauty in their face, exert all their extravagance in the periwig, which is a kind of index of the mind; the full-bottom, formally combed all before, denotes the lawyer and the politician; the smart tie-wig with a black riband, shows a man of fierceness of temper; and he that burdens himself with a superfluity of white hair which flows down the back, and mantles in waving curls over the shoulders, is generally observed to be less curious in the furniture of the inward recesses of the skull, and lays himself open to the application of that censure which Milton applies to the fair sex,

— 'of outward form  
Elaborate, of inward, less exact.'

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, so there is a constant succession of dress; the fringe succeeds the lace, the stays shorten or extend the waist, the riband undergoes divers variations, the head-dress receives frequent rises and falls every year; and in short, the whole woman

throughout, as curious observers of dress have remarked, is changed from top to toe, in the period of five years. A poet will now and then, to serve his purpose, coin a word, so will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion; but as Horace advises, that all new-minted words should have a Greek derivation to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the 'fountain of dress,' as Greece was of literature.

Dress may bear a parallel to poetry with respect to moving the passions. The greatest motive to love, as daily experience shows us, is dress. I have known a lady at sight fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time I have seen the awkward appearance of her rural humble servant move her indignation; she is jealous every time her rival hath a new suit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to disadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has she often found in the seducing full-bottom! who can tell the resistless eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold snuff-box, and the amber-headed cane!

I shall conclude these criticisms with some general remarks upon the milliner, the mantua-maker, and the lady's woman, these being the three chief on which all the circumstances of dress depend.

The milliner must be thoroughly versed in physiognomy; in the choice of ribands she must have a particular regard to the complexion, and must ever be mindful to cut the head-dress to the dimensions of the face. When she meets with a countenance of large diameter, she must draw the dress forward to the face, and let the lace encroach a little upon the cheek, which casts an agreeable shade, and takes off from its masculine figure; the little oval face requires the diminutive commode, just on the tip of the crown of the head: she must have a regard to the several ages of women: the head-dress must give the mother a more sedate mien than the virgin; and age must not be made ridiculous with the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty that is peculiar to the several stages of life, and as much propriety must be observed in the dress of the old, as the young.

The mantua-maker must be an expert anatomist; and must, if judiciously chosen, have a name of French termination; she must know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and must be able to mould the shape by the stays, so as to preserve the intestines, that while she corrects the body, she may not interfere with the pleasures of the palate.

The lady's woman must have all the qualities of a critic in poetry; as her dress, like the critic's learning, is at second-hand, she must, like him, have a ready talent at censure, and her tongue must be deeply versed in detraction; she must be sure to asperse the characters of the ladies of most eminent virtue and beauty, to indulge her lady's spleen; and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the most fawning sycophants to their patrons, so must our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery: she must

add sprightliness to her lady's air, by encouraging her vanity; give gracefulness to her step, by cherishing her pride; and make her show a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conquests. As a critic must stock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, she must be no less ready in the recital of all the beaux and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, she asserts, that the theory of any science is above the practice, and that it is not necessary to be able to set her own person off to advantage, in order to be a judge of the dress of others; and besides all those qualifications, she must be endued with the gift of secrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profession.

By what I have said, I believe my reader will be convinced, that notwithstanding the many pretenders, the perfection of dress cannot be attained without a genius; and shall venture boldly to affirm, that in all arts and sciences whatever, epic poetry excepted, (of which I formerly showed the knack or mechanism) a genius is absolutely necessary.

No. 150.] *Wednesday, September 2, 1713.*

—Nescio qua dulcedine læti,  
Progeniem nidosque fovent— *Virg. Georg. iv. 55.*

— with secret joy,  
Their young succession all their cares employ. *Dryden.*

I WENT the other day to visit Eliza, who in the perfect bloom of beauty is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head, to adorn the hair of the pretty trifter. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in, she said with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction; since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? Or is it, because they think themselves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These

will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man; what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness in human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it, to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should methinks create a more grateful tenderness in children toward their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story of tender friendships formed betwixt men who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction implanted by Providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure, which he shall relate in his own words.

'I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew not me, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German;



that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me; and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her hair and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex. The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life; when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole, whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German, which, when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day, I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it; but how great was my surprise, when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young

lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, "Are not these my children?" The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, "Ah, my dear child," said I, "yes, I am your father." I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively emotions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite.

No. 151.] *Thursday, September 3, 1713.*

*Accipiat sane mercedem sanguinis, et sic  
Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem.*

*Juv. Sat. i. 42.*

A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,  
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid;  
With looks as wan, as he who, in the brake,  
At unawares has trod upon a snake. *Dryden.*

*'To the Guardian.*

'OLD NESTOR,—I believe you distance me not so much in years as in wisdom, and therefore since you have gained so deserved a reputation, I beg your assistance in correcting the manners of an untoward lad, who perhaps may listen to your admonitions, sooner than to all the severe checks, and grave reproofs of a father. Without any longer preamble, you must know, sir, that about two years ago, Jack, my eldest son and heir, was sent up to London, to be admitted of the Temple, not so much with a view of his studying the law, as a desire to improve his breeding. This was done out of complaisance to a cousin of his, an airy lady, who was continually teasing me, that the boy would shoot up into a mere country booby, if he did not see a little of the world. She herself was bred chiefly in town, and since she was married into the country, neither looks, nor talks, nor dresses like any of her neighbours, and is grown the admiration of every one but her husband. The latter end of last month some important business called me up to town, and the first thing I did, the next morning about ten, was to pay a visit to my son at his chambers; but as I began to knock at the door, I was interrupted by the bed-maker in the staircase, who told me her master seldom rose till about twelve, and about one I might be sure to find him drinking tea. I bid her somewhat hastily hold her prating, and open the door, which accordingly she did. The first thing I observed upon the table was the secret amours of ———, and by it stood a box of pills: on a chair lay a snuff-box with a fan half broke, and on the floor a pair of foils. Having seen this furniture, I entered his bed-chamber, not without some noise; whereupon, he began to

swear at his bed-maker (as he thought) for disturbing him so soon, and was turning about for the other nap, when he discovered such a thin, pale, sickly visage, that had I not heard his voice, I should never have guessed him to have been my son. How different was this countenance from that ruddy, hale complexion, which he had at parting with me from home! After I had waked him, he gave me to understand, that he was but lately recovered out of a violent fever, and the reason why he did not acquaint me with it, was, lest the melancholy news might occasion too many tears among his relations, and be an unsupportable grief to his mother. To be short with you, old Nestor, I hurried my young spark down into the country along with me, and there am endeavouring to plump him up, so as to be no disgrace to his pedigree; for, I assure you, it was never known in the memory of man, that any one of the family of the Ringwoods ever fell into a consumption, except Mrs. Dorothy Ringwood, who died a maid at forty-five. In order to bring him to himself, and to be one of us again, I make him go to bed at ten, and rise half an hour past five; and when he is pulling for bohea tea and cream, I place upon a table a jolly piece of cold roast beef, or well powdered ham, and bid him eat and live; then take him into the fields to observe the reapers, how the harvest goes forwards. There is nobody pleased with his present constitution but his gay cousin, who spirits him up, and tells him, he looks fair, and is grown well-shaped; but the honest tenants shake their heads, and cry, "Lack-a-day, how thin is poor young master fallen!" The other day, when I told him of it, he had the impudence to reply, "I hope, sir, you would not have me as fat as Mr. ——. Alas! what would then become of me? how would the ladies pish at such a great monstrous thing!"—If you are truly, what your title imports, a Guardian, pray, sir, be pleased to consider what a noble generation must, in all probability, ensue from the lives which the town-bred gentlemen too often lead. A friend of mine, not long ago, as we were complaining of the times, repeated two stanzas out of my lord Roscommon, which, I think, may here be applicable:

"'Twas not the spawn of such as these,  
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,  
And quash'd the stern Æacides;  
Made the proud Asian monarch feel  
How weak his gold was against Europe steel:  
Fore'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield,  
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal field;  
But soldiers of a rustic mould,  
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold.  
Either they dug the stubborn ground,  
Or thro' hewn woods their weighty strokes did sound:  
And after the declining sun  
Had changed the shadows, and their task was done,  
Home with their weary team they took their way,  
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labours of the day."

'I am, sir, your very humble servant,  
'JONATHAN RINGWOOD.

'P. S. I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in my son's anti-chamber, I found upon the table the following bill:

"Sold to Mr. Jonathan Ring- } £ s. d.  
wood, a plain muslin head and } 1 18 6  
ruffles, with colbertine lace, }

"Six pair of white kid gloves } £ s. d.  
for madam Sally, } 0 14 0

"Three handkerchiefs for madam } 0 15 0  
Sally, }

'In his chamber window I saw his shoe-maker's bill, with this remarkable article:

"For Mr. Ringwood, three pair } 3 0 0  
of laced shoes, }

'And in the drawer of the table was the following billet:

"MR. RINGWOOD,—I desire, that because you are such a country booby, that you forget the use and care of your snuff-box, you would not call me thief. Pray see my face no more. Your abused friend,  
SARAH GALLOP."

'Under these words my hopeful heir had writ, "Memorandum, To send her word I have found my box, though I know she has it."'

No. 152.] Friday, September 4, 1713.

Quin potius pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos  
Exercemus— Virg. Æn. iv. 99.

Rather in leagues of endless peace unite,  
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer, or Plato, or any other of those heroes in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated Shakspeare's style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

I have also, by this means, revived several antiquated ways of writing, which, though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human passions are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman Spenser is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and, if possible, to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spenser, and in order to it, contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-



eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by Fortitude; that of the female by Beauty. Fortitude began the onset on Beauty, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not Wisdom come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by Cunning, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. Cunning was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of Wisdom. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it, gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called Patience, and on the female side by a general known by the name of Scorn. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding; when on a sudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a draweansir, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was Lust. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of Modesty. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by men, Honour, and by the gods, Pride. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the female army, fell in

among the males, where he made a more terrible havoc than on the other side. He was here opposed by Reason, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And in order to it, drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of Virtue, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was Love, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys, that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another.

The last general of neutrals that appeared in the field, was Hymen, who marched immediately after Love, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. Love generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes, pair by pair, to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, Ambition and Avarice had taken on them the garb and habit of Love, by which means they often imposed on Hymen, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors.

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No. 153.] Saturday, September 5, 1713.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.

*Virg. Georg. iv. 3.*

A mighty pomp, though made of little things.

*Dryden.*

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ,—'Pride was not made for man.' There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his

will, or in his present condition that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are, notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of his passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred until such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.


If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers; the pismire of substance and day-labourers; the white-straw officer and his sycophants; with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections, regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth: or in the language of an ingenious French poet; of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions. 

No. 154.]

Monday, September 7, 1713.

*Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum.*

*Virg. Georg. iv. 441.*

All shapes, the most prodigious, they assume.

I QUESTION not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the late masquerade, as it will recall into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and at the same time be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form from hence some idea of this fashionable amusement.

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esq. Per via leonis.*

SIR,—I could scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the ambassador, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness of his Burgundy and Champaign, the gayety of his masquerades, with the odd fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight solemnities. The noise these diversions made, at last raised my curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addresses to, one of a sprightly humour, and a great admirer of such novelties. In order to it, I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I drest myself in it, and acted before the look-



ing-glass, so that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part as most who had oftener frequented those diversions. You must understand I personated a devil, and that for several weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better-bred part of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception, they are called familiars, I fancied I should in this character be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the truth, what persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing lady say, in a large company of females, who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length, when the long-wished-for evening came, which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned topsy-turvy, women changed into men, and men into women, children in leading-strings seven feet high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses. I fancied I had all Ovid's *Metamorphoses* before me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

———"worse

Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,  
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire." *Milton.*

'In the middle of the first room, I met with one drest in a shroud. This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a death's head at a feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the gentleman whether he thought a dead man was fit company for such an assembly; but he told me that he was one who loved his money, and that he considered this dress would serve him another time. This walking corpse\* was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood up like a steeple over the heads of the whole assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female quaker, to all outward appearance; but was surprised to hear her cry out, "D—n you, you son of a —!" upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a sudden, resuming her character, "Verily," says she, "I was to blame; but thou hast bruised me sorely." A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a shepherdess, for having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very masculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a presbyterian parson, who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring-gardens to-morrow night. The next object I saw was a chimney-sweeper made up of black crape and velvet, with a huge diamond in his mouth, making love to a butterfly. On a sudden I found myself among a flock of bats, owls, and lawyers. But what took up my attention

most, was one dressed in white feathers that represented a swan. He would fain have found out a Leda among the fair sex, and indeed was the most unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in a discourse with a running-footman; but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a Turkish emperor whispered me in the ear, desiring me "to use him civilly, for that it was his master." I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a woman hung with little looking-glasses. She had a great many that followed her as she passed by me, but I would not have her value herself upon that account, since it was plain they did not follow so much to look upon her as to see themselves. The next I observed was a nun making an assignation with a heathen god; for I heard them mention the Little Piazza in Covent-garden. I was by this time exceeding hot and thirsty; so that I made the best of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no sooner presented myself before the table, but a magician seeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and seemed to do me homage. I was at a loss to account for his behaviour, until I recollected who I was; this however drew the eyes of the servants upon me, and immediately procured me a glass of excellent Champaign. The magician said I was a spirit of an adust and dry constitution; and desired that I might have another refreshing glass: adding withal, that it ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand, and drank it off to the magician. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next room, where we danced a rigadon together. I was here a little offended at a jackanapes of a scaramouch, that cried out, "Avant Satan;" and gave me a little tap on my left shoulder with the end of his lath sword. As I was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a well-shaped person that stood at my left-hand, in the figure of a bell-man, cried out with a suitable voice, "Past twelve o'clock." This put me in mind of bed-time. Accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian king, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded my habit very attentively, and after having turned me about once or twice, asked me "whom I had been tempting?" I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touched me, and was still in greater disorder, upon my hearing his voice. In short, I found after a little discourse with him, that his Indian majesty was my dear Leonora, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let me pass by her unobserved. Her awkward manliness made me guess at her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This masquerade did more for me than a twelvemonth's courtship: for it inspired her with such tender sentiments, that I married her the next morning.

'How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a masquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reason to hope the best, Leonora having assured me it was the first, and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an entertainment.

'And now, sir, having given you the history

\* Corpse.

of this strange evening, which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that you will oblige the world with a dissertation on masquerades in general, that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion, as in particular of a lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was present at the first of these entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange) an old man with a long beard, who was got with child by a milk-maid. But in cases of this nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumours, I shall only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of these matters, and am, sir, &c.

LUCIFER.



No. 155.] Tuesday, September 8, 1713.

— Libelli stoici inter sericos  
Jacere pulvillos amant. *Hor. Epod. viii. 15.*

The books of stoics ever chose  
On silken cushions to repose.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? Why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady Lizard, in the space of one summer, furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters' working; and at the same time heard all doctor Tillotson's sermons twice over. It was always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over the Plurality of Worlds. It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheesecake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have that natural gift of speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right?

Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours. Could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be a great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters, namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned, when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side!

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a stoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous she cynic, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind; but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The emperor Theodosius being about the age of one-and-twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the



learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means that religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor, her brother Theodosius. The character she gave, made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudisia; after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church, as the ornament of her sex. [F]

No. 156.] Wednesday, September 9, 1713.

—Magni formica laboris

Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo,  
 Quem struit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.  
 Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,  
 Non usquam prorepat, et illis utitur ante  
 Quæsitis patiens— Hor. Lib. i. Sat. i. 33.

As the small ant (for she instructs the man,  
 And preaches labour) gathers all she can,  
 And brings it to increase her heap at home,  
 Against the winter, which she knows will come:  
 But, when that comes she creeps abroad no more,  
 But lies at home, and feasts upon her store. Creech.

In my last Saturday's paper I supposed a mole-hill inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

'In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaster, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed

with water, made a kind of dry and barren soil. That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

'Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

'I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn but in the night, when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day time: which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day time. It is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away, in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear,

they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

'There is a straight hole in every ant's nest, about half an inch deep, and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

'The corn that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

'They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, until the heat was over.

'If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion, nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and, therefore, those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

'As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together could not come out of an ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

'When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round the earth. Thus, one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and

then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

'Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon. The sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas, the Milan almanack had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

'I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of the garret. I went very frequently into that garret. There was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.


'I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

'Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept; and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopped all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance; and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains. They went up and down a great way, looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

'The window upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence,



that an ant works as hard as a man who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground: but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her backside upwards! None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they made in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nests, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home. When this happens, they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

'I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains. When she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march. Such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws. She was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times. Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: she stopt; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws when they are climbing up; they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough: they do not require so great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable of it.' 

nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn which I had laid up for them, I resolved to show it to them.

'In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success. The thing will appear incredible to those who never considered that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after, all my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise, how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter. We read it in holy scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shows the contrary.

'I have said before, that there were three ants' nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However, there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes, seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger. It was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

'Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain, yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects. Ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or

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No. 157.] Thursday, September 10, 1713.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways and be wise. *Prov. vi. 6.*

It has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them. The preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All

something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest in the day-time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order. They removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, inasmuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain: they laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaster, one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any encumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants' nests that were troubled with the rain. As for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

'M. de la Loubere says, in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees. No ants' nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what that author says about those insects: you may see his relation.

'Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same ground, where I had three ants' nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of a terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants, much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ant's nest, and laid, as it were, the foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it.—They went away in less than two hours; which made me believe that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

'Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was much surprised to see the ants' nests which I had destroyed, very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could get,

into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

'An ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, to put her into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole. Many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes chose rather to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry them in.

'They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary. They lend their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine all those things; and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves. Perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

'They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees. Their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground when they are afraid of thieves. It is said that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms; but they turn them out and kill them. I observed that they punish those ants which probably had been



wanting to their duty; nay, sometimes they killed them; which they did in the following manner: Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking, they live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace if they have no occasion for any discipline.

'Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their lives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants: they have nothing of their own; a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock. It is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community; there is no distinction between a private and a common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

'Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

'I had almost forgot to tell you, sir, that mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poison for them; and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case: perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to mercury.' [F]

No. 158.] Friday, September 11, 1713.

Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna;  
Castagatque, auditque dolos; subigitque fateri  
Quæ quis apud superos, furto letatus inani,  
Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.

*Virg. Æn. vi. 566.*

These are the realms of unrelenting fate:  
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.  
He hears and judges each committed crime;  
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.  
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,  
Loth to confess, unable to conceal,  
From the first moment of his vital breath,  
To the last hour of unrepenting death. Dryden.

I WAS yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural

state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work, or asleep. In short their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that 'the day hangs heavy on them,' that 'they do not know what to do with themselves,' that 'they are at a loss how to pass away their time,' with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled 'reasonable beings.' How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments! Who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse! In a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, 'What they had been doing?' Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. 'Madam,' says he to the first of them, 'you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while?' 'Doing!' says she, 'really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect.' After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. 'And you, madam,' says the judge, 'that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year; what have you been doing all this while?' 'I had a great deal of business on my hands,' says she, 'being taken up the first twelve years of my life, in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances.' 'Very well,' says he, 'you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her!' The next was a plain country-woman. 'Well, mistress,' says Rhadamanthus, 'and what have you been doing?' 'An't please your worship,' says she, 'I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made

him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country.' Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. 'And you, fair lady,' says he, 'what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years?' 'I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir,' said she. 'That is well,' said he; 'but what good have you been doing?' The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked, what she had been doing? 'Truly,' says she, 'I lived three-score and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with, from falling into the like errors and miscarriages.' 'Very well,' says Rhadamanthus, 'but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?' 'Why, truly,' says she, 'I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own.' 'Madam,' says Rhadamanthus, 'be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you.' 'Old gentlewoman,' says he, 'I think you are four-score. You have heard the question, What have you been doing so long in the world?' 'Ah, sir,' says she, 'I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end.' 'Madam,' says he, 'you will please to follow your leader;' and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, 'I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it.' Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar; and being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty years that she had passed in the

world,' 'I have endeavoured,' says she, 'ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays——' Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth; but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life; lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.' □

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No. 159.] *Saturday, September 12, 1713.*

*Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu  
Mortale corpus, vel superbos  
Vertere funeribus triumphos.*

*Hor. Lib. 1. Od. xxxv. 2.*

Whose force is strong, and quick to raise  
The lowest to the highest place;  
Or with a wond'rous fall

To bring the haughty lower,  
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral. *Creech.*

'SIR,—Having read over your paper of Tuesday last, in which you recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair sex, who have much time lying upon their hands, and among other motives make use of this, that several women, thus accomplished, have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of honour and fortune: I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you is matter of fact.

'About twelve years ago, I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and



no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which, as they managed, it was scarce sufficient for their ordinary expenses. Miss Betty had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about Miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to Miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work; but Miss always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

'About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to Miss Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty rejected him with disdain. Inasmuch, that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.


'Meanwhile days and years went on, Miss lived high, and learnt but little, most of her time being employed in reading plays and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after, I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what inquiry I could; and I must own I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to me: "Madam," said I, "are not you Mrs. such-a-one?" At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving

me an answer; but I stopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant; but supposing her to be the first, "I am glad, madam," said I, "after having long inquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place." These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself; but as soon as she was able to speak, "Sir," said she, "you are mistaken; I am but a servant." Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. "Alas, sir," said she, "my condition is much better than I deserve, I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal. You know her very well, and have often seen her with me." To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter, whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own, or her husband's acquaintance, so they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or a companion, than like a servant.

'I went home full of this strange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion, the usual pleasures of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have burst, which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

'About a fortnight after, I received from him the following letter.

"DEAR SIR,—I am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was reduced to a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of showing her the constant and sincere affection which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity."

Yours, R. T.' 

No. 160.] Monday, September 14, 1713.

Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis.  
*Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. i. ver. ult.*

IMITATED.

My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.  
*Pope.*

FROM writing the history of lions, I lately went off to that of ants; but to my great surprise, I find that some of my good readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it that my last Thursday and Friday's papers are full of concealed satire, and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling, ever since that ingenious person the Examiner, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *expect*.

But I shall for the future leave my friend to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning ants or pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either whig or tory; and I could heartily wish, that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

'MR. IRONSIDE,—I have laid a wager with a friend of mine about the pigeons that used to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I say that by these pigeons you meant the Palatines. He will needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the strings which frightened them away were pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is very considerable, and you will much oblige two of your

'DAILY READERS.'

'OLD IRON,—Why so rusty? will you never leave your innuendoes? Do you think it hard

to find out who is the tulip in your last Thursday's paper? Or can you imagine that three nests of ants is such a disguise, that the plainest reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of a neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demolished. Your ants are enemies to rain, are they! old Birmingham: no more of your ants, if you don't intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

WILL WASP.'

'DEAR GUARDIAN,—Calling in yesterday at a coffee-house in the city, I saw a very short, corpulent, angry man reading your paper about the ants. I observed that he reddened and swelled over every sentence of it. After having perused it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffee-house to him, and asked her in a magisterial voice, if she knew what she did in taking in such papers! The woman was in such a confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpose in her behalf, and asked him whether he had found any thing in it of dangerous import? "Sir," said he, "it is a republican paper from one end to the other, and if the author had his deserts"—He here grew so exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; till after having recovered himself, he laid his finger upon the following sentence, and read it with a very stern voice—"Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurors: and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy: for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment." Then throwing the paper upon the table—"Sir," says he, "these things are not to be suffered—I would engage out of this sentence to draw up an indictment that"—He here lost his voice a second time in the extremity of his rage; and the whole company, who were all of them tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down his penny in great wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.

'This, sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversify your papers with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or animals; this being a subject which the most common reader is capable of understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides that, it highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the several parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful and different kinds of instinct as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve their species in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in speculations of this nature; which, instead of inflaming those unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up most of our thoughts, may divert our minds to sub-



jects that are useful, and suited to reasonable creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for your purpose, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous science to qualify the reader for the understanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a shame for men to be ignorant of these worlds of wonders which are transacted in the midst of them, and not be acquainted with those objects which are every where before their eyes. To which I might further add, that several are of opinion, there is no other use in many of these creatures than to furnish matter of contemplation and wonder to those inhabitants of the earth, who are its only creatures that are capable of it. I am, sir, your constant reader, and humble servant.'

After having presented my reader with this set of letters, which are all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim, never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,—As you are a person that very eminently distinguish yourself in the promotion of the public good, I desire your friendship in signifying to the town what concerns the greatest good of life, health. I do assure you, sir, there is in a vault under the Exchange in Cornhill, over-against Pope's-head-alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the seeds of good humour, cheerfulness, and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is no such thing as bribery in liquors; therefore I shall presume to send you of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with integrity to recommend what you do not understand by experience. In the mean time please to insert this, that every man may judge for himself. I am, sir, &c.'

No. 161.] Tuesday, September 15, 1713.

—Incoctum generoso pectus honesto.  
*Pers. Sat. ii. 74.*

A genuine virtue of a vigorous kind,  
Pure in the last recesses of the mind. *Dryden.*

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper, therefore, is chiefly designed for those who, by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be actuated by this glorious principle.

But as religion is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I

shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men: First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it: Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it: and Thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.


I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

"Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,  
That adorns and strengthens virtue where it meets her,  
And imitates her actions where she is not.  
It ought not to be sported with." *Cato.*

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and, at the same time, run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined

several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hopes of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young inexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakspeare's phrase, 'are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men,' whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue. 

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No. 162.] Wednesday, September 16, 1713.

*Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animos hominum, et ad usus suos adjungere.* Cicero.

The art of prudence lies in gaining the esteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage.

I WAS the other day in company at my lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country squires that set up for plain honest gentlemen who speak their minds. Tom is, in short, a lively, impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, 'If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five-and-twenty!' I endeavoured to divert the discourse; when, without taking

notice of what I said, 'Mr. Ironside,' says he, 'you fill my cousins' heads with your fine notions, as you call them; can you teach them to make a pudding?' I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic railery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and economy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what Shakspeare reckons among other evils under the sun)

—'The proud man's contumely,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,'

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenious complaisance as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, 'a constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently.' I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

'Schacabac being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The barmecide was sitting at his table that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him



how he liked his rice soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, "if I did not like it, you may be sure," says he, "I should not eat so heartily of it." "You oblige me mightily," replied the barmecide, "pray, let me help you to this leg of a goose." Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness.

As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistachio nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up, "here is a dish," says he, "that you will see at nobody's table but my own." Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, "which is like nothing," says he, "I ever eat before." Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible dessert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the barmecide told him was a sweet-meat of his own invention. Schacabac at length being courteously reproached by the barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same time being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. "Come then," says the barmecide, "the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia." He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however, being prest to it, he pretended to take it off, having beforehand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, "Sir," says he, "I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink." The barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and instead of being angry at him, "I find," says he, "thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest." Upon which, calling for his supper, the rice soup, the goose, the pistachio lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines, were served up successively, one after another: and Schacabac was feasted in reality with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.



[No. 163.] Thursday, September 17, 1713.

—miserum est aliena vivere quadra.

Juv. Sat. v. 2.

How wretched he, by cruel fortune crost,  
Who never dines but at another's cost.

WHEN I am disposed to give myself a day's rest, I order the lion to be opened, and search into that magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himself in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded no man of sense would treat him. Even the lawyer and the physician to a man of quality, expect to be used like gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging that dispute, whether the chaplain or the master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, doctor Hicckes and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain, since in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only controversy, between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be, which should promote the good designs and interests of each other most; and for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance in a great estate or title, that it qualifies a man for choosing out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received from one of this order, is as follows:

"MR. GUARDIAN,—I hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions, but also in the solution of them.

"I have had the honour many years of being chaplain to a noble family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

"Whilst my old lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctify and garnish a feast, but treated as a gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *sensor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly with "Prosperity to the church" in my mouth. I declare solemnly, sir, that I have heard nothing from all the fine gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable, for half a year, than that one young lord was seven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse they went upon, but to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and show all the actions of uneasiness

till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to use the words in an old comedy, "I find by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be private." I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at; since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with Christianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dessert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron; but how long I shall be invested with this privilege, I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my old lord's time, begin to brush very familiarly by me, and thrust aside my chair when they set the sweet-meats on the table. I have been born and educated a gentleman, and desire you will make the public sensible, that the Christian priesthood was never thought, in any age or country, to debase the man who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the least, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant, G. W.'

'VENERABLE NESTOR,—I was very much pleased with your paper of the seventh instant, in which you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, written by the famous sir Thomas More. It is inscribed to a friend of his, who was then seeking out a wife; he advises him on that occasion to overlook wealth and beauty, and if he desires a happy life, to join himself with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this last head are as follow:

"Proculque stulta sit, Sinu quiescere:  
Parvis labellulis, Dum grata te foveat;  
Semper loquacitas; Manuque mobili  
Proculque rusticum Dum plectra personat;  
Semper silentium. Et voce (qua nec est,  
Sit illa, vel modo Progne, sororculæ  
Instructa literis; Tuæ suavior)  
Vel talis, ut modo Amœna cantillat,  
Sit apta literis, Apollo quæ velit  
Felix quævis bene Audire carmina.  
Priscis ab omnibus Jam te juvaverit  
Possit libellulis Sermone blandulo  
Vitam beantia Docto tamen, dies  
Haurire dogmata: Noctesque ducere;  
Armata cum quibus, Notare verbula  
Nec illa prosperis Mellita, maximis  
Superba turgeat; Non absque gratiis,  
Nec illa turbidis Ab ore melleo  
Miscella lugeat, Semper fluentia:  
Prostrata casibus, Quibus coërceat,  
Jucunda sic erit Si quando te levet  
Semper nec unquam erit Inane gaudium;  
Gravis, molestave Quibus levaverit,  
Vitæ comes tuæ; Si quando deprimat  
Quæ docta parvulos Te mœror anxius.  
Docebit, et tuos Certabit in quibus  
Cum lacte literas Summa eloquentia,  
Olim nepotulos Jam cum omnium gravi  
Jam te juvaverit Rerum scienia.  
Viros relinquare, Talem olim ego putem  
Doctæque conjugis Et vatis Orphei

Fuisse conjugem; (Qua nulla charior  
Nec unquam ab inferis Unquam fuit patri,  
Curasset improbo Quo nemo doctor)  
Labore fœminam Fuisse Tulliam:  
Referre rusticum: Talisque, quæ tulit  
Fuisse credimus Græchos duos, fuit;  
Nasonis inclytam, Quæ quos tulit, bonis  
Quæ vel patrem queat Instruxit artibus;  
Æquare carmine, Nec profuit minus  
Fuisse filiam: Magistra, quam pa-  
Talemque suspicor rens."

'The sense of this elegant description is as follows:

"May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, not always prattling nonsense! May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even, cheerful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the society of men into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing, and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will sooth you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

"Such was doubtless the wife of Orpheus; for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia, as she is celebrated by the most learned and the most fond of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their instructor, than their parent."

No. 164.] Friday, September 18, 1713.

—simili frondescit virga metallo.  
*Virg. Æn. vi. 144.*

The same rich metal glitters on the tree.

An eminent prelate of our church observes, that 'there is no way of writing so proper for the refining and polishing a language, as the translating of books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent skill of the one tongue, and is a master of the other. When a man writes his own thoughts, the heat of his fancy, and the quickness of his mind, carry him so much after the notions themselves, that for the most part he is too warm to judge of the aptness of words, and the justness of figures; so



that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them : but when a man translates, he has none of these heats about him ; and therefore the French took no ill method, when they intended to reform and beautify their language, in setting their best writers on work to translate the Greek and Latin authors into it.' Thus far this learned prelate.

And another, lately deceased, tells us, that 'the way of leaving verbal translations, and chiefly regarding the sense and genius of the author, was scarce heard of in England before this present age.'

As for the difficulty of translating well, every one, I believe, must allow my lord Roscommon to be in the right, when he says,

'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,  
But good translation is no easy art :  
For tho' materials have long since been found,  
Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound ;  
And by improving what was writ before,  
Invention labours less, but judgment more.'

Dryden judiciously remarks, that 'a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself.' And a too close and servile imitation, which the same poet calls 'treading on the heels of an author,' is deservedly laughed at by sir John Denham ; 'I conceive it,' says he, 'a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*. Let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith ; but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts ; for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy ; and poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new spirit is not added in the transposition, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words, and whosoever offers at verbal translation, shall have the misfortune of that young traveller, who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it. For the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase.'

After this collection of authorities out of some of our greatest English writers, I shall present my reader with a translation, in which the author has conformed himself to the opinion of these great men. The beauty of the translation is sufficient to recommend it to the public, without acquainting them that the translator is Mr. Eusden of Cambridge : who obliged them in the Guardian of August the sixth, with the Court of Venus out of the same Latin poet, which was highly applauded by the best judges in performances of this nature.

*The Speech of Pluto to Proserpine, from the second book of her Rape, by Claudian.*

'Cease, cease, fair nymph, to lavish precious tears,  
And discompose your soul with airy fears.  
Look on Sicilia's glittering courts with scorn ;  
A nobler sceptre shall that hand adorn.

Imperial pomp shall sooth a gen'rous pride ;  
The bridegroom never will disgrace the bride.  
If you above terrestrial thrones aspire,  
From heaven I spring, and Saturn was my sire.  
The power of Pluto stretches all around,  
Uncircumscribed by nature's utmost bound ;  
Where matter mouldering dies, where forms decay  
Thro' the vast trackless void extends my sway.  
Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,  
Nor tremble at this interval of night ;  
A fairer scene shall open to your view,  
An earth more verdant, and a heaven more blue ;  
Another Phœbus gilds those happy skies,  
And other stars, with purer flames, arise.  
There chaste adorers shall their praises join,  
And with the choicest gifts enrich your shrine,  
The blissful climes no change of ages knew,  
The golden first began, and still is new.  
That golden age your world awhile could boast,  
But here it flourished and was never lost.  
Perpetual zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant bowers ;  
And painted meads smile with unbidden flowers ;  
Flowers of immortal bloom and various hue ;  
No rival sweets in your own Etna grew.  
In the recess of a cool sylvan glade  
A monarch tree projects no vulgar shade.  
Encumbered with their wealth, the branches bend,  
And golden apples to their reach descend.  
Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,  
The yellow harvest will increase the more.  
But I too long on trifling themes explain,  
Nor speak th' unbounded glories of your reign.  
Whole nature owns your power : Whate'er have birth  
And live, and move o'er all the face of earth ;  
Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns sleep,  
Or sportive roll along the foamy deep ;  
Or on stiff pinions airy journeys take  
Or cut the floating stream or stagnant lake :  
In vain they labour to preserve their breath  
And soon fall victims to your subject, Death.  
Unnumbered triumphs swift to you he brings,  
Hail ! goddess of all sublunary things !  
Empires, that sink above, here rise again,  
And worlds unpeopled crowd th' Elysian plain.  
The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the slave,  
Know no superior honours in the grave.  
Proud tyrants once, and laureled chiefs shall come,  
And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.  
The impious, forc'd, shall then their crimes disclose,  
And see past pleasures teem with future woes ;  
Deplore in darkness your impartial sway,  
While spotless souls enjoy the fields of day.  
When ripe for second birth, the dead shall stand,  
In shivering throngs on the Lethæan strand,  
That shade whom you approve shall first be brought  
To quaff oblivion in the pleasing draught,  
Whose thread of life, just spun, you would renew,  
But nod, and Clotho shall rewind the clue.  
Let no distrust of power your joys abate,  
Speak what you wish, and what you speak is fate.  
The ravisher thus soothed the weeping fair,  
And checked the fury of his steeds with care :  
Possessed of beauty's charms, he calmly rode,  
And love first softened the relentless god.'

No. 165.] Saturday, September 19, 1713.

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile——

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xix. 17.

Examples, vice can imitate, deceive. Creech.

It is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him ; if they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him ; if less, they submit their understandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dulness of a father often extin-

gushes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it; and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits at the helm of affairs, should give an example of good sense to those who are under them in these little domestic governments.


If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely, and swearing after the father, and see the daughters either familiarized to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his lord. He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not indeed lie within his power; but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the master of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that great philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times as a prodigy of science. His wife Theano wrote several books, and after his death taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by

numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having conversed with a man? 'If it were her husband,' says she, 'the next day; if a stranger, never.' Pythagoras had by this wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, Telauges and Mnesarchus, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean school. Arignote was one of the daughters, whose writings were extant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters, in whose hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. Myla was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was so signally virtuous, that for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity, she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in called by the name of the Museum. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher, under his character as the master of a family, that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of Pythagoreans. The names of these two servants were Astræus and Zamolxes. This single example sufficiently shows us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished, and which it is more easy to lament than to reform. 

No. 166.] Monday, September 21, 1713.

—aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.  
Ovid. Met. Lib. ii. 332.

Some comfort from the mighty mischief rose.  
Addison.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of goodwill, or benevolence in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The



poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over against Saint Clement's church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to sir William Petty's observations, all the necessities of life,) leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry, to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations; but

at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.


For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them. This made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: but seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:

'SIR,—After having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell. Your humble servant to command,

THOMAS WHITE.

'I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.'

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think however I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed. 

No. 167.] Tuesday, September 22, 1713.

Fata viam invenient— *Virg. Æn. iii. 395.*  
 —Fate the way will find. *Dryden.*

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim, the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraven on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five-and-thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner: 'Helim,' said he, 'I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now show thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble, unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive.' 'The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed,' said Helim; after which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one-and-twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Belsora, for that was the name of the maid. The

fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Belsora, his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, 'Far be it,' says he, 'from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician. The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Belsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Belsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of Paradise. But, upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Belsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch, that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Belsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time, Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Belsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Belsora.



It is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace: which is the repository of all who are descended from the caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and, at the appointed time, received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blest, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim, therefore, having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the

light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth until such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, 'It is he! it is my Abdallah!' Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company,

for some time, remained silent and shedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that, instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request, therefore, he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, until it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.



No. 168.] Wednesday, September 23, 1713.

—loca jam recitata revolvimus—  
*Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. i. 223.*

The same subjects we repeat.

'SIR,—I observe that many of your late papers have represented to us the characters of accomplished women; but among all of them I do not find a quotation which I expected to have seen in your works; I mean the character of the mistress of a family as it is drawn out at length in the book of Proverbs. For my part, considering it only as a human composition, I do not think that there is any character in Theophrastus, which has so many beautiful particulars in it, and which is drawn with such elegance of thought and phrase. I wonder that it is not written in letters of gold in the great hall of every country gentleman.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchants' ships, she bringeth her food from afar.

"She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

"She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night.

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"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

"Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

'Your humble servant.'

'SIR,—I ventured to your lion with the following lines, upon an assurance, that if you thought them not proper food for your beast, you would at least permit him to tear them.

'FROM ANACREON.

"Αγχι ζωγερῶν ἀριστῆ," &c.

'Best and happiest artisan,  
Best of painters, if you can  
With your many-coloured art  
Paint the mistress of my heart;  
Describe the charms you hear from me,  
(Her charms you could not paint and see)  
And make the absent nymph appear  
As if her lovely self was here.  
First draw her easy-flowing hair  
As soft and black as she is fair;  
And, if your art can rise so high,  
Let breathing odours round her fly:  
Beneath the shade of flowing jet  
The iv'ry forehead smoothly set.  
With care the sable brows extend,  
And in two arches nicely bend;  
That the fair space which lies between  
The melting shade may scarce be seen,  
The eye must be uncommon fire;  
Sparkle, languish, and desire:  
The flames unseen must yet be felt;  
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.  
The rosy cheeks must seem to glow  
Amidst the white of new fall'n snow.  
Let her lips persuasion wear,  
In silence elegantly fair;  
As if the blushing rivals strove,  
Breathing and inviting love.  
Below her chin be sure to deck  
With ev'ry grace her polish'd neck;  
While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet  
In the swelling bosom meet.  
The rest in purple garments veil;  
Her body, not her shape conceal:  
Enough—the lovely work is done,  
The breathing paint will speak anon.

'I am, sir, your humble servant.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,—The letter which I sent you some time ago, and was subscribed English Tory, has made, as you must have observed, a



very great bustle in town. There are come out against me two pamphlets and two Examiners; but there are printed on my side a letter to the Guardian about Dunkirk, and a pamphlet called, Dunkirk or Dover. I am no proper judge who has the better of the argument, the Examiner or myself: but I am sure my seconds are better than his. I have addressed a defence against the ill treatment I have received for my letter (which ought to have made every man in England my friend) to the bailiff of Stockbridge, because, as the world goes, I am to think myself very much obliged to that honest man, and esteem him my patron, who allowed that fifty was a greater number than one-and-twenty, and returned me accordingly to serve for that borough.

‘There are very many scurrilous things said against me, but I have turned them to my advantage, by quoting them at large, and by that means swelling the volume to a shilling price. If I may be so free with myself, I might put you in mind, upon this occasion, of one of those animals which are famous for their love of mankind, that, when a bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it, instead of flying at the person who threw it. Please to read the account of the channel, by the map at Will’s, and you will find what I represent concerning the importance of Dunkirk, as to its situation, very just. I am, sir, very often your great admirer,

‘RICHARD STEELE.’

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No. 169.] Thursday, September 24, 1713.

—Cœlumque tueri

*Ovid. Met. Lib. i. 85.*

And bade him lift to heaven his wond’ring eyes.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature; I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet, to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and

those admirable machines, whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own! ‘Ay, but,’ says some illiterate fellow, ‘I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it.’ Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have seen frequent returns of the same things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceases. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleased with the same entertainment, presented a hundred years successively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking by a question started the other night, viz: Whether it were possible that a man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniencies, was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the prospect of losing any present enjoyments. For (as an ancient author somewhere expresses it) when a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, the returning faces of the several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in a very few scenes of revolving years, we feel a satiety of the same images: the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclosed; and the imagination is in this life, filled with a confused idea of the next.

Death, considered in this light, is no more than passing from one entertainment to another.

If the present objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquisite relish of those which are fresh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible power of the Deity will supply to eternal ages. If the pleasures of our present state are blended with pain and uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed delights. Blessed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occasions of comfort and joy.

But what consolation is left to the man who hath no hope or prospect of these things? View him in that part of life, when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the same objects to make him weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his present situation is uneasy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is sure of sinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character so hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The free-thinkers make it their business to introduce doubts, perplexities, and despair, into the minds of men, and, according to the poet's rule, are most justly punished by their own schemes.

No. 170.] *Friday, September 25, 1713.*

—Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.

*Virg. Æn. ii. 49.*

I fear your Greeks, with presents in their hands.

‘London, Sept. 22.

‘MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,—The plan laid down in your first paper gives me a title and authority to apply to you in behalf of the trading world. According to the general scheme you proposed in your said first paper, you have not professed only to entertain men of wit and polite taste, but also to be useful to the trader and the artificer. You cannot do your country greater service than by informing all ranks of men amongst us, that the greatest benefactor to them all is the merchant. The merchant advances the gentleman's rent, gives the artificer food, and supplies the courtier's luxury. But give me leave to say, that neither you, nor all your clan of wits, can put together so useful and commodious a treatise for the welfare of your fellow-subjects as that which an eminent merchant of the city has lately written. It is called, *General Maxims of Trade*, particularly applied to the Commerce between Great-Britain and France. I have made an extract of it, so as to bring it within the compass of your paper, which take as follows:

‘I. That trade which exports manufactures made of the product of the country, is undoubtedly good: such as the sending abroad our Yorkshire cloth, Colchester baize, Exeter serges, Norwich stuffs, &c.; which being made purely of British wool, as much as those exports amount to, so much is the clear gain of the nation.

‘II. That trade which helps off the consumption of our superfluities, is also visibly advantageous; as the exporting of alum, copperas, lea-

ther, tin, lead, coals, &c. So much as the exported superfluities amount unto, so much also is the clear national profit.

‘III. The importing of foreign materials to be manufactured at home, especially when the goods, after they are manufactured, are mostly sent abroad, is also, without dispute, very beneficial; as for instance, Spanish wool, which for that reason is exempted from paying any duties.

‘IV. The importation of foreign materials, to be manufactured here, although the manufactured goods are chiefly consumed by us, may be also beneficial; especially when the said materials are procured in exchange for our commodities; as raw silk, program-yarn, and other goods brought from Turkey.

‘V. Foreign materials, wrought up here into such goods as would otherwise be imported ready manufactured, is a means of saving money to the nation: such is the importation of hemp, flax, and raw silk; it is therefore to be wondered at, that these commodities are not exempt from all duties, as well as Spanish wool.

‘VI. A trade may be called good which exchanges manufactures for manufactures, and commodities for commodities. Germany takes as much in value of our woollen and other goods, as we do of their linen: by this means numbers of people are employed on both sides, to their mutual advantage.

‘VII. An importation of commodities, bought partly for money and partly for goods, may be of national advantage; if the greatest part of the commodities thus imported, are again exported, as in the case of East India goods, and generally all imports of goods which are re-exported, are beneficial to a nation.

‘VIII. The carrying of goods from one foreign country to another, is a profitable article in trade. Our ships are often thus employed between Portugal, Italy, and the Levant, and sometimes in the East Indies.

‘IX. When there is a necessity to import goods which a nation cannot be without, although such goods are chiefly purchased with money, it cannot be accounted a bad trade, as our trade to Norway and other parts, from whence are imported naval stores, and materials for building.

‘But a trade is disadvantageous to a nation

‘1. Which brings in things of mere luxury and pleasure, which are entirely, or for the most part, consumed among us; and such I reckon the wine trade to be, especially when the wine is purchased with money, and not in exchange for our commodities.

‘2. Much worse is that trade which brings in a commodity that is not only consumed amongst us, but hinders the consumption of the like quantity of ours. As is the importation of brandy, which hinders the spending of our extracts of malt and molasses; therefore very prudently charged with excessive duties.

‘3. That trade is eminently bad, which supplies the same goods as we manufacture ourselves, especially if we can make enough for our consumption: and I take this to be the case of the silk manufacture; which, with great labour and industry, is brought to perfection in London, Canterbury, and other places



'4. The importation upon easy terms of such manufactures as are already introduced in a country, must be of bad consequence, and check their progress; as it would undoubtedly be the case of the linen and paper manufactures in Great Britain, (which are of late very much improved) if those commodities were suffered to be brought in without paying very high duties.

'Let us now judge of our trade with France by the foregoing maxims.

'I. The exportation of our woollen goods to France, is so well barred against, that there is not the least hope of reaping any benefit by this article. They have their work done for half the price we pay for ours. And since they send great quantities of woollen goods to Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, the Rhine, and other places, although they pay a duty upon exportation, it is a demonstration, that they have more than is sufficient for their own wear, and consequently no great occasion for any of ours. The French cannot but be so sensible of the advantage they have over us in point of cheapness, that I do not doubt they will give us leave to import into France not only woollen goods, but all other commodities whatsoever, upon very easy duties, provided we permit them to import into Great Britain wines, brandies, silk, linen, and paper, upon paying the same duties as others do. And when that is done, you will send little more to France than now you do, and they will import into Great Britain ten times more than now they can.

'II. As to our superfluities, it must be owned the French have occasion for some of them, as lead, tin, leather, copperas, coals, alum, and several other things of small value, as also some few of our plantation commodities; but these goods they will have whether we take any of theirs or no, because they want them. All these commodities together, that the French want from us, may amount to about two hundred thousand pounds yearly.

'III. As to materials; I do not know of any one sort useful to us that ever was imported from France into England. They have indeed hemp, flax, and wool in abundance, and some raw silk; but they are too wise to let us have any, especially as long as they entertain any hopes we shall be so self-denying, as to take those materials from them after they are manufactured.

'IV. Exchanging commodities for commodities (if for the like value on both sides) might be beneficial; but it is far from being the case between us and France. Our ships went constantly in ballast (except now and then some lead) to St. Malo, Morlaix, Nantes, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, &c. and ever came back full of linen, wines, brandy, and paper; and if it was so before the revolution, when one of our pounds sterling cost the French but thirteen livres, what are they like to take from us (except what they of necessity want) now that for each pound sterling they must pay us twenty livres, which enhances the price of all British commodities to the French above fifty per cent.

'V. Goods imported to be re-exported, is certainly a national advantage; but few or no French goods are ever exported from Great

Britain, except to our plantations, but all are consumed at home; therefore no benefit can be reaped this way by the French trade.

'VI. Letting ships to freight cannot but be of some profit to a nation; but it is very rare if the French ever make use of any other ships than their own; they victual and man cheaper than we, therefore nothing is to be got from them by this article.

'VII. Things that are of absolute necessity cannot be reckoned prejudicial to a nation; but France produces nothing that is necessary, or even convenient, or but which we had better be without, except claret.

'VIII. If the importation of commodities of mere luxury, to be consumed amongst us, be a sensible disadvantage, the French trade in this particular might be highly pernicious to this nation; for if the duties on French wines be lowered to a considerable degree, the least we can suppose would be imported into England and Scotland is eighteen thousand tons a year, which being most clarets, at a moderate computation, would cost in France four hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

'IX. As to brandy; since we have laid high duties upon it, the distilling of spirits from malt and molasses is much improved and increased, by means of which a good sum of money is yearly saved to the nation; for very little brandy hath been imported either from Italy, Portugal, or Spain, by reason that our English spirits are near as good as those countries' brandies. But as French brandy is esteemed, and is indeed very good, if the extraordinary duty on that liquor be taken off, there is no doubt but great quantities will be imported. We will suppose only three thousand tons a year, which will cost Great Britain about seventy thousand pounds yearly, and prejudice besides the extracts of our own malt spirits.

'X. Linen is an article of more consequence than many people are aware of: Ireland, Scotland, and several counties in England, have made large steps towards the improvement of that useful manufacture, both in quantity and quality; and with good encouragement would doubtless, in a few years, bring it to perfection, and perhaps make sufficient for our own consumption; which besides employing great numbers of people, and improving many acres of land, would save us a good sum of money, which is yearly laid out abroad in that commodity. As the case stands at present, it improves daily; but if the duties on French linen be reduced, it is to be feared it will come over so cheap, that our looms must be laid aside, and six or seven hundred thousand pounds a year be sent over to France for that commodity.

'XI. The manufacture of paper is very near akin to that of linen. Since the high duties laid on foreign paper, and that none hath been imported from France, where it is cheapest, the making of it is increased to such a degree in England, that we import none of the lower sorts from abroad, and make them all ourselves; but if the French duties be taken off, undoubtedly most of the mills which are employed in the making of white paper, must leave off their work, and thirty or forty thousand pounds a

year be remitted over to France for that commodity.

'XII. The last article concerns the silk manufacture. Since the late French wars, it is increased to a mighty degree. Spitalfields alone manufactures to the value of two millions a year, and were daily improving, till the late fears about lowering the French duties. What pity that so noble a manufacture, so extensive, and so beneficial to an infinite number of people, should run the hazard of being ruined! It is however to be feared, that if the French can import their wrought silks upon easy terms, they outdo us so much in cheapness of labour; and they have Italian and Levant raw silk upon so much easier terms than we, besides great quantities of their own in Provence, Languedoc, and other provinces, that in all probability half the looms in Spitalfields would be laid down, and our ladies be again clothed in French silks. The loss that would accrue to the nation by so great a mischief, cannot be valued at less than five hundred thousand pounds a year.

'To sum up all, if we pay to France yearly,	
For their wines	£450,000
For their brandies	70,000
For their linen	600,000
For their paper	30,000
For their silks	500,000
	£1,650,000

'And they take from us in lead, tin, leather, alum, copperas, coals, horn, plates, &c. and plantation goods to the value of'	200,000
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'Great Britain loses by the balance of that trade yearly'	1,450,000
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'All which is humbly submitted to your consideration by, sir, your most humble servant,  
'**GENEROSITY THRIFT.'**

ADVERTISEMENT,

*For the Protection of Honour, Truth, Virtue, and Innocence.*

Mr. Ironside has ordered his amanuensis to prepare for his perusal whatever he may have gathered, from his table-talk, or otherwise, a volume to be printed in twelves, called, *The Art of Defamation discovered*. This piece is to consist of the true characters of all persons calumniated by the Examiner; and after such characters, the true and only method of sullyng them set forth in examples from the ingenious and artificial author, the said Examiner.

N. B. To this will be added the true characters of persons he has commended, with observations to show, that panegyric is not that author's talent.

No. 171.] Saturday, September 26, 1713.

Fuit ista quondam in hac republica virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus suppliciis civem perniciosum, quam acerbissimum hostem coererent. *Cicero, in Catalin.*

There was once that virtue in this commonwealth, that a bad fellow-citizen was thought to deserve a severer correction than the bitterest enemy.

I HAVE received letters of congratulation and thanks from several of the most eminent chocolate-houses and coffee-houses, upon my late gallantry and success in opposing myself to the long swords. One tells me, that whereas his rooms were too little before, now his customers can saunter up and down from corner to corner, and table to table, without any let or molestation. I find I have likewise cleared a great many alleys and by-lanes, made the public walks about town more spacious, and all the passages about the court and the exchange more free and open. Several of my female wards have sent me the kindest billets upon this occasion, in which they tell me, that I have saved them some pounds in the year, by freeing their furbelows, flounces, and hoops, from the annoyance both of hilt and point. A scout whom I sent abroad to observe the posture, and to pry into the intentions of the enemy, brings me word that the Terrible club is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the men that seemed to delight in arms. My lion, whose jaws are at all hours open to intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous weapons still in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houses, and some of the obscure retreats of lovers in and about Drury-lane and Covent-garden. I am highly delighted with an adventure that befell my witty antagonist, Tom Swagger, captain of the band of long swords. He had the misfortune three days ago to fall into company with a master of the noble science of defence, who taking Mr. Swagger by his habit, and the airs he gave himself, to be one of the profession, gave him a fair invitation to Mary-le-bone, to exercise at the usual weapons. The captain thought this so foul a disgrace to a gentleman, that he slunk away in the greatest confusion, and has never been seen since at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, nor in any of his usual haunts.

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every plant and every animal, though never so noisome, has its use in the creation; so these men of terror may be disposed of, so as to make a figure in the polite world. It was in this view, that I received a visit last night from a person, who pretends to be employed here from several foreign princes in negotiating matters of less importance. He tells me, that the continual wars in Europe have in a manner quite drained the cantons of Switzerland of their supernumerary subjects, and that he foresees there will be a great scarcity of them to serve at the entrance of courts, and the palaces of great men. He is of opinion this want may very seasonably be supplied out of the great numbers of such gentlemen, as I have given notice of in my paper of the twenty-fifth past, and that his design is in a few weeks, when the town fills, to put out public advertisements to this effect, not questioning but it may turn to a good account: 'That if any person of good stature and fierce demeanor, as well members of the Terrible club, as others of the like exterior ferocity whose ambition is to cock and look big, without exposing themselves to any bodily danger, will repair to his lodgings, they shall (provided they bring their swords with them) be furnished with shoulder-belts, broad hats, red feathers,



and halberts, and be transported without farther trouble into several courts and families of distinction, where they may eat, and drink, and strut, at free cost.' As this project was not communicated to me for a secret, I thought it might be for the service of the above-said persons to divulge it with all convenient speed; that those who are disposed to employ their talents to the best advantage, and to shine in the station of life for which they seem to be born, may have time to adorn their upper lip, by raising a quickset beard there in the form of whiskers, that they may pass to all intents and purposes for true Switzers.

'INDEFATIGABLE NESTOR,—Give me leave to thank you, in behalf of myself and my whole family, for the daily diversion and improvement we receive from your labours. At the same time I must acquaint you, that we have all of us taken a mighty liking to your lion. His roarings are the joy of my heart, and I have a little boy, not three years old, that talks of nothing else, and who, I hope, will be more afraid of him as he grows up. That your animal may be kept in good plight, and not roar for want of prey, I shall, out of my esteem and affection for you, contribute what I can towards his sustenance: "Love me, love my lion," says the proverb. I will not pretend, at any time, to furnish out a full meal for him; but I shall now and then send him a savory morsel, a tid bit. You must know, I am but a kind of holiday writer, and never could find in my heart to set my pen to a work of above five or six periods long. My friends tell me my performances are little and pretty. As they have no manner of connexion one with the other, I write them upon loose pieces of paper, and throw them into a drawer by themselves; this drawer I call the lion's pantry. I give you my word, I put nothing into it but what is clean and wholesome *nourriture*. Therefore remember me to the lion, and let him know, that I shall always pick and cull the pantry for him; and there are morsels in it, I can assure you, will make his chaps to water. I am, with the greatest respect, sir, your most obedient servant, and most assiduous reader.'

I must ask pardon of Mrs. Dorothy Care, that I have suffered her billet to lie by me these three weeks without taking the least notice of it. But I believe the kind warning in it, to our sex, will not be now too late.

'GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,—I have waited with impatience for that same unicorn you promised should be erected for the fair sex. My business is, before winter comes on, to desire you would precaution your own sex against being Adamites, by exposing their bare breasts to the rigour of the season. It was this practice amongst the fellows, which at first encouraged our sex to show so much of their necks. The downy dock-leaves you speak of would make good stomachers for the beaux. In a word, good Nestor, so long as the men take a pride in showing their hairy skins, we may with a much better grace set out our snowy chests to view. We are, we own, the weaker, but at the same time, you

must own, much the more beautiful sex. I am, sir, your humble reader,

'DOROTHY CARE.'

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No. 172.] Monday, September 28, 1713.

—Vitam excoluere per artes. *Virg. Æn. vi. 663.*  
They grac'd their age with new invented arts.  
*Dryden.*

'MR. IRONSIDE,—I have been a long time in expectation of something from you on the subject of speech and letters. I believe the world might be as agreeably entertained on that subject, as with any thing that ever came into the lion's mouth. For this end I send you the following sketch; and am, yours,

'PHILOGRAM.

'Upon taking a view of the several species of living creatures our earth is stocked with, we may easily observe, that the lower orders of them, such as insects and fishes, are wholly without a power of making known their wants and calamities. Others, which are conversant with man, have some few ways of expressing the pleasure and pain they undergo by certain sounds and gestures; but man has articulate sounds whereby to make known his inward sentiments and affections, though his organs of speech are no other than what he has in common with many other less perfect animals. But the use of letters, as significative of these sounds, is such an additional improvement to them, that I know not whether we ought not to attribute the invention of them to the assistance of a power more than human.

'There is this great difficulty which could not but attend the first invention of letters, to wit, that all the world must conspire in affixing steadily the same signs to their sounds, which affixing was at first as arbitrary as possible; there being no more connexion between the letters and the sounds they are expressive of, than there is between those sounds and the ideas of the mind they immediately stand for. Notwithstanding which difficulty, and the variety of languages, the powers of the letters in each are very nearly the same, being in all places about twenty-four.

'But be the difficulty of the invention as great as it will, the use of it is manifest, particularly in the advantage it has above the method of conveying our thoughts by words or sounds, because this way we are confined to narrow limits of place and time: whereas we may have occasion to correspond with a friend at a distance; or a desire, upon a particular occasion, to take the opinion of an honest gentleman who has been dead this thousand years. Both which defects are supplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means we materialize our ideas, and make them as lasting as the ink and paper, their vehicles. This making our thoughts by art visible to the eye, which nature had made intelligible only by the ear, is next to the adding a sixth sense, as it is a supply in case of the defect of one of the five nature gave us, namely, hearing, by making the voice become visible.

'Have any of any school of painters gotten themselves an immortal name, by drawing a face, or painting a landscape; by laying down on a piece of canvass a representation only of what nature had given them originals? What applauses will he merit, who first made his ideas sit to his pencil, and drew to his eye the picture of his mind! Painting represents the outward man, or the shell; but cannot reach the inhabitant within, or the very organ by which the inhabitant is revealed. This art may reach to represent a face, but cannot paint a voice. Kneller can draw the majesty of the queen's person; Kneller can draw her sublime air, and paint her bestowing hand as fair as the lily; but the historian must inform posterity, that she has one peculiar excellence above all other mortals, that her ordinary speech is more charming than song.

'But to drop the comparison of this art with any other, let us see the benefit of it in itself. By it the English trader may hold commerce with the inhabitants of the East or West Indies, without the trouble of a journey. Astronomers seated at a distance of the earth's diameter asunder, may confer; what is spoken and thought at one pole, may be heard and understood at the other. The philosopher who wished he had a window in his breast, to lay open his heart to all the world, might as easily have revealed the secrets of it this way, and as easily left them to the world, as wished it. This silent art of speaking by letters, remedies the inconvenience arising from distance of time, as well as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyptians, who could preserve their mummies for ten centuries. This preserves the works of the immortal part of men, so as to make the dead still useful to the living. To this we are beholden for the works of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Seneca and Plato; without it the *Iliad* of Homer, and *Æneid* of Virgil, had died with their authors; but by this art those excellent men still speak to us.

'I shall be glad if what I have said on this art, gives you any new hints for the more useful or agreeable application of it. I am, sir, &c.'

I shall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praise of the invention of writing, 'written by a lady.' I am glad of such a quotation, which is not only another instance how much the world is obliged to this art, but also a shining example of what I have heretofore asserted, that the fair sex are as capable as men of the liberal sciences; and indeed there is no very good argument against the frequent instruction of females of condition this way, but that they are but too powerful without that advantage. The verses of the charming author are as follow:

'Blest be the man! his memory at least,  
Who found the art thus to unfold his breast,  
And taught succeeding times an easy way  
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey;  
To baffle absence, and secure delight,  
Which till that time was limited to sight.  
The parting farewell spoke, the last adieu,  
The less'ning distance past, then lost to view,  
The friend was gone which some kind moments gave,  
And absence separated, like the grave.  
When for a wife the youthful patriarch sent,  
The camels, jewels, and the steward went,

And wealthy equipage, though grave and slow,  
But not a line that might the lover show.  
The ring and bracelets woud her hands and arms,  
But had she known of melting words the charms  
That under secret seals in ambush lie,  
To catch the soul, when drawn into the eye;  
The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,  
Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd.'

No. 173.] Tuesday, September 29, 1713.

—Nec sera comantem

Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissim vimen acanthi,  
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.  
Virg. Georg. iv. 122.

The late Narcissus, and the winding trail  
Of bear's-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.

Dryden.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mind to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats, or, if you will, villas, of the nation. This he described to me in those verses, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

'Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,  
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,  
Viduque platano, tonsilique buxeto,  
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;  
Sed rure vero barbaroque latatur.' Lib. iii. Ep. 58.

'Our friend Faustinus' country seat I've seen:  
No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green,  
No widow'd plantain, nor clyp'd box-tree there,  
The useless soil unprofitably share;  
But simple nature's hand, with nobler grace,  
Diffuses artless beauties o'er the place.'

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, that can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters, being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe,) consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of, are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The first of these is already known to the English reader, by the excellent versions of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Addison. The other having never been attempted in our language, with any elegance, and being the most beautiful plan of this sort that can be imagined, I shall here present the reader with a translation of it.

*The Garden of Alcinous, from Homer's Odyssey,*  
Book 7.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,  
From storms defended and inclement skies;  
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,  
Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.



Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould;  
 The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold;  
 Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,  
 With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;  
 The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,  
 And verdant olives flourish round the year.  
 The balmy spirit of the western gale  
 Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:  
 Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,  
 On apples apples, figs on figs arise;  
 The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,  
 The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear  
 With all the united labours of the year.  
 Some to unload the fertile branches run,  
 Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.  
 Others to tread the liquid harvest join,  
 The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.  
 Here are the vines in early flow'r descri'd,  
 Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,  
 And there in Autumn's richest purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs for ever green,  
 In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two pleteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;  
 This through the gardens leads its streams around.  
 Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:  
 While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,  
 And thence its current on the town bestows;  
 To various use their various streams they bring,  
 The people one, and one supplies the king.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this description contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which in those times of simplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince; it was inclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another, throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the nature and usual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought by conduits, or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself. We run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

*'Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,  
 Implexos late muros, et mœnia circum  
 Porrigere, et latas e ramis surgere turres;  
 Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rostra:  
 In buxigine undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.  
 Parte alia frondere suis tenoria castris;  
 Scutaque spiculaque et jacularantia citria vallos.'*

Here interwoven branches form a wall,  
 And from the living fence green turrets rise;  
 There slips of myrtle sail in seas of box;  
 A green encampment yonder meets the eye,  
 And loaded citrons bearing shields and spears.

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature: as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country seat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso gardener who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profession in the imagery of evergreens. My correspondent is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands' in hornbeam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails when he shows his garden, to repeat that passage in the Psalms, 'Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table.' I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation.

'Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm: Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

'The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

'St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

'A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

'N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

'Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

'A laurestine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

'A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

'A queen Elizabeth in phylærae, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but of full growth.

'Another queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a savine.

'An old maid of honour in wormwood.

'A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

'Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a pennyworth.

'A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

'A lavender pig, with sage growing in his belly.

'Noah's ark in holly, standing on the mount;  
the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

'A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardness.'

No. 174.] *Wednesday, September 30, 1713.*

Salve Pæoniæ largitor nobilis undæ,  
Salve Dardaniæ gloria magna soli:  
Publica morborum requies, commune medentum  
Auxilium, præsens numen, inempta salus.

*Claud.*

Hail, greatest good Dardanian fields bestow,  
At whose command Pæonian waters flow,  
Unpurchased health! that dost thy aid impart  
Both to the patient, and the doctor's art!

In public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places, where this season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and St. Wenefrede's well; wherein I could observe that a concern for honour and virtue, proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who subscribes herself Eudisia, writes a bitter invective against Chloe, the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude ever since she had the small-pox, is very bitter against the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a sharp wit hath sent me a keen epigram against the gamblers; but I took notice, that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the physicians were not more busy in destroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with several other commonplace strokes of railery; I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixed mass of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature, and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under spreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and furbelows. From the earth my fancy was diverted to the water, where the distinctions of sex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occasion to some persons of light imaginations, to compare the Bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two sexes into one person; or to the stream wherein Diana washed herself when she bestowed horns on Actæon;

but by one of a serious turn, these healthful springs may rather be likened to the Stygian waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which washed away all pain and anguish in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity, I shall make it my business, in this paper, to cool and assuage those malignant humours of scandal which run throughout the body of men and women there assembled; and after the manner of those famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aspersions, to restore bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and set injured characters upon their legs again. I shall herein regulate myself by the example of that good man, who used to talk with charity of the greatest villains; nor was ever heard to speak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with severity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gamblers. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men; but I should forfeit all titles to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt, who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognize in him all the great qualities of a philosopher.

If he storms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harrison's table, put me in mind of a council board; and the indefatigable application of the several combatants furnishes me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals, who censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means, which at the same time enlarge their minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifice and finesse used upon these occasions; since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these, the ladies share in these diversions. I must own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing my pretty countrywomen engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness, as raises them near the lordly creature man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In such a place as the Bath I might urge, that the casting of a die is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to



scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied, that the gamester ladies have surmounted the little vanities of showing their beauty, which they so far neglect, as to throw their features into violent distortions, and wear away their lilies and roses in tedious watching, and restless lucubrations. I should rather observe that their chief passion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table; and so highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays.

The water poets are an innocent tribe, and deserve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness, who never write out of the season, and whose works are useful with the waters. I made it my care, therefore, to sweeten some sour critics who were sharp upon a few sonnets, which, to speak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalies. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in some of these gentle compositions; and am persuaded that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are a hundred general topics put into metre every year, viz: 'The lover is inflamed in the water; or, he finds his death where he sought his cure; or, the nymph feels her own pain, without regarding her lover's torment.' These being for ever repeated, have at present a very good effect; and a physician assures me, that laudanum is almost out of doors at the Bath.

The physicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more distempers than I ever had in my life. They had almost killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger prescribed me a little something, at my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and the next morning I was so much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropsy gratis before night. In vain did I modestly decline these favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a dose from one of my well-wishers. I paid him, but withal told him severely, that I never took physic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that suspected poison; but the apothecary, with more sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a physician myself.

The oppression of civilities which I underwent from the sage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making such inquiries into the nature of these springs, as would have furnished out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath, than the loose hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince should found hospitals, the noble and rich

may diffuse their ample charities. Mr. Tompion gave a clock to the Bath; and I, Nestor Ironside, have dedicated a Guardian.

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No. 175.]      Thursday, October 1, 1713.

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.  
Virg. Æn. vi. 664.

Who rais'd by merit an immortal name.

THE noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted still higher, had he had the advantage of Christianity. According to our scheme of thoughts, if the word *memores* in the front of this paper were changed into *similes*, it would have very much heightened the motive to virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and transmit a name to posterity, is a vicious appetite, and will certainly ensnare the person who is moved by it, on some occasions, into a false delicacy for fear of reproach; and at others, into artifices which taint his mind, though they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not subject to such ill consequences, but moves with its reward in its own hand; or to speak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this self-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taste, than that of the late Mr. Boyle, who founded a lecture for the 'Proof of the Christian religion, against atheists, and other notorious infidels.' The reward of perpetual memory amongst men, which might possibly have some share in this sublime charity, was certainly considered but in a second degree; and Mr. Boyle had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him as well as speak of him, when he was gone off our stage.

The world has received much good from this institution, and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhaustible subject of the essence, praise, and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation: to wit, that he who writes upon it with a sincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occasion. It eminently appears from this observation, that a particular blessing has been bestowed on this lecture. This great philosopher provided for us, after his death, an employment not only suitable to our condition, but to his own at the same time. It is a sight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the persons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the same work.

This worthy man studied nature, and traced all her ways to those of her unsearchable author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praise and contemplation of him. To one who has not run through regular courses of philosophical inquiries (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me,) I cannot but principally recommend the book, intitled, *Phisico-Theology*: printed for William Innys, in St. Paul's church-yard.

It is written by Mr. Derham, rector of Upminster, in Essex. I do not know what Upminster is worth; but I am sure, had I the best living in England to give, I should not think the addition of it sufficient acknowledgment of his merit; especially since I am informed, that the simplicity of his life is agreeable to his useful knowledge and learning.

The praise of this author seems to me to be the great perspicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleasing to people who are strangers to such inquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very desirable entertainment to find occasions of pleasure and satisfaction in those objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked; or beheld without exciting any reflections that made us wiser, or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, show us the wonders and spectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their several ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to the different paths in which they are to move and provide for themselves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to swim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the coverts of the wood, the muddy or clear streams; to howl in forests, or converse in cities. All life from that of a worm to that of a man is explained; and, if I may so speak, the wondrous works of the creation, by the observations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration; which, without such explications, strike us only with confusion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dressed and went out to loiter and gather up something to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himself amusement; the very air he breathes suggests abundant matter for his thoughts. He will consider that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other

creatures in the same mass of air, vapours, and clouds, which surround our globe; and of all the numberless animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their nostrils, he only stands erect, conscious and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philosophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleased as with any other good news which he has not before heard. The agitations of the wind, and the falling of the rains, are what are absolutely necessary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a sort of reasonable rapture. He will be led from the appendages which attend and surround our globe, to the contemplation of the globe itself, the distribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uses of our world. Then will his contemplation, which was too diffused and general, be let down to particulars, to different soils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and stones, into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode; he informs him of his capacity to make himself easy and happy in it by the gift of senses, by their ready organs, by showing him the structure of those organs, the disposition of the ear for the receipt of sounds, of the nostril for smell, the tongue for taste, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our sight.

The whole work is concluded (as it is the sum of fifteen sermons in proof of the existence of the Deity) with reflections which apply each distinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality much more to be desired, than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the sons of men.





# INDEX.

	No.		No.
ACADEMY, what a youth first learns there . . .	24	Barbers, inconveniences attending their being	50
Active men, compared with speculative . . .	130	historians . . .	50
Acts, public, at Oxford, two great reasons against them . . .	96	Bareface, Will, desires one of Lady Lizard's daughters for a wife . . .	38
Adam, his vision of souls . . .	138	Barsisa, santon, his story from the Turkish Tales . . .	148
Adamites, a sect so called . . .	134	Bath, Wife of, a comedy, characterised . . .	50
Age, if healthy, happy . . .	26	Customs of that place . . .	174
Dwells upon past times . . .	5	Bawd, a mother so, to her own daughter . . .	17
Aguire, his story, an instance of the spirit of revenge . . .	8	Bear-baiting, a barbarous custom . . .	61
Airs, the penman, his vanity . . .	1	Beau, an academical one described . . .	10
Alcibiades, his character, and soliloquy before an engagement . . .	31	A species to be commiserated . . .	62
Alcinous, his gardens described, from Homer . . .	173	Beauty, inconvenience attending it . . .	85
Alehouse-keeper, an elegant one, on Hampstead Road . . .	144	At war with Fortitude . . .	152
Alexander, a letter from him to Aristotle . . .	111	Imperfect, described by Prior . . .	85
Allegories, directions for using them . . .	152	Benevolence, the seeds of it implanted in the human soul . . .	126
Alnareschin, king of Persia, his story . . .	167	Betty, miss, her history . . .	159
Alonso, don, a fatal instance of the effects of jealousy . . .	37	Beveridge, bishop, a sublime passage quoted from his works . . .	74
Alphonso, his story from Strada's Lucan . . .	119	Bicknell, Mrs. a comedian commended . . .	50
Aminta, of Tasso, compared with Guarini's Pastor Fido . . .	28	Furnished with a dress from the wardrobe of the Lizards . . .	50
Anacreon, his instructions to a painter for painting his mistress . . .	168	Bias, his way of silencing calumny . . .	135
Anaximander, a saying of his, on being laughed at for singing . . .	135	Binicorn, Humphrey, his proposal for printing a dissertation on horns . . .	124
Ancestors, their examples should excite to great and virtuous actions . . .	137	Birds, their examples proposed to imitation . . .	125
Ancestry, how far to be venerated . . .	137	Observations on their conjugal and parental affections . . .	125
Renders the good only illustrious . . .	123	Blanket, when that discipline is necessary . . .	74
Ridiculous for a man to value himself upon it . . .	137	Blood, by what tainted . . .	137
Ancients, crying them up reprov'd . . .	25	Bodkin, Timothy, his letter concerning short swords . . .	145
All that is good in writing not borrowed from them . . .	12	Boileau, a French critic, his account of the sublime . . .	117
Distinguished by Strada . . .	119	Books, an odd collection of them . . .	60
Androcles, story of him and the lion . . .	139	Bosoms, naked, a great grievance . . .	116
Anger defined . . .	129	The pope's order against them . . .	116
Animals, a degree of gratitude owing to them that serve us . . .	61	Boys, their delights cheap and innocent . . .	62
Cruelty towards them condemned . . .	61	Bribery, none in a present of liquor . . .	160
Anne Bullen, tragedy of, a scene of distress therein . . .	19	Bruce, lord, his challenge to, and duel with sir Edward Sackville . . .	129, 133
Annihilation, by whom desired . . .	89	Bubnelia, angry about the tucker . . .	109
Ants, natural history of them . . .	128, 156, 157	Building, errors in undertaking it . . .	6
Apothecary, in Romeo and Juliet described . . .	82	Burial service, solemn and moving . . .	21
Arcadian, the true character of one . . .	23	Button, Daniel, his letter in praise of his own coffee-house . . .	85
Art, those most capable of it, always fond of nature . . .	173	Button-twisting, not eloquent . . .	84
Artificers, capital, a petition from them . . .	64	CALAMITIES, the general source of them . . .	1
Aspasia, a most excellent woman . . .	2, 5	Calumny, nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over . . .	135
Asphaltites, lake of, a discourse thereon . . .	60	How silenced by philosophers . . .	135
Astronomy, the study of, recommended . . .	70	Cambray, Fenelon, archbishop of, account of his Treatise of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of God . . .	69
Atalanta, the author of, to whom akin . . .	107	Cause of his disgrace . . .	48
Athalia, of Racine, part of it sublime . . .	117	Cardan, the philosopher, what he says of the affection of love . . .	7
Atheism more grievous than religion . . .	93	Care, Dorothy, complains of men's open bosoms . . .	171
Atheist, behaviour of one in sickness . . .	39	Cato, tragedy of, commended . . .	33, 43
Athenais, a Grecian virgin, married to the emperor Theodosius . . .	155	Beautiful similes in that tragedy . . .	64
Attraction of bodies applied to minds . . .	126	Prologue and Epilogue thereto . . .	33
Augustus Cesar, Virgil's praises of him . . .	138	Chaplains to persons of quality ought to be respected . . .	162
Aureng Zebe, tragedy of, wherein faulty . . .	110	Charity, a virtue of the heart . . .	166
Author, account of one raising contributions . . .	58	A signal proof of the divinity of the Christian religion . . .	126
BACON, sir Francis, remarks on the style of his history of Henry VII. . .	25		



	No.		No.
Charity intended by Nestor Ironside, Esq.	166	Cromwell, Oliver, what monsieur Paschal says	
Schools recommended	105	of his death	136
Charwell, Mr. his character	9	Cunning opposed to wisdom	152
His purchase and improvement of an estate, &c.	9	Cupid with eyes	127
Borrowed many of his maxims from monsieur Colbert	52	Customs, barbarous in England, account of them	61
Chastity, the noblest male qualification	45	Cyrus, his heroic chastity	61
China, emperor of, honours none till after death	96	Cyr, Saint, account of that monastery founded by madam Maintenon	48
Chrysomagnet, or the load-stone which attracts gold, described by Strada	122	DÆDALUS, his letter about flying	112
Church, Christian, the divine order and economy thereof compared to the fabric of St. Paul's	70	Damo, a daughter of Pythagoras, to whom he left his writings	165
The word misapplied	80	David, king, the beauty of his lamentations for Jonathan	51
Wherein the word wants explanation	80	A rabbinical story concerning him	138
Clarina, a young lady unhappy by her beauty	85	Davigne, Messrs. father and grandfather of madam Maintenon, their story	46
Classics, absolutely necessary to study them	86	Davis, Sir George, his adventure with a lion	146
Claudian, Strada's	115, 119	Dead men, only, have honours in China	96
His court of Venus	127	Death, means to make the thoughts thereof the sweetest enjoyment	18
Pluto's speech to Proserpine, from him	164	An infirmity not to desire it	20
Cleomenes, a tragedy by Dryden, wherein faulty	110	The hope of good men in it	169
Clergymen, respect due to them	3	Compared to Proteus	136
The end they should propose to themselves	13	Whence the abhorrence of it proceeds	169
Abused	80	Dedications, the abuse of them	4
Considered as philosophers	130	Dedication of an author to himself	4
Climate, British, very inconstant	102	Defamation, the art of it discovered	170
Clown, character of an impudent one	162	Definition of words necessary	80
Club, of little men	91	Denham, sir John, his directions for translating	164
Short	91	Derham, Mr. his book of Physico-Theology commended	175
Silent	120	Des Cartes, discovered the pineal gland in the brain	37
Tall	108	Detraction, too easily given in to by the ladies	85
Terrible	118	Devotion, early hours of, the advantages of it	65
Coach, an intrigue carried on by means of one	14	Dewlap, Dick, well made for a jester	42
Coaches, young men reprov'd for driving them	14	Diaper, James, his letter recommending Tom's coffee-house for politeness of conversation	92
Cock-fighting, a barbarous custom	61	Diogenes, a severe saying of his to one that slandered him	135
Colbert, Monsieur, his conversation with the French king concerning the great power of the Dutch	52	His opinion concerning the poor and rich	94
Cold bath, recommended	102	Distress, a scene of it in the tragedy of Anne Bullen	19
Colleges, chiefly erected on religious considerations	62	Imaginary, the greatest part of man's affliction	162
Comet, a remarkable one in 1680 described	103	Ditton and Whiston, their letter concerning the longitude	107
Commandments, were made for the vulgar	27	Donne, Dr. a criticism on his songs	16
Common fame, vision of	67	Dream, concerning Reproof and Reproach	56
Complaisance, useful in conversation to make it agreeable	162	Of a window in Aurelia's breast	106
Congreve, Mr. characters drawn by him	85, 115	Concerning death	136
Conscience, is to the soul, what health is to the body	135	Of the future punishment of the idle	158
The efficacy and force of, in the hour of death	135	Dress, the greatest motive to love	81
A good one, the only relief against the pain of calumny	135	Not to be too much valued or despised	10
Conversation, one of the noblest privileges of reason	24	Genius discovered therein	149
Rules for it	24	Compared to poetry	149
Coquette, how she should paint herself	140	Druids, held the doctrine of transmigration of souls	18
Countrymen, meeting abroad, their familiarity	126	Verses from Lucan on that subject	18
Country life, the charms and pleasures of it	22	Drunkennes, a deforming foolish intemperance	56
Country, why we are pleased with it	22	Dryden, John, moral verses from his translation of Juvenal	54
Courtship, the extravagance of it described	113	A saying of his, recommending chastity in men	45
Covetousness, precautions against it	19	Faulty in his sentiments	110
The vice of, enters deeper into the soul than any other	19	Duels, the danger of dying in one, represented	20
Cowards never forgive	20	Proceed from false honour	133
Cowley, Mr. criticism on his songs	16	Ought to be abolished	129
Coxcomb at the head of a family a melancholy thing	165	Dump, Goody, her letter complaining of a sullen husband	132
Crabtree, Major, his sour sayings to the ladies	26	Dunkirk, animadversions concerning demolishing it	128, 131
Crassus, an old lethargic valetudinarian	102	D'Urfe, Thomas, the lyric poet, his merit, and odes	67
Creation, works of, the divine consideration of them	175	Compared with Pindar	67
Critics, false	12, 16	The world ungrateful to him	29
Wherein they differ from cavillers	110	His play of the Plotting Sisters recommended	82
The severity of one on the fireworks on the Thames	103	Dutch, their advantages over the French	52
The characters and marks of an ill one by Mr. Congreve	115	Not subject to the spleen	131
Criticism on song-writing	16		
On several plays of Dryden's and Lee's	110		

No.	No.
EARRING, Nicholas, Esq. his letter concerning a scolding wife . . . . .	132
Earth, its inhabitants ranged under two general heads . . . . .	130
Ease, loved by all men . . . . .	22
In writing, what it is . . . . .	12, 15
An instance of it in love verses . . . . .	15
Eclogue, meaning of that word . . . . .	28
Education, various errors therein . . . . .	94
Eliza, the character of a good mother . . . . .	150
Enemies, love of them not constitutional . . . . .	20
English, famous for oddities . . . . .	55
Epic poem, rules concerning it . . . . .	12
Receipt to make one . . . . .	78
Epictetus, his saying concerning censure . . . . .	135
Epigram, a French one, miscalled a song . . . . .	16
Epilogue to Cato, by Dr. Garth . . . . .	33
Equality in the happiness and misery of men . . . . .	54
Eusden, Reverend Mr. translations of his from Claudian . . . . .	127, 164
Eve, her treating of an angel described by Milton . . . . .	138
Her innocence to be imitated, not her nakedness . . . . .	100
Eveites, women so called, and why . . . . .	140
Evergreen, Anthony, his collection of fig-leaves for the ladies . . . . .	100
Examination, self, advantages attending it . . . . .	158
Examiner, author of, reproved for insolence, ill-manners, and scandal . . . . .	41
Misapplies the word Church, and abuses the clergy, lords, and commons . . . . .	80
Letters concerning him . . . . .	53, 63
An advocate for a lady who was said not to be lain with . . . . .	63
His insolence to a bishop of the church of England . . . . .	90
Writes in defence of popery . . . . .	90
His knack at finding out treason in words . . . . .	160
Has no talent for panegyric . . . . .	170
Example, influence thereof . . . . .	5
FABLE, of Pilpay, on the usage of animals . . . . .	61
Fame, common, house of, described . . . . .	66
Family, head of, dangerous when bad . . . . .	165
Mistress of, a good one described, from the book of Proverbs . . . . .	168
Fantastical pleasures, what they are . . . . .	49
Fear of God, all true fortitude founded on it . . . . .	117
Feet, pretty ones, a letter concerning them . . . . .	132
Figleaf, Leonilla, her letter concerning modesty-pieces . . . . .	118
Fine gentleman, what qualifications form one in the eye of the ladies . . . . .	34
Character of a complete one . . . . .	34
Fireworks on the Thames, description of them . . . . .	103
A fine one described by Strada . . . . .	103
Flattery, a satire against it . . . . .	11
Grateful to human nature . . . . .	135
Flies and free-thinkers compared . . . . .	70
Florrella, angry about the tucker . . . . .	109
Flying, a humour in the reign of Charles the Second . . . . .	112
Fontainebleau, palace of, described . . . . .	101
Footman, too fat for his master . . . . .	54
Foresight, Frank, his good conduct on his marriage . . . . .	147
Fornication, a criticism thereon . . . . .	17
Fortitude founded on the fear of God . . . . .	117
At war with beauty . . . . .	152
Foundling hospitals, wherein useful . . . . .	105
France, the fountain of dress . . . . .	149
Temperance of the climate . . . . .	104
Court of . . . . .	101
A tour thither . . . . .	104
Freethinkers, unthinking wretches . . . . .	62
The name degenerated from the original meaning . . . . .	39
Freethinkers, considerations offered to them on the being of a God . . . . .	88
Contribute to idolatry . . . . .	88
Their absurdities and hateful characters . . . . .	169
No friends to liberty . . . . .	83
Condemned for affecting singularity . . . . .	89
Accuse the Christian religion as defective in friendship . . . . .	126
Like the Jewish Sadducees, considered as automata . . . . .	130
Freethinking, discourse on, answered . . . . .	3
French king, Lewis XIV. his conversation with Colbert concerning the great power of the Dutch . . . . .	52
French, very courteous and talkative . . . . .	101
The happiest people in the world . . . . .	104
Their kindness and affability to strangers . . . . .	101
Trade prejudicial to England . . . . .	170
Nobleman, memoirs of one . . . . .	150
Friendship, promoted by the Christian religion . . . . .	126
Front box, how the ladies are marshalled there . . . . .	29
Future State, proofs of it from the creation . . . . .	27
GALE, John, many prints of him . . . . .	1
Gallantry, precautions against it . . . . .	123
Low, between a footman and a maid-servant . . . . .	87
Gamesters, a panegyric on them . . . . .	74
Gaming, ill consequences of that vice among the ladies . . . . .	120
Gardens, the best not so fine as nature . . . . .	173
Genius, necessary to dress well . . . . .	87
Gentleman, qualifications requisite to form that exalted character . . . . .	34
Wherein really superior to a mechanic . . . . .	130
Gentlemanlike, gentlemanly, much of a gentleman, ill-applied . . . . .	38
Gluttony, barbarous and destructive . . . . .	61
Gnatho, a mad doctor, wonderful cures performed by him . . . . .	11
Goldfinch, a beau, his behaviour to his offspring proposed for imitation . . . . .	125
Good-breeding, the necessity of it . . . . .	94
Good-Friday, reflections preparatory to the observation of that day . . . . .	20
Good-nature and charity recommended . . . . .	79
Gospels, the excellency of them . . . . .	21
Grave-digger in Hamlet, humour of that character . . . . .	144
Greens, a curious collection to be sold . . . . .	173
Greek, two sorts . . . . .	78
Griffins, a treatise on the existence of them . . . . .	60
Guardian, the qualifications for one, integrity more necessary than understanding . . . . .	1
The use of his paper . . . . .	98
HAMLET, prologue therein, as spoken by Mr. William Peer . . . . .	82
Happiness, various notions of it, and wherein it consists . . . . .	31
With respect to marriage . . . . .	31
Hawthorn, Nic. his whimsical letter concerning public spirit . . . . .	58
Hearby, sir William, why he was not a fine gentleman . . . . .	34
Henry VII. criticism on the style of Lord Verulam's History of that king . . . . .	25
Henry IV. of France, a prayer made by him before a battle . . . . .	19
Hermaphroditical habit, described . . . . .	149
Hilaria, her madness and cure . . . . .	11
History, rules for writing it . . . . .	25
Of a Greek poet . . . . .	141
Holiness, beauty of it . . . . .	2
Holt, lord chief justice, his integrity . . . . .	95
Honour, what . . . . .	161
Wherein commendable, and when to be exploded, &c. . . . .	161
Described . . . . .	161



	No.		No.
Honour, temple of, can be entered only through that of Virtue . . . . .	161	Laughter, the chorus of conversation . . . . .	29
Honours, the duty and interest of all nations to bestow them on merit . . . . .	93	Law-suits, methods of deciding them in India . . . . .	133
Horse, described by Homer, Virgil, Oppian, Lucan, and Pope . . . . .	86	Learning, the natural source of wealth and honour . . . . .	111
Job's description of one, better than Homer's or Virgil's . . . . .	86	Proper for women . . . . .	155
Horses, care of them recommended . . . . .	6, 61	Leo II. his letter to the Guardian . . . . .	124
Hospitals, a visit to them . . . . .	79	Leo X. Pope, his entertainment of the poets . . . . .	115
For foundlings, recommended . . . . .	105	Letter from Will. Bareface to Nestor Ironside . . . . .	38
How-d'ye-call, Susan, her petition . . . . .	64	From Nestor Ironside to Sir Harry Lizard . . . . .	68
Humanity to be extended to the meanest creature . . . . .	61	From Sir Thomas Smith to Sir Francis Walsingham . . . . .	7
Humour, the English distinguished by it . . . . .	44	From Alexander to Aristotle . . . . .	111
English, accounted for by sir William Temple . . . . .	144	From Nestor Ironside to Pope Clement VIII. . . . .	149
Hunting, a remain of Gothic barbarity . . . . .	61	From Tom Swagger to old Testy . . . . .	145
A barbarous custom therein . . . . .	61	Letters, difficulties which attended the first invention of them . . . . .	172
A poem in praise of it . . . . .	125	Their great use . . . . .	172
Hypocrisy, rebuked by our Saviour . . . . .	93	Lewis XIV. renowned for inviolably keeping treaties . . . . .	128
I AM that I am, reflections on that name . . . . .	74	Libertine, Athenian, his moral soliloquy . . . . .	81
Idle men, monsters in the creation . . . . .	157	Prayer of an English libertine . . . . .	81
Idleness, a great vice . . . . .	131	Liberty of the People, generosity of that principle . . . . .	2
A means to conquer it . . . . .	131	Asserted by Mr. Steele . . . . .	53
Idolatry, a sottish sort of worship . . . . .	88	Freethinkers enemies thereto . . . . .	83
Ignorance and vice, taint the blood . . . . .	137	Life, its several stages have several pleasures . . . . .	62
Immortality of the soul, arguments for it . . . . .	89, 93	Lilly, Charles, his petition . . . . .	64
Ingratitude of men to beasts . . . . .	61	Lingerers, account of them . . . . .	131
Integrity in the power of every man . . . . .	1	Lion, Walsingham's master spy, some account of him . . . . .	71
Intrigue between a wild young gentleman and a jilt . . . . .	14	To be set up at Button's coffee-house 94, 114, 124 . . . . .	134
Irish stuffs, fine and delightful furniture . . . . .	49	Scandalous reports of him . . . . .	134
Ironside, Nestor, esq. account of his birth and education . . . . .	2	History of his species . . . . .	139
How related to the Bickerstaff's . . . . .	94	Calculation of his nativity . . . . .	140
A piece of true tempered steele . . . . .	102	Sir George Davis's lion . . . . .	146
Engaged in search of the philosopher's stone . . . . .	166	Lions, spies so called, infesting London, described . . . . .	146
His intended charities when he should discover it . . . . .	166	Liquors, no bribery in them . . . . .	160
Ironside, Mrs. Martha, her character, and love of ancestry . . . . .	137	Little men, a club of them . . . . .	91
Italian comedians, driven from Paris for offending madam Maintenon . . . . .	48	Lizard, sir Ambrose, chooses Mr. Ironside guardian to his family . . . . .	2
JANGLINGS, matrimonial . . . . .	73	Sir Harry, his character . . . . .	6
Jealousy, its fatal effects . . . . .	37	Lady, her character, and manner of employing her time . . . . .	2, 5, 7
Jesus Christ, his conversation with two disciples after his crucifixion . . . . .	21	Characters of Miss Jane, Miss Annabella, Miss Betty, Miss Cornelia, and Miss Mary . . . . .	7
Jilflirts, the occasion of our ill-bred men . . . . .	26	Characters of Mr. Thomas, Mr. William, and Mr. John . . . . .	13
Job, book of, fine poetical paintings therein, particularly of a horse . . . . .	86	Loan-bank, a project . . . . .	97, 107
Johnson the player, a good actor . . . . .	82	Lock Hospital, patients there, great objects of charity . . . . .	17
Jonathan, David's lamentation for him . . . . .	51	Oblations of a chamber-maid thereto . . . . .	26
Joseph, his chastity . . . . .	45	Longbottom, John, the barber, his petition . . . . .	64
Judges, the advantage of continuing them during good behaviour . . . . .	95	Longinus, his best rule for the sublime . . . . .	152
Justice, the greatest of all virtues . . . . .	95	Longitude, proposals concerning the discovery of it . . . . .	108
KINGSLAND Hospitallers, objects of charity . . . . .	17	Love of enemies, not constitutional . . . . .	20
Kneeling adorations by an authoress to a young nobleman . . . . .	4	Love, personated by Ambition and Avarice . . . . .	152
Knowledge, pursuit thereof recommended to youth . . . . .	111	In low life . . . . .	87
Advantages attending it . . . . .	111	Loungers, a sect of philosophers at Cambridge . . . . .	124
LADIES, all women such . . . . .	26	Lucan, translation of his verses on the transmigration of souls . . . . .	18
Conveniences of their gaming . . . . .	174	Lucan, Strada's, commended . . . . .	115
Lady's woman, must have the qualifications of a critic in poetry . . . . .	149	Lucas, Dr. his Practical Christianity recommended . . . . .	63
Lais, history abuses her . . . . .	85	Lucifer, his description of a masquerade at the French ambassador's . . . . .	154
Lamentation for Jonathan, David's, its beauties . . . . .	51	Lucretius, Strada's . . . . .	115, 119
Land interest and trade, support each other . . . . .	76	Luke, saint, contents of the twenty-fourth chapter of his gospel . . . . .	21
Largeness of mind, reflections on that disposition . . . . .	70	Lust, opposed to Modesty . . . . .	152
Last day, extracts from a poem of that name by Dr. Young . . . . .	51	Lycurgus, the character of a good master . . . . .	87
Laudanum, why out of doors at Bath . . . . .	174	The Spartan, his good laws concerning matrimony . . . . .	100
Laughers, several characters of them . . . . .	29	Lyrics, the English, very fine . . . . .	124
Laughter, the index of the mind . . . . .	29	MACHINES, modern free-thinkers are such . . . . .	130
		Mad doctor, account of one, and his medicines . . . . .	11
		Maid's tragedy, Mr. Waller's saying of it . . . . .	37

No.	No.
Maintenon, madam, her birth, education, fortune, and character . . . . .	46
Married to Scaron . . . . .	47
Her power over and marriage to Lewis XIV. . . . .	48
Mankind, ranged under the active and speculative . . . . .	130
Mantua-makers, should be expert anatomists . . . . .	149
Marlborough, duke of, insulted by the Examiner . . . . .	80
Marriage, the arts of parents in it . . . . .	57, 73
Janglings . . . . .	73
What often occasions unhappiness therein . . . . .	113
Extravagant expenses after entering into it censured . . . . .	147
Martial, his verses on a country seat . . . . .	173
Masquerades, account of them . . . . .	142, 154
Master, how he should behave to his servants . . . . .	87
The efficacy of his example . . . . .	165
Mechanics, of general importance . . . . .	1
In what really inferior to gentlemen . . . . .	130
Medals, modern, an error in distributing them . . . . .	93
Proposal for making them more general and useful, by Dr. Swift . . . . .	93
Struck in France, on abolishing duels . . . . .	129
Meekness, something sublime and heroic in it . . . . .	20
Melancholy, Pills to Purge, a collection of songs so called . . . . .	67
Melissa and Polydore, their story . . . . .	85
Memoirs of the discovery of a French nobleman's children . . . . .	150
Memorial from Dunkirk, answered . . . . .	128
Merchants, of great benefit to the public . . . . .	79
Metamorphoses, of men into lower ranks of being . . . . .	56
Milton's description of Eve's treating an angel . . . . .	138
Milliners, general remarks on them . . . . .	138
Mind, strength of, its true happiness . . . . .	31
Human, restless after happiness . . . . .	83
Principle of attraction therein . . . . .	126
Misers, observations on them . . . . .	77
Act on the same principles as critics . . . . .	77
Not happy in their riches . . . . .	83
Misochirophus, Johannes, his humorous letter concerning button orators . . . . .	84
Mistress of a family, a good one described, from the book of Proverbs . . . . .	168
Moderate man, an ode by Mr. D'Urfey, commended . . . . .	67
Modesty, bestows greater beauties than the bloom of youth . . . . .	100
Opposed to lust . . . . .	152
Lost among the ordinary part of the world . . . . .	87
Modesty pieces laid aside . . . . .	118
A modesty piece lost at a masquerade . . . . .	145
Mole-hill, a lively image of the earth . . . . .	153
Moliere, his observation of making a dinner . . . . .	78
Molly, the barber's daughter, her history . . . . .	159
Moralists, quaint, a saying of theirs . . . . .	136
More, Sir Thomas, his poem on the choice of a wife . . . . .	163
Morning prayer, recommended . . . . .	65
Mortality, bill of, out of the country . . . . .	136
Moschus, remarks on his Greek pastorals . . . . .	28
Mother, character of a good one . . . . .	150
Motteux, Peter, an unicorn's head to be erected there . . . . .	114
Mountespan, madam, recommended madam Maintenon to Lewis XIV. . . . .	47
Mum, Ned, his letter concerning the Silent Club . . . . .	121
Mila, daughter of Pythagoras, account of her and her works . . . . .	165
NATURAL history, a diverting and improving study . . . . .	160
Natural pleasures, what they are . . . . .	49
Nature, the contemplation of it exalts the spirits . . . . .	169
Initiated by Art . . . . .	103
Necks of women immodestly exposed . . . . .	100, 109, 118, 121
Netherlands, their advantages over the French . . . . .	52
Nomenclators, who . . . . .	107
Norwood, John, peruke-maker, his petition . . . . .	64
Nottingham, earl of, and his daughter, defended against the insults of the Examiner . . . . .	41
ODDITIES, the English famous for them . . . . .	144
Oedipus, faults in that tragedy . . . . .	110
Oger, Sir William, his manner of courtship . . . . .	5
Old people, remember past times best . . . . .	6
Old men, of Gray's Inn, account of them . . . . .	44
Operators, cephalic, their petition . . . . .	64
Oppian, his description of a war-horse . . . . .	86
Oratory, an odd kind of it condemned . . . . .	84
Othello, beauties and defects in that tragedy . . . . .	37
Ovid, quotation from him, about humanity to animals . . . . .	61
Strada's . . . . .	122
PAINTING, in Poetry, what it is . . . . .	86
Palaces, of the French king, described . . . . .	101
Pandemonium, of Milton, proposed to be represented in fire-works . . . . .	102
Pandolph, Sir Harry, his manner of courtship . . . . .	5
His manner of telling a story . . . . .	42
Parents, generally err in marrying their children . . . . .	57
Too careful and mercenary in disposing of their children . . . . .	57
Paschal, Mr. his observations on Cromwell's death . . . . .	136
Passions, disasters attending irregular passions . . . . .	8
Pastoral life, at the first period of the world, its felicity . . . . .	22
Qualities thereof . . . . .	23
Poetry . . . . .	40
Criticisms thereon . . . . .	23, 40
Rules for writing it . . . . .	30
Poetry, explained by an allegory . . . . .	32
English, characterised . . . . .	14, 28, 30
French, wherein faulty . . . . .	28
Of Sanazarius, condemned . . . . .	28
Patch, parson, why so called . . . . .	116
Patience, opposed to scorn . . . . .	152
Peace proclaimed, and prayers on that occasion . . . . .	80
Pedants, their veneration for Greek and Latin condemned . . . . .	90
Pedigrees, the vanity of them ridiculed . . . . .	137
Peer, Mr. William, his character and excellencies . . . . .	82
Broke his heart for growing fat . . . . .	82
Peripatetics of Gray's Inn . . . . .	44
Persian Sultan, an instance of the justice of one . . . . .	95
Peruke, a kind of index to the mind . . . . .	149
Petticoat, great, the grievance thereof . . . . .	114
Phænomena of nature, imitated by art . . . . .	103
Pharisees, for what blamed by Christ . . . . .	93
Philantus, and his cockle shells affronted . . . . .	92
Philips, Ambrose, his excellence in pastoral poetry . . . . .	30, 32
Philogram, his letter on speech and letters . . . . .	172
Philosopher, self taught, Arabian notion of such a one . . . . .	61
Philosopher's stone, Mr. Ironside's search after it . . . . .	166
Physicians, never take physic . . . . .	174
Physico-Theology, by Dr. Derham, recommended . . . . .	175
Picts, women untuckered, advised to imitate them . . . . .	140
Pidgeon, Bat, the hair-cutter, recommended . . . . .	1, 43
His petition . . . . .	64
Pilpay, his fable on the cruel usage of animals . . . . .	61
Pindar, compared with Tom D'Urfey . . . . .	67
Pineal gland in the brain, discovered by Des Cartes . . . . .	35
Voyage through several . . . . .	35
Pismires, nations of them described . . . . .	153
Plain, Tom, his letter complaining of great hoop petticoats . . . . .	114
Plato, his opinion of a future state . . . . .	27
His answer to a scandalous report of him . . . . .	85
What he said of censure . . . . .	35



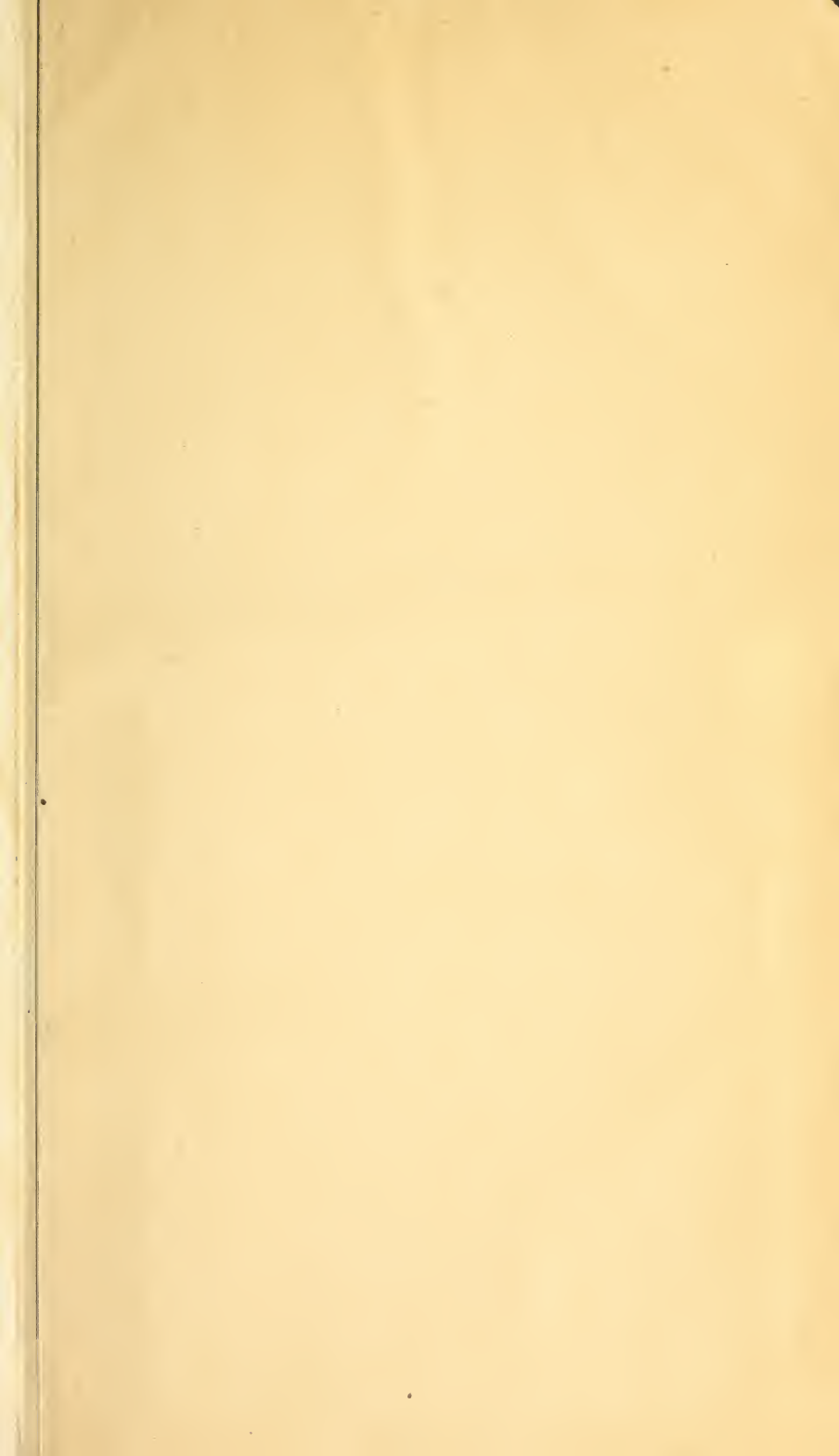
	No.		No.
Players, robbed in their journey to Oxford . . .	91	Religion, inquiries into it, urged . . .	75
Pleasure, men of, wherein miserable . . .	35	Renown, women of, instances of them . . .	11
Variety of, prepared for the different stages of life . . .	62	Repartee a quick one in parliament . . .	137
Fantastical . . .	49	Reproof distinguished from reproach . . .	56
Natural, what . . .	49	Revenge, the wickedness of it . . .	20
Sensual, the lowest . . .	62	A remarkable instance of it . . .	8
Not to be exclaimed against in reclaiming of youth . . .	127	Rich men, what Diogenes said of them . . .	91
Plotting Sisters, that play honoured by the presence of Charles the Second . . .	82	Riding-dress, why called Pindaric . . .	149
Plutarch, examples of his good nature . . .	61	Ringwood, Esau, his memorial, in behalf of hunters . . .	64
Poet, history of an ancient Greek . . .	141	Jack, his temple education described . . .	151
Poets tragic, errors committed by them . . .	110	His milliner's and shoemaker's bills . . .	151
Poetry, sacred . . .	51	Roarings of Button's lion . . .	121
Compared with dress . . .	149	Rochester, bishop of, his definition of wit . . .	141
Different styles required for the different kinds of it . . .	149	Roscommon, earl of, his rule for translating . . .	164
Polydore and Melissa, their story . . .	85	Rowley, Mr. his proposal for new globes . . .	1
Poor, mostly provided for by the middle kind of people . . .	79	Rural life, what destroyed the tranquillity of it amongst the first race of men . . .	22
Pope, his pastorals compared with those of Philipps . . .	40	Rustysides, his letter on masquerades . . .	142
His description of a war-horse . . .	86	SACRED poetry, pleasant and beneficial . . .	51
Popes, the Leos the best, and Innocents the worst . . .	141	Sackville, lord Edward, his answer to Lord Bruce's challenge . . .	129
Poppy, Ned, the story-teller, described . . .	24	Account of his combat with lord Bruce . . .	133
Possession, true, consists in enjoyment . . .	42	Sadducees, may be called Freethinkers among the Jews . . .	93
Posterity, the regard we should have thereto . . .	133	Sanazarius, his pastorals, condemned . . .	28
Posture-master, his frolics about clothes . . .	102	Santon, Barsisa, his history from the Turkish Tales . . .	143
Pounce, Hugh, the iron poet his petition . . .	64	Scandal, a vice the fair sex too easily give in to . . .	85
Practical Christianity, by Dr. Lucas, a specimen of that work . . .	63	Scaron, account of his marriage with madam Maintenon . . .	47
Praise, grateful to human nature . . .	135	Schacabac, the Persian, an instance of his complaisance . . .	163
Prayer, of a gentleman of fashion . . .	81	Schools, the pleasure of them . . .	62
Made by Henry IV. of France, before a battle . . .	19	Scorn opposed to patience . . .	152
Common, of the Church of England, its excellency . . .	65	Scriptures, the belief of them considered . . .	75
Prejudice, allegorically described . . .	39	Segonia, John de, account of his combat with his brother . . .	104
Pretty gentleman, described . . .	38	Servants, the duty of masters towards them . . .	85
Priest, the respect to that title . . .	130	Sexes, the comparative perfections of them . . .	152
Prim, Ruth, her advice to Nestor Ironside . . .	132	At war, reconciled by Virtue and Love . . .	152
Prior, Matthew, some pretty verses of his . . .	54	Shame, fear of it, overcomes tenderness . . .	105
His character of perfect beauty . . .	85	Public, the use of it . . .	92
Prolusions of Strada on the style of poets . . .	112, 115, 122	Shepherd, true character of one in Pastorals . . .	23
Property-man at the play-house, his office . . .	82	Short Club, account of it . . .	91, 92
At the play, robbed . . .	95	Sickness, the effects it has on the mind . . .	132
Proteus compared to Death . . .	136	Sidney, Sir Philip, a psalm translated by him . . .	18
Proverbs, when the use of them is insupportable . . .	24	Silvio, his bill of costs in courting Zelinda . . .	94
Concerning a good mistress of a family . . .	168	Siriles, difficult to succeed in them . . .	64
Providence, a remarkable instance of its interposition . . .	117	Sleep, shows the divinity of the human soul . . .	93
Psalms 137, translated by Sir Philip Sidney . . .	18	Sloth more invincible than vice . . .	131
Prudes, how they should paint themselves . . .	140	Small-coalman, his musical talent . . .	144
Public spirit in Cato . . .	33	Smooth, Arthur, his letter about his wife, who is very seldom angry . . .	73
Humorous mistakes concerning it . . .	58	Sneezing, a treatise thereon . . .	60
Punning, an apology for it . . .	36	Snow, artificial, before the French king . . .	103
Purville, Mr. the Property-man, account of his being robbed . . .	95	Snuff, philosophical, the use of it . . .	35
Puzzle, Peter, his dream . . .	106	Socrates, his remarks on philosophy . . .	70
Pythagoras, his learning, and that of his family . . .	165	Contemned censure . . .	135
His invention of the foundation of British commerce . . .	130	Softly, Simon, ill used by a widow . . .	93
QUERIES, concerning matrimony . . .	57	Soldiers, christian, vigilance recommended to them . . .	18
RACE-HORSES, cruel to put them to their utmost speed for diversion only . . .	6	Moved at the distress in a tragedy . . .	19
Rakes, in love not so bad as gallant men . . .	17	Soliloquy of an Athenian libertine . . .	18
Characterised . . .	131	Solomon, his choice of wisdom . . .	111
Raleigh, Sir Walter, his saying of Walsingham . . .	71	Somersetshire pastoral ballad . . .	40
Raphael, the beauties of his picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples . . .	19	Song, by a lady who loved an ugly man . . .	16
Reading, how abused . . .	60	Writing, a criticism thereon . . .	16
Recipe for making an Epic poem . . .	78	Sophia refuses a present of jewels on her marriage . . .	147
Recluse, idleness exposed . . .	131	Soul, discovery of the seat of it, by Des Cartes . . .	35
Reformation of manners, a project for that purpose . . .	107	Sympathy of . . .	150
		South, Dr. extract from his discourse on a good conscience . . .	135
		Sparkler, her letter about the character of Lucia and Marcia, in Cato . . .	43
		Speculative part of mankind, compared with the active . . .	130

	No.		No.
Speech, a discourse thereon . . . . .	172	Umbra, her letter on public shame . . . . .	95
Spies, the use secretary Walsingham made of them . . . . .	71	United Provinces, advantages they enjoyed over the French . . . . .	52
Spleen, the Dutch not subject to it . . . . .	131	Universities, the foundation of them owing to religion . . . . .	62
Spring, the beauties of that season described . . . . .	125	Designed to teach refined luxury and enjoyments . . . . .	62
Verses thereon . . . . .	125	University education, its errors . . . . .	94
Called the youth and health of the year . . . . .	125	VANITY of mankind, to make themselves known . . . . .	1, 2
Squires, country, ignorant of nature . . . . .	169	Variety, the nature and sweets of it . . . . .	138
Stage, an instance of its force in reforming the world . . . . .	43	Versailles described . . . . .	101
Statius, Strada's . . . . .	122	Verses to Mrs. Annabella Lizard . . . . .	15
Steele, Mr. his letters against the Examiner . . . . .	53, 63	From Juvenal and Ovid, translated by Dryden . . . . .	54, 61
His letters about Dunkirk . . . . .	168	From the French . . . . .	16
Stomachers for beaux . . . . .	171	On the uncertainty of happiness, by Shakspeare . . . . .	54
Story-tellers, censured for ridiculous punctuality . . . . .	42	By Dryden and Prior . . . . .	54
Story-telling, not an art, but a knack . . . . .	42	From Juvenal . . . . .	54
Rules for it . . . . .	24, 42	From Young's poem on the last day . . . . .	51
Strada, his excellent prolusions . . . . .	115, 119, 122	From Ovid, translated by Dryden . . . . .	61
Sublime, Longinus, his best rule for it . . . . .	152	An essay on the different styles of poetry . . . . .	35
Boileau's notes on it . . . . .	117	From lord Rochester . . . . .	50
Sullen husbands complained of . . . . .	132	On the transmigration of souls . . . . .	18
Swagger, Tom, his letter to Old Testy . . . . .	145	Describing the garden of Alcinous . . . . .	173
Affronted . . . . .	171	From Anacreon . . . . .	168
Swords, the immoderate length of them condemned . . . . .	143, 145	Out of Claudian . . . . .	164
Sympathy of souls . . . . .	151	From Congreve . . . . .	85, 115
TALE-TELLERS, hired to lull people asleep in Ireland . . . . .	42	From Eusden's translation of the Rape of Proserpine . . . . .	164
Tall Club, an account of it . . . . .	108	Eve treating an angel, described from Milton . . . . .	138
Temple education, account of it . . . . .	151	On gardening . . . . .	173
Temple, sir William, his account of English humour . . . . .	87	By Prior, Congreve, and Addison . . . . .	84, 115
His remarks on the gardens of Alcinous . . . . .	173	Description of a horse . . . . .	80
His character of the Dutch . . . . .	131	From a manuscript on hunting . . . . .	125
Teraminta, angry about the tucker . . . . .	109	From Martial . . . . .	173
Like a wag-tail . . . . .	125	From Racine's Athalia . . . . .	117
Terre-filius, at Oxford, reflections on him . . . . .	72	Describing the spring . . . . .	128
Terrible Club, account of it . . . . .	143	Concerning translation, by lord Roscommon . . . . .	164
Terror, Andrew, the Mohock, a cure wrought on him . . . . .	11	The court of Venus from Claudian . . . . .	127
Theano, the wife of Pythagoras, taught philosophy . . . . .	165	From Virgil, translated by Dryden . . . . .	138
Theocritus's Idyls, compared with Virgil's Eclogues . . . . .	28	On wit and wisdom . . . . .	141
Theodosius, the emperor, married to Athenais, a Grecian virgin . . . . .	155	On the art of writing, by a lady . . . . .	172
Thrift, Generosity, his letter about the French trade . . . . .	170	Verulam, lord, his writings a glory to the English nation . . . . .	25
Tillotson, extract from his discourse concerning the danger of all knowing sin . . . . .	21	Criticism on the style of his History of Henry the seventh . . . . .	25
Time not to be squandered . . . . .	183	Vice, observations on the great vices . . . . .	19
Timogenes, a man of false honour . . . . .	161	Of people of quality, not to be taxed . . . . .	26
Timoleon, the Corinthian, his piety and remarkable preservation . . . . .	117	Virgil, his eclogues compared with Theocritus's Idyls . . . . .	28
Tiptoe, Tom, a gallant member of the short club . . . . .	92	Remarks on his praise of Augustus . . . . .	138
Topknot, Dr. why so called . . . . .	116	Strada's, commended . . . . .	115, 119, 122
Tory, English, his letters about demolishing Dunkirk . . . . .	128, 131	Virtue, its interests supplanted by common custom . . . . .	57
Trade its interest the same with that of land . . . . .	76	Christian, recommended . . . . .	20, 55, 79
With France, prejudicial to England . . . . .	170	Misrepresented by Free-thinkers . . . . .	79
Tragedy-writers, wherein notoriously defective . . . . .	110	Vision of Xenophon . . . . .	111
Translation, lord Roscommon's rules for it . . . . .	164	Voluptuary, the misery of one described . . . . .	35
The best means of refining and polishing a language . . . . .	164	WAG-TAILS, their way of courting . . . . .	125
Treatise recommended as useful towards the improvement of the world . . . . .	43	Walsingham, sir Francis, his lions, who . . . . .	71
Tremble, Tom, the quaker, his letter on naked breasts . . . . .	116	His letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's marriage with the French king's brother . . . . .	7
Truelove, Tom, the character of a good husband . . . . .	113	Wanderer in reading . . . . .	60
Tuck, Tim, the hero of the short club . . . . .	92	Ward, Mr. John, of Chester, his vanity . . . . .	1
Tucker, remarks on the ladies laying it aside, . . . . .	18, 26, 33, 36, 48, 52, 56	Wealth, insolent, with respect to women . . . . .	45
Tugghie, Sieur, of Dunkirk, his impudence . . . . .	28	Weather, fine the pleasure it occasions . . . . .	125
Turks their humanity to animals . . . . .	61	Wedding-clothes, the vanity of them exposed . . . . .	113
Tutors, ill used and ill paid . . . . .	90	Wenefrede, St. a doubtful person . . . . .	91
ULYSSES, Cosmopolita, his letter on the pineal gland in the brain . . . . .	35	Whiston, Mr. his letter on the longitude . . . . .	108
		White, Thomas, his letter to Nestor Ironside, concerning the philosopher's stone . . . . .	167
		Whoring precautions against it . . . . .	17
		Instance of a gentleman reclaimed from it . . . . .	17
		Wife, sir Thomas More's direction for the choice of one . . . . .	164

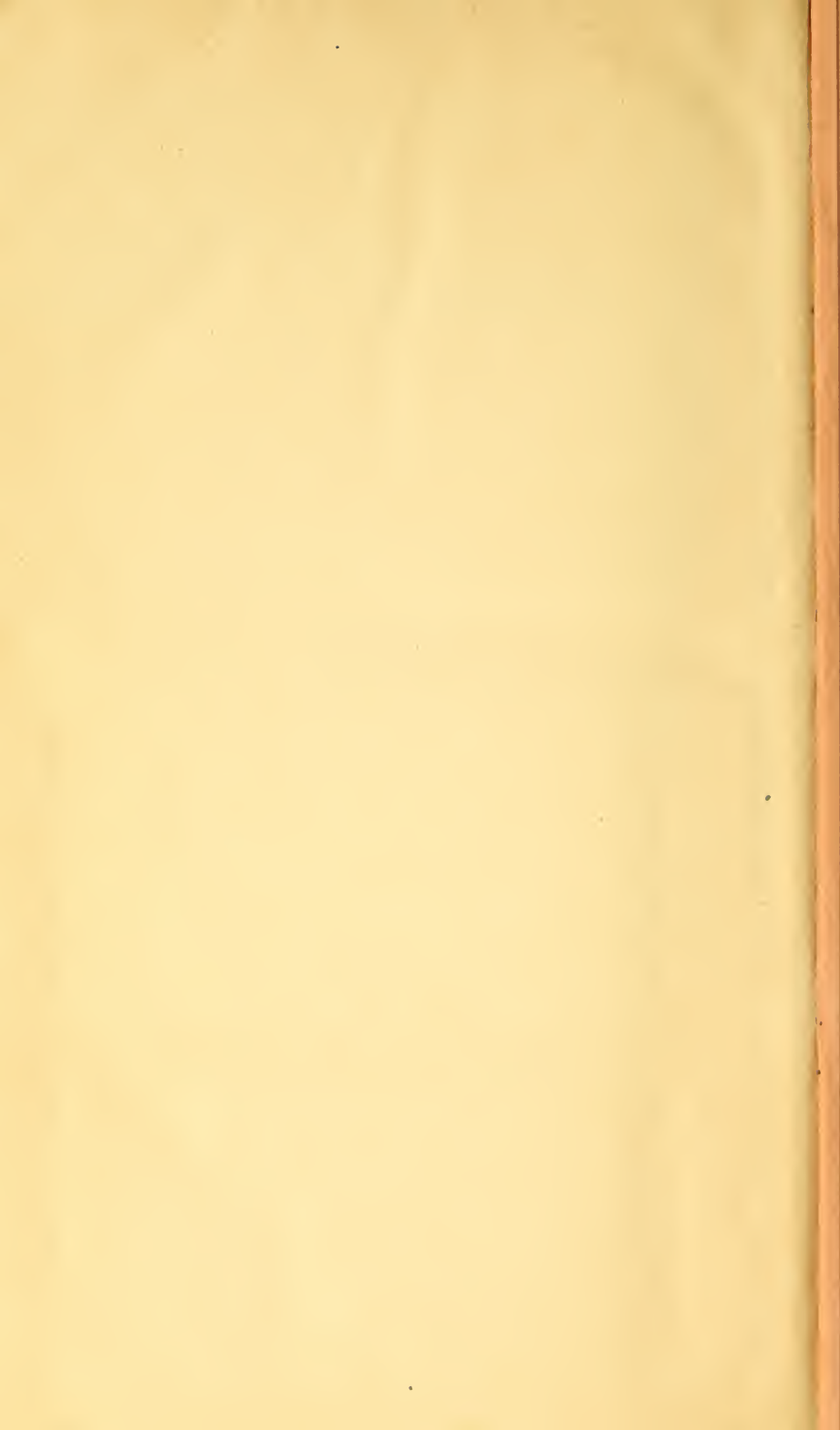


	No.		No.
William the Third, king, his saying of Lewis		Women should have learning . . .	155
the Fourteenth, and madam Maintenon . . .	48	Wisdom and knowledge recommended to their	
Wilkins, bishop, his art of flying . . .	112	study . . .	155, 159, 165
Wisdom opposed to cunning . . .	163	Worship, public, indecencies committed at it . . .	65
Solomon's choice of it . . .	112	Wounds, most dangerous on a full stomach . . .	133
Wiseacre, squire, the cause of his ruin . . .	147	Writing, verses on that art, by a young lady . . .	171
Wise men, to think with them, but talk with the			
vulgar . . .	24	XENOPHON, his account of the vision of Hercules . . .	111
Wit, defined, by the bishop of Rochester . . .	141		
Women, the villany of deluding them exposed . . .	17	YORKSHIRE gentleman, his diet at Paris . . .	34
Vanity of the compliments paid them by fops . . .	26		
Their vices not to be taxed . . .	26	ZEAL, the use politicians make of it . . .	39
None in the world . . .	26	Zelinda, her generosity to Sylvio . . .	97
Generally married too young . . .	7		

THE END.













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